

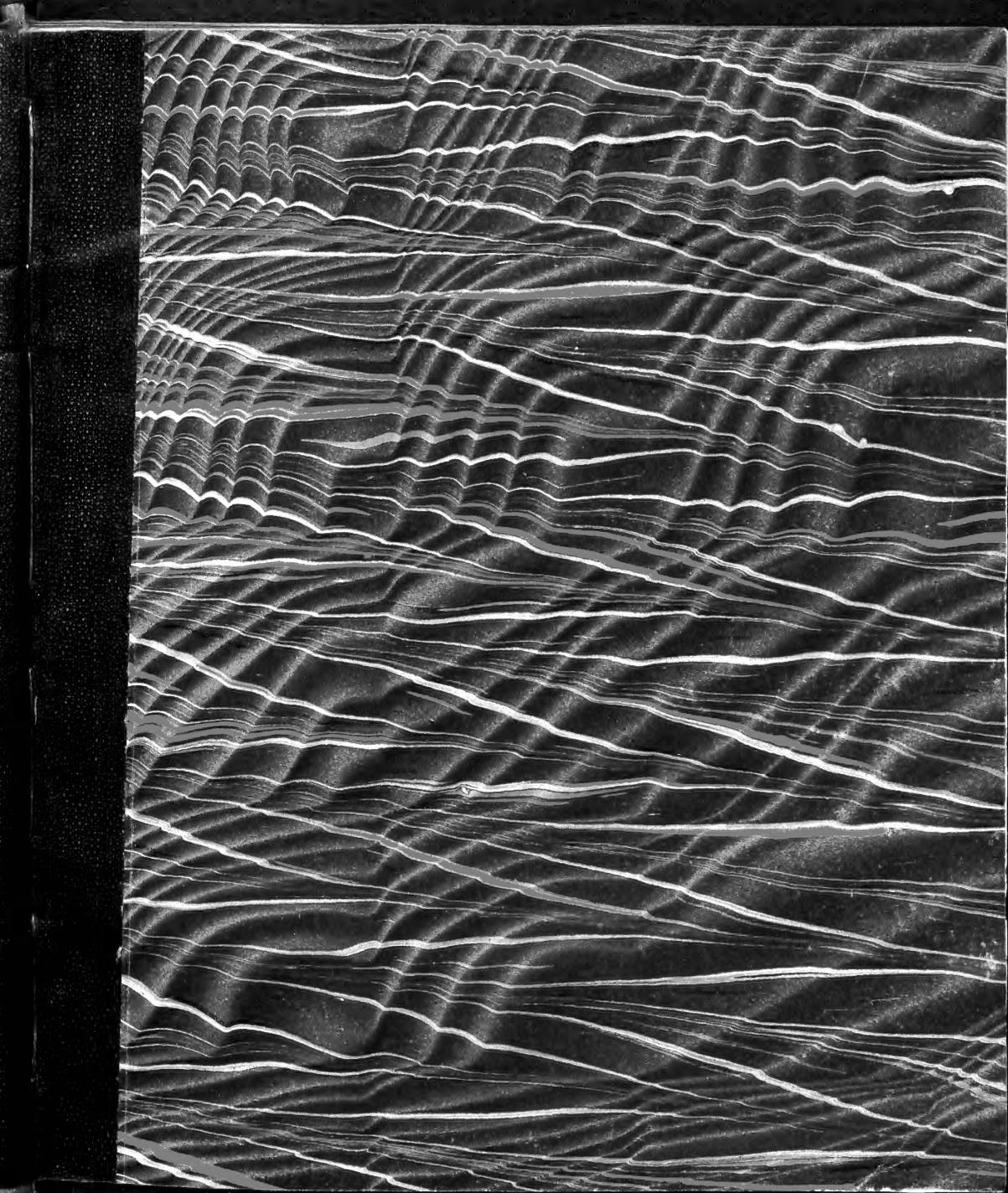


X
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.



LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY

BEQUEST OF
WILLIAM BREWSTER



X

SB-97.41.2 (6)

The important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." All notes copied
are checked. Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster

William Brewster.

1892 Mass.

Jan. 24 Concord. Clear and still. Warm in the sun at noon but only 14° at sunrise.

Boths came up this morning for a tramp but I could go only a little distance with him as I have been ill with the influenza for three weeks and am still very weak (I have been out only three times before this).

We started up the Estabrook road, turned into Mr. Derby's lane, kept up the Damsdale to Pratt's nursery and thence home along Flint's brook. The fields are bare but there are about 2 inches of soft, dry snow in the woods & on northern exposures. This in places showed the fine, braided trails of mice and the broad pad-prints of rabbits. We also saw a few squirrel tracks.

In the Damsdale meadows where the ground was frozen hard and more than half covered with snow a ice we found two small, wood-colored, wingless grasshoppers, both very lively.

Of birds we saw two juncos, a flock of five chickadees, one of eight crows, a downy woodpecker, and two blue jays, the last screaming at frequent intervals.

Yesterday afternoon I went over the same ground and started a grouse in Pratt's larch swamp.



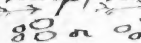

Early this morning, before Boths arrived, I heard a Shrike in full song in the apple tree near the Butterick's shed. His voice was much like a Thrasher in quality but the notes were delivered much more slowly with considerable intervals. He warbled repeatedly much like a Cat-bird but more hoarsely.

1892 Mass.

Jan. 25 Concord. A sunny day with fleecy masses of drifting clouds. Warm, the 30° at noon.

Spent a couple of hours in the forenoon walking slowly over the ground visited yesterday. I was very weak and had to stop frequently to breathe and rest.

Saw a flock of five Chickadees in Rattlesnake Swamp and the birds together in the pines on Deaby's Lane. Heard one Blue Jay and two Crows. These were literally all the birds noted.

Spent some time studying rabbit tracks. When the rabbit is running at good speed taking long leaps the feet are placed thus: . When moving at a slower gait . When taking very short, slow leaps of only a foot at a time thus  or . The fore feet always seem to strike the ground first and the hind feet to over or beyond them.

Rabbit track

Late in the afternoon I walked to the top of Ripley's Hill. There was not a breath of wind and the air seemed as soft and warm as on an evening in May. The sun set in a mass of dark clouds through the rents in which it shot forth a strong pure light. At one time the air seemed filled with a golden dust and the ice on the Mill Brook meadow was fairly ablaze appearing of a deep flame color. The river was open as far as I could be in both directions to about its normal width but children were everywhere skating on the flooded meadows. As I crossed the crest of the hill two Grouse rose from the edge of the maple Swamp below & after flying a few rods dropped among the bushes.

Sequest from Ripley's Hill

1892. Mass.

Balls Hill

Jan'y 29 Concord: Cloudy, still, and mild, but a trifling chilly with a breath of E. wind, snow & then.

Drove to Balls Hill this forenoon returning to dinner. About midway of the lane which leads to Bensen's we started an immense flock of Goldfinches from a field of weeds. There must have been over 100 of them. They rose all together in a perfect cloud and alighting in the top of a leafless tree completely filled it, crowding the branches and twigs like clusters of fruit. Returning through this lane we bore a bow later we found the Goldfinches gone but started a flock of ten or twelve Tree Sparrows from the weeds. I also saw here three Blue jays and a Downy W. On Balls Hill I flushed a Grouse from under a bushy oak on the summit and heard Crows Cawing & Jays screaming. In Bensen's Pines I found two Chickadees. George (Barrell) saw a Shrike in Bensen's orchard, describing it to me afterwards very accurately.

Balls HillLarge flock of
Goldfinches

In the woods on the north side of Balls Hill and the pines along Bensen's ridge the ground was covered about two inches deep with dry powdery snow. This carpet was thickly tracked over by Rabbits & Mice and a few Foxes had also left their footprints.

The ice boomed at frequent intervals while I was at the hill. More than once I was struck by the resemblance of the sound - when coming from a distance - to the pumping of the Bottom. The river is now frozen over everywhere.

1892 Mass.

Jan. 30 Concord.-- Morning cloudy with strong N. E. wind and snow which came fitfully, in driving gusts and ceased wholly by 11 A. M. Shortly after which the clouds began to break disclosing patches of blue sky and allowing the sun to peep out for brief intervals.

Before the snow had quite ceased falling I started Damsdale for the Damsdale following the Estabrook road. There woods was perhaps an inch of new snow, firm & powdery, but it had blown off many places in the road and in the fields the tips of the grass blades rising through & above it gave the surface a decided tinge of pale straw color.

Near the entrance of Derby's Lane I came upon three Chickadees accompanied by a Golden crest, the first I have seen this month. I also started a very large adult Red-tailed Hawk from the top of an apple tree in the meadow opposite. B. Corvax

Following the Brook up through the Damsdale meadows I looked closely among the tussocks & bushes for tracks of small mammals. In two places I found the fresh trail of a mouse leading from one bunch of grass to the next, six or eight feet across open snow, thus proving that these animals expose themselves to some extent by day. There were no other tracks of any kind. Field Mice

Turning back and climbing the slight ridge to the South I found on the sheltered edge of the woods a merry party of Tree Sparrows, 24 in number and with them one Junco. They were feeding among some weeds. Every now & then the musical twitter, twitter call would start and run through the flock. They had covered the fresh snow with branched trails the foot prints in pairs or one slightly in advance thus: ♀♀ or ♀♂. A Downy W. near there was seen clearly. Foot prints

1892 Mass

January Concord.

Parus atr. Jan. 22⁽³⁾ - 24⁽³⁾ - 25⁽²⁾ - 29⁽²⁾ - 30⁽²⁾

Spinus trist. Jan. 21²⁴ - 29⁽¹⁰⁰⁾

Spinella mon. Jan'y 22¹ - 29⁽¹⁰⁾ - 30^{24^c} (1/1 Junea)

Corvus am. Jan. 22² - 23⁴ - 24⁽⁸⁾ - 25² - 28² - 29⁶

Cyanocitta Jan. 22¹ - 24² - 25¹ - 29⁽³⁾

Picus pub. Jan. 24¹² - 29¹³ - 30²

Lanius Jan. 24¹ (Butterfield's Orchard) - 29¹ (Bull's N.)

Bonasa Jan. 23¹ - 25⁽²⁾ - 29¹

Junco Jan. 24⁽²⁾ (Dana's lake) - 30¹ in flock in Hammers.

Buteo bot. Jan. 30¹⁻²

Regulus sat. Jan. 30 (with 3 Chickadees)

Grasshopper Jan. 24²

1892. Mass.

To Ripley's Hill

Feb. 1 Concord. Cloudy, dead calm, warm.

To Ripley's Hill at 3 P.M. As I approached the edge of the pitch pine grove I heard a Partridge fly and immediately after, another. From the sound I suspected that at least one of them had "treed" so I advanced into the grove very slowly and silently, scanning each tree closely from top to base. I had gone about 20 yards without seeing anything when suddenly two birds started out of the trees with a prodigious uproar of wings, one just after the other, both going off over the swamp. Neither was within 30 yds. of me when it flew. A moment after this a third Partridge went out of a pine fully 40 yards from where I was standing. One of the three must have taken to its tree before I reached the top of the hill for I am sure that only two birds started from the ground in the first instance. They had all chosen perches well up in the trees. The two which I saw the quickest after they had spread their wings had evidently been sitting on short, stout branches some three or four feet from the main stem, twelve or fifteen feet from the top of the tree, and perhaps thirty feet above the ground.

3 Partridges together

They take to the trees

Descending to the swamp I found the thin coating of snow which covered the frozen ditches marked thickly with rabbit tracks. I also saw what I took to be the track of a mink.

Mink tracks

Besides the Partridges I met with no birds except some Chickadees which I heard but did not actually see.

1892 Mass.

Bell's Hill.

Feb. 2 Concord. Cloudy & warm. Snow storm in late P.M.

To Bell's Hill at 10 A.M. driving down with George and, for the first time since my illness, taking lunch and spending the day.

The morning was delightfully soft and warm without a breath of wind, the sun peeping through a thin curtain of clouds at intervals. The roads were muddy and the snow melted rapidly on the northern slopes.

On reaching Holden's I got out of the buggy and cut across the intervening fields & wood lots directly for Bell's Hill. The first bird I saw was a fine old Red-tailed Hawk soaring over the woods on Holden's hill. Soon after entering these woods I heard

a Chickadee giving the phoebe notes at regular intervals. Chickadees

On reaching Bell's Hill I found a large flock (I counted 43 birds & certainly missed some) of Tree Sparrows in large flock.

The bushes on the edge of Bussey's cranberry meadow. Tree Sparrows
There was a Downy Woodpecker with them. One of one wings.

The Tree Sparrows was in nearly, if not quite, full song when I first came within hearing and afterwards when I was following the flock either the same or other males sang a dozen times or more making the woods ring with the wild, sweet strain.

When I first approached the edge of this meadow a Partridge rose from the wood edge on the opposite side flying back into my maple swamp. Just after it left the ground it began calling, keeping it up until it was out of sight beyond the crest of the ridge. I noted the sound as the spot thus:

Kr-r-r-uck, Kr-r-r-uck, kuk, kuk; this repeated. The bird flew rather slowly but made





Partridge
chuck during flight

1892. Mass.

To Balls Hill

Balls Hill

Feb. 2. Concord. - quite as much whirring as usual although
(No 2) it went only a short distance and acted as if
undecided whether to immediately realize or not,
making as it were a batting flight. I have frequently
heard the vocal sounds just described on similar
occasions and also when a bird has started to
run a little way before flying. I doubt if they are
ever given by a bird in swift flight or by one
which rises strongly. They are perhaps oftenest
heard from a wing-broken bird just routed
from its place of concealment.

On my way across country from Holden's I
saw innumerable Rabbit tracks wherever there was
enough snow to show them well. Doubtless a single
Rabbit will make many tracks in a night but
there was sufficient variation in the size of the
foot prints to convince me that each cone where I
saw them contained several of these animals.
The tracks followed more or less well beaten paths
in places, in others wandered about, crossing and
re-crossing openings in the bushes and winding about
among their stems. The Rabbits had even visited
small, exposed thickets of willows and cornels on
the river banks or meadows several rods from the
woods. There was much variation in the tracks
that I saw to-day but as a rule the foot prints
were squarely in pairs thus: . Sometimes the
four prints were nearly or quite amalgamated, thus:
 or . The hind feet were always in advance.
I did not see a single track of this style 
May? Most of the tracks were on ice covered with

Rabbit tracks

1892 Mass.Balls Hill.

Feb. 2 Concord.. thin damp snow and the impressions were
(No 3) so distinct that usually not only the toes but their claws as well had left a clear cast. Moles or Shrews

Besides Rabbit tracks I saw only those of mice and perhaps of Shrews, also. On a sunny slope of Balls Hill where there was no snow and where the ground was covered thickly with dry leaves a small, dark slaty mole or large Shrew crossed a narrow path within six feet of me, darting across as swiftly and quite as silently as a shadow. On going to this spot I found that it had a tunnel above the ground but under the leaves which were soggy and more or less frozen together in a mat of several inches in thickness. The tunnel was broken by the foot path and in many other places was more or less open above forming a deep trench not quite roofed over. I saw many similar tunnels in the snow. Miller thinks they are the work of Field Mice but an animal I saw to day was certainly either a Mole or a Shrew, I think the latter.

After cutting down some small trees (where my hut is to stand.) and burning the brush on the river ice. I started for home at 4 P. M. It was beginning to snow and by the time we reached the house the ground was quite white in the fields. Jays were descending on Balls Hill this morning & Crows cawing in the distance.

1892 Mass.

Danversdale &

Feb. 4 Concord. Cloudless, the sky of a peculiarly tender, pale blue, the sunshine warm. A high N. W. wind, yet not a cold wind for the season.

Estabrook Woods

It snowed all day yesterday, and the night before as well, but at no time very heavily, only about six inches falling in all. The snow was moist and heavy, snow-laden and as there was no wind it clung to every twig, tree.

loading the trees with a burden of spotless white. I walked up through the Danversdale late yesterday afternoon before the storm had quite ceased. The woods were very beautiful everywhere, but especially where there were evergreens intermingled. Under some of the pines the ground was perfectly bare the branches having intercepted literally every snowflake. The gray birches, almost without exception, were bent down so that their tops nearly or quite touched the ground. They looked like great ostrich plumes. The broad wood path through Mr. Derby's woods was completely closed by them so that I had to leave it and follow the margin of the brook. Saw no tracks whatever.

This morning I went to the lime kiln, riding up the Estabrook road on a wood sled. The scene, after we had fairly entered the woods, was simply one of bewildering beauty. I can find no words to describe it but I do not think I have ever seen it equalled before. The forest had put on an ermine robe. Not a tree or a bush of whatever species that was not clad wholly in purest white. Even the pines showed traces a trace of green or brown. Their

1892 Mass.

Danversdale & Estabrook

Feb. 4 Concord. - Branches were bent down by the weight of snow
(No. 2) The snow to a considerable angle below the horizontal
plane giving them a curiously close resemblance,
especially at a distance, to spruce or fir trees.

The snow lay about six inches deep, on the ground
where it had not been intercepted in its fall by
the trees. At first it was fine and powdery
but as the sun rose higher it became wet
and settled into a more solid and very lumpy
blanket which covered the ground everywhere.

There were many tracks of mice and shrews,
a few of squirrels and rabbits, and occasionally
the trail of a fox or dog. In one place I
found what I at first took for an other track.

Tracks

Mink(?)
trail.

It was a furrow about eight inches wide and
two deep with absolute foot prints in the bottom.
The obscurity and apparently small size of the
footprints puzzled me at first but the mystery
was solved when I traced the furrow to a
hole as large as my fist in a mound. The edges
of the hole were smeared with fresh blood and
rabbit's fur. Evidently some animal of the wood
family and probably a mink had killed a rabbit
and, after its usual custom, had dragged it to
its hole, moving backward, the carcass of its victim
making the furrow and obliterating the tracks
of the slayer.

Saw several little flocks of Chickadees, and heard
a Kinglet and a number of Blue Jays. Reached
the house about 1 P.M. riding back on the sled
on the top of a load of wood.

1892 Mass.

Balls Hill.

Feb 5

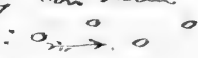
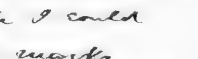

Concord. Early morning clear. Remainder of day overcast the sun shining dimly through thin clouds. Therm. 4° at sunrise; about 36° at noon. The snow throwing a good deal. Very little wind.

To Balls Hill by sleigh at 10 a. m. taking lunch and spending the day.

On the road saw a flock of eastern Crows and a few Red tailed Hawks. The latter started from the top of a living pine shaking down a shower of fine snow as it took wing. Crows.
Buteo borealis

Walked down to the Hill from Benson's along the back side of the pine ridge. The trees still bore much snow and the young pines in the glacial hollow were loaded with dazzling moss presenting a beautiful appearance. Two Kinglets Golden crests and a Chickadee or two on this ridge.

Spent most of the forenoon trying to burn my big brush heap but the snow which covered the top melted as soon as the flames reached it and quickly put out the fire. Jays screaming in my woods & the Sparrows chirping in the swamp. Heard Snow Buntings in the air but did not see them.

A Fox had crossed the eastern side of my lot in the night. He made two kinds of tracks sometimes putting a fore & hind foot on exactly the same spot sometimes a little apart, thus:  or . The largest stride I could find was only twelve inches. The pad marks measured 2 inches in length by 1 3/4 in. in width. The single tracks were never exactly in line (thus ) but always in two parallel lines. Fox tracks

1892 Mass.

Feb. 5

(No. 2)

Concord. Over in about fifty yards, on the snow, the animal had voided a few drops of yellowish or pale orange urine, usually on the top of a slight mound but sometimes on the level surface. This led me to infer that it was a female.

In the middle of my longest clearing, within a few rods of my brush heap, the Fox had stopped and trampled down the snow over a space of perhaps a yard square. On this trampled place lay most of the intestines of a Partridge. There were no feathers, bones or other fragments whatever. The intestines were frozen solid. I spent the afternoon and found it filled with unmistakable grouse excrement, quite fresh & having the usual pungent smell. The Fox had come from the Hill. Consequently I was following the back track. I traced it step by step back across the east spur of the hill thence out over Holden's meadows to the river where it had apparently crossed the ice from the Bedford Hills. Where had it killed the Partridge? Certainly not on my land for I found no trace of a struggle anywhere nor was a single feather and the testimony of that blank sheet of soft snow was conclusive. The Fox had visited a large burrow on my hillside into which a Rabbit track led and had dug out a little sand there had jumped into a smaller burrow near. After this it descended the hill and in a small spring about 100 yards before it came to the place where the grouse tracks lay had dug down through the snow and captured a mouse (Arvicola)

Belle Hill.

Fox signs.

Intestines of
Partridge
killed by
Fox

Fox digs
out a
mouse

1892 Mass.

Feb. 5 Concord. - The fox & vehicle with a little blood.
(No 3) was smeared about the edges of the hole. There was no hole in the ground and the mouse must have been merely hiding beneath the snow which, curiously enough, showed no trace of its tiny footprints. It must have walked out to the spot where it was captured, under the snow.

The Fox evidently scented it from a distance of several feet and turned sharply out to one side from his previously straight course. There was no sudden spring or shakily stalk on his part. He merely trotted to the spot at his usual gait and began digging.

I spent the afternoon sitting on the south side of the hill near the landing, where my men were digging a hole in the bank for my prospective log house, building a small fire and enjoying the afternoon light on the snow clad river and meadows to the south and west. George and I drove home a little before sunset.

1892 Mass.

Balls Hill

Feb. 6 Concord. A wonderfully clear, sparkling winter day the sky of a tender blue and absolutely cloudless, a brisk N. W. wind dying at sunset. After sunset a strong afterglow at first pale rose deepening to rich crimson and finally to dark purple.

To Balls Hill at 9.30 a. m. Spending the day. Then Juncos in the road near Benson's and a few Crows cawing and flying across the white fields.

Juncos

Crows

From Benson's I started into the old oak woods north of the back swamp which I entered coming out on the river near Davis's Hill. Saw two Chickadees, two Kinglets & a Cooper's together in these woods. Also two Jays. The last suddenly began screaming when a Cooper's Hawk darted out of some pines near me. I had a good view of him and saw that he was an old bird in fine plumage and certainly a male.

Chickadees

Kinglets

Coopers

Jays

Coopers' Hawk

Found four men fishing on the river. They had sixty lines set but had caught only one fish, a perch.

Fishermen

From here I walked through Davis's refined pine grove. Gray Squirrels had connected many of the trees by hoops of tracks over the snow in which they had dug many holes for nuts. It

Davis's Hill

Gray Squirrels

Reached the Balls Hill Landing about noon & spent the rest of the day there. Taylor & Miller visited me later in P. M. having walked down from Concord. Miller identified "mouse tracks" as made by White-footed Mice and Shrews. He

Mouse Tracks

1892 Mass.

Bell's Hill

Feb. 6 Concord.. thinks that he saw a mole track.

(No 2) in the snow by the roadside in Benson's
 lane. The shanks made several runs under
 the snow coming out in places to the surface
 and leaving a chain of fine foot-like
 tracks to where they plunge into the drift
 again.

Mole Tracks.

Later in the afternoon I saw six Snow
 Buntings flying up river. Tinsley & Miller
 passed a flock of about twenty feeding
 in a field.

Snow Bunt-
-ing

I then drove a little after sunset leaving
 my visitors who crossed the river on the
 ice and took a train for Cambridge from
 the West Bedford Station.

1892. Mass.

Danversdale.

Feb. 8

Concord. Cloudy with fine rain freezing on the trees and vixing the landscape in a soft gray mist. Air warm but chilly. No wind whatever.

Off on foot at 3 P.M. walking through Mr. Deby's lane, up the Danversdale meadows, and beyond to the grove of Scotch pines on the Pratt farm, returning around the west line of Punkatasset and through Pratt's nursery.

Saw a Red-shouldered Hawk, a fine adult bird, in the Danversdale and Chickadees in four different places, none more than three together and usually only two, a Kinglet with one pair. Among some dense pines I came suddenly on two Goldfinches, hopping about on the snow under a fast-track, snow-laden bush, picking up the fallen seeds. They were very tame and interesting.

Buteo lineatus

Kinglets

Goldfinches

During the past autumn and winter Squirrels have been expandingly seen, apparently, but I begin to suspect that like the Rabbits they are changing their habits and becoming more wary and retiring. At least since the last snow came I have found their tracks in nearly every piece of woods, and this afternoon I saw and heard no less than six, three Red and three Gray. One of the Red Squirrels was moving along a wall, another was "chittering" and making a grunting sound (precisely like a Rat grunting a board) in a pasture oak, while the third "worked his clock" in a grove of white pines the only time that I have heard this sound since last October.

Gray & Red

Squirrels

out in

fore

The Gray Squirrels were all together in the woods at the base of Punkatasset, at first in some leafless chestnuts where they galloped about

1892 Mass.

Cont.

"Damsdale".

Feb. 8 Concord. on the ice coated branches without so much as stepping in the least, as far as I could see. Often all three would be in the same tree at once. Two of them were continually engaged in chasing the third. Is it their mating season? They were exceedingly noisy making a great variety of sounds none of which were familiar to me. One was a loud hiss uttered at regular intervals & very bird-like in quality. Besides this they gave frequently a low but penetrating squeaking cry which was not unlike that of the Long eared Owl. There were many other sounds which I cannot describe but which were mainly of a growling or whining character.

From the bare chestnuts they made their way through the trees leaps into a grove & white pines. Here their mad gambols ceased and they separated, one taking himself to the very topmost shoot of a tall pine where he sat for a long time balancing on the slender spray, which bent under his weight, like a bird. I have rarely if ever had so good an opportunity to watch Gray Squirrels before, at least in the North. There was very little allowing me to keep directly beneath them although at any step my foot broke through the crust with a loud crashing sound. Pratt tells me that he has seen nine Gray Squirrels in his den at one time. He protects them on his farm.

I spent much of the afternoon in following Fox tracks. These animals appear to be literally swarming in this region. Their favorite haunting grounds are evidently the open, tussocky meadows

1892 Mass.

(Danesdale)

Feb. 8 Concord. -- bordering Brooks. They had quartered nearly every square rod of the Danesdale meadow and had food of dry immovable holes through the snow to the ground foxes in pursuit of Min. In one place I found the entrails, in another the entrails and back with some skin and fat, of a mouse by the side of one of these holes. In a third hole was a mouse's nest torn open and scattered about on the crust.



Many tracks on a pine-clad hillside led into a beautiful little bower formed by the snow-laden branches of a young bushy pine touching the ground on every side leaving within, about the stem of the tree, an open space so high that I could stand erect there. Under this bower the snow was trampled down perfectly hard and smooth. It was smeared over with blood and sprinkled with minute pieces of hard, jagged bones which were certainly not those of any bird nor of any of our small mammals and which I took to be fragments of beef or mutton bones. There were no other animal remains whatever but in a neighboring opening within about eight feet of a small, dense pine the surface of the snow was covered with the wing and tail feathers, and some of the breast feathers, also, of a Blue Jay. The wing & tail feathers had all been bitten off near their bases. I examined every one and there was not a single exception. How did the Fox catch this bird? I found two tail feathers directly under the pine but the wind may have blown them there. Some of the branches of this tree were, however, bent down to within two feet of the

("Damsdale")

1892 11 Nov

Feb. 8
(No 4)

Conced. snow. Hence it is possible that the Fox may have sprung up and landed the Jay on its Tracked habits of Foxes roost. I followed all the tracks that led into the opening a considerable distance back but did not find a single feather or drop of blood along any of them.

This afternoon's experience convinced me that our Fox were gallops or lopes unless when startled or pursued. Indeed every track that I saw was that of a walking or trotting Fox. The normal track is like this:  suggesting a pacing gait but occasionally the footprints alternate thus:  like those of a Cat from which they can be distinguished only by the larger size of the Fox's feet. Neither the Fox nor the Cat ever dots the snow in a perfectly straight line. Both usually (and I think the Cat invariably) put down the hind foot exactly or approximately so in the footprint of the fore foot but ~~the~~ the Fox sometimes departs from this rule as I noted a few days since.

In Peatts meadow fully thirty yards from my Partridge cover where I found a hole in the snow where Partridge boosting in the snow. a Partridge had apparently roosted under the Night Crest. There was an small nest hole where she had entered it, probably flying down to it with great force, and another larger hole where she had come out boosting up through the Crest & scattering broken pieces of it about. There was only one dropping in the burrow. A Fox track led by the spot within 25 feet!

1892 Mass.

Clark's woods

Feb. 9

Bons Meadows

Concord. Early part of day cloudy with light flurries of snow. Sky cleared at about 3 P.M. the remainder of the afternoon sunny, absolutely without wind, and delightfully soft and pleasant.

To the Estabrook woods at 2 P.M., riding up on the wood sled. Made directly for Cyrus Clark's old-growth timber lot where I spent an hour or more admiring the noble oaks, pines & chestnuts. Gray Squirrel tracks led one the trees from trunk to trunk in every part of the woods but I saw none of the Squirrels.

Next to Bons Meadows walking across and nearly around it on the ice. A Fox had been there before me and had worked about, digging holes etc. under the Cassandra bushes. I looked closely for Badgers but could find none.

Turning back I wandered slowly homeward through the densely growing young pines and cedars south of the meadows. Presently I heard birds, first a Chickadee, next a Purple Finch, finally a Kinglet. There proved to be two of the first, four of the second, and one of the last collected into a little flock in a cluster of cedars on the basis of which the Purple Finches (two red & two gray birds) were feeding.

Carpodacus

In the grove of large white & white pines behind Mrs. Dutton's I found more tracks of Gray Squirrels Foxes & Squirrels and in Cyrus Clark's field north of the Darnestahs innumerable Fox tracks and holes in the snow where these animals had dug for mice.

At sunset the air seemed filled with golden haze.

1892 Mass.

Feb. 10 Concord. Cloudless, a brisk, cold N. W. wind in the early forenoon, remainder of day perfectly calm. Temp. 14° at 7 a.m. Ash Swamp & Estabrook woods.

Spent the forenoon in the Estabrook woods with Fred Pratt, riding up to the Estabrook place on the Ballinick's wood sled and returning in the same manner.

Pratt took me to a heapful piece of woods on the north side of Ash Swamp where yellow birches are growing in large numbers, with elms and a few buttonwoods. Many of the birches are eight or ten inches in diameter and some of them have very wide-spreading tops. The color of the bark varies exceedingly in trees of the same size. With some it is very pale yellow, in others deep reddish. In our portion of the swamp the growth is almost wholly of young elms, timber to barely put out. Visited the large clump of Kalmia latifolia; its leaves were curled and withered by the cold.

Yellow Birch.

Mountain Laurel

Nearly every square rod of ground in the swamp was marked by Rabbits and Fox tracks, were scarcely less numerous. I also found the trail of either a Mink or a large Mole.

In Hubbard's pasture we started two Partridges and a covey of eight Quail. The latter rose from a piece of bare ground under a cedar.

Partridge & Quail.

Saw two flocks of Chickadees, a Downy Woodpecker, and a Flicker, the last in Cyrus Clark's orchard where I noted one, probably the same bird, last December. In some places by the roadside near Derby's lane were eight Tree Sparrows & two Jays.

Downy W. - Coleoptes.

Tree Sparrows & Jays

In several places in oak & chestnut woods I found Gray Squirrel tracks. Also saw one Red Squirrel.

1892 Mass.

Ball's Hill.

Feb. 15 Concord. Cloudy with a flurry of rain in the early morning but the sun out bright by 10 a.m. Remainder of day clear and warm, the snow melting fast. No wind.

To Ball's Hill with George by stage at 10 a.m.

Crows &

On the way down saw several Crows and three juncos the latter in Peterson's apple orchard.

Juncos.

On Ball's Hill I noticed no birds except a Blue Jay and a Chickadee. The Chickadee was apparently entirely alone a fact which did not seem to weigh on his spirits in the least.

A solitary

Chickadee.

On the back side of the hill, except the house I found a Partridge track, and afterwards flushed what was doubtless the bird that made it from the bottom bushes on the edge of Benson's little pond. Foxes had roamed all over my land since my last visit and one of them had inspected the large "cattle" on the hill side above my well. This burrow (or at least its entrance) is quite large enough for a Fox yet it is apparently tenanted by Rabbits numerous tracks of which led into it to day.

Partridge.

Foxes

Rabbits'

burrows

The walking is now excessively difficult in both fields and woods the snow being more than a foot deep and covered with a crust not quite strong enough to bear one's weight.

My men finished the excavation for my log house to-day and I spent much time watching them work. We find the larvae of the beetles and ants in the earth that we remove. No earth worms have turned up.

Larvae of
"June Bugs"

1892 Mass.

Feb. 16 Concord. A brilliant winter day, cold but bracing, the sky cloudless; a fresh N.W. wind. Ther 14° at sunrise, 24° at noon.

Estabrook
woods.

I spent the day in the Estabrook woods with Mr. Black and four men (including George) superintending the cutting of some chestnut trees for logs for my house. He began work on a hill side near Oak Meadow but the trees were crooked and rather large for my purpose.

After lunch we went to the "Common Lot" and there found an abundance of fine, straight chestnut sprouts of just the size that I wanted.

It was cold and draughtily in the woods to-day but nevertheless pleasant for the sun was bright and the icy crust that covered the entire face of the open country thence little diminished. Still

I saw but few birds; there Chickadees together in flocks, several Crows flying overhead, and a Brown Creeper in flocks in the Common Lot. Jays were heard screaming at frequent intervals.

George saw a Gray Squirrel run across the Estabrook road and I heard a Red Squirrel in some pitch pine. Yesterday, at Ball's Hill, I found, under a pitch pine, a great heap

(two quarts or less) of scales of pitch pine cones which this species of Squirrel had been operating on since the last snow fall. Among the scales were many of the seed envelopes & wings scattered on the snow but no perfect seeds. What a labor for such small reward!

1892 Mass.

Balls Hill

Feb. 21. 25 Concord. -- During these five days the weather has been uniformly warm the thermometer ranging from 40° to 45° at noon and seldom falling much below 30° at night. The wind has remained constantly in the E. or N. E. Monday (22nd) was clear, the other four days have been cloudy but we have had no rain or snow. The snow which for the preceding two or three weeks has covered the ground to the depth of a foot or more has melted so gradually that the brooks & river have not been perceptibly swollen although now the ground is bare in many places (The E. side of Balls Hill is entirely bare) and the slighing is all gone.

I spent all of the five days just mentioned at Balls Hill superintending the erection of my log house. Spelman & Hayward with me on the 22nd when we found a number of water butts, including six specimens of the large *Dytiscus verticalis*, in or near holes in the ice in which the pickered fishermen have cut.

Dytiscus.

On this day I also saw the first Skunk tracks.

On the evening of the 24th I saw a beautiful adult ♂ Golden-eye flying over a space of open water just above Benson's landing. It had apparently just risen from the water and after circling a few times flew off up river its wings whistling loudly.

Golden-eye
Duck.

There was a Brown Creeper in the pines on Balls Hill on the 25th (the first I have seen there since Dec.) and a Hairy & Downy Woodpecker in the oaks on the back side of the hill.

Creeper

Hairy &
Downy Woodpecker

By evening of the 25th the river was entirely open from the Mouth to Balls Hill.

1892 Mass.Assabet R.

Feb. 27 Concord... Cloudless and cold with high N. E. wind.
Ther. did not rise above 24° to-day but the snow
showed a good deal of Southern exposure.

Yesterday I put my boats in order and
launching the larger one in the afternoon rowed
up river into the Assabet & to above the Hurdons.

First boatrideSturtevant's

Just above the red bridge I saw a rather large
bird sitting perfectly motionless on the topmost
spray of a small elm in the meadow on
the south bank. Sounding I got within about
50 yds. when through my glass I made it out to
be a Meadow Lark, the first I have seen this year.

It flew presently and crossed the river disappearing
in the direction of the Buttricks where I afterwards
found its tracks in the snow on the knoll in
front of the house.

This morning I went to Ball's Hill by boat.
At the Manns landing I found a pair of Nuthatches
& three Chickadees, the former going in & out of holes
& evidently thinking of the near approach of their nesting
season.

Sitta carolin

At Ball's Hill I saw only Chickadees but at Davis's
Hill I heard a Red-tailed Hawk screaming &
presently saw the bird beating down into the pines.
I at first took the cry for that of a Blue Jay.
It is hoarse, more prolonged and ends differently
but yet there is a strong resemblance which were
strange even before.

Ball's Hill.Buteo borealisScreech owlBlue Jay

On my way up river just before sunset I saw a
Shrike perched on an oak in the meadow, an adult
& Golden-eye flying down stream, & a very large Hawk.

ShrikeGolden eye

1892 Mass.

Ripley's Hill.

Feb 28 Concord. Cloudy and cold with occasional flurries of powdery snow. The eighth consecutive day of S. wind. Did not go out until half past five o'clock P.M. when I walked to Ripley's Hill via the Mass. grounds. The evening was gloomy and forbidding and I saw no birds until, on my return from the hill, I ~~heard~~ approaching the Sumner house when a Screech Owl began whining, apparently in the form that thrills the avenue where I have heard on several times before this winter. Bending my pace I was walking down Monument Street towards the entrance to this avenue when the bird came flying across the open field on my left and alighted in a large maple directly over my head. It sat very still and looked, against the sky, like a black ball about as large as one's fist. On the other side of the farm tree I now perceived another small black ball, apparently the duplicate of the first. While I was wondering if it could be another Owl the first ball opened its wings and flew across the triangular field to the large trees on the lane at the foot of the hill flapping pretty rapidly & very steadily until near them when the wings were set and the line of flight inclined first downward and then sharply upward, the bird pitching upward at the last precisely like a Buteo when about to alight. & again choosing a perch high in the tree. The next instant the other black ball followed and alighted again in the farm tree with its mate for they

Screech Owls

can be

twilight

1892 Mass.

Reptiles Birds

Feb 28

(No 2)

Concord. were evidently a pair, just starting out on their evening hunt together. After the first few whistlings which came from the direction of the pines both birds were perfectly silent. They looked rather large when flying and the wings appeared (as they really are) disproportionately broad especially at the ends. I could not make them out very well when the trees or hill formed the background for the light was dim although it was not nearly dark night at the time (6 P.M.). I longed to follow them on their evening prow but certain circumstances prevented. It is evident that these Owls (I did not know before that there were more than one bird) roost regularly each day in the pines on the avenue to the Minnie Mann.

Screech Owls

1892. Mass.

Feb. 29 Concord Cloudy and warmer, the wind N.E. & light. The river froze over again during the cold weather of the 28th so that I went to Ball's Hill this morning by road leaving the buggy, however, at Petersen's and walking the remainder of the way across country.

In the pitch pines on Dublin's Hill I heard birds a little way off on my right and going to the spot found a most interesting little mixed flock composed of eight Chickadees (the largest number that I have seen together this winter) a pair of Downy Woodpeckers and two Red Crossbills, ♂ & ♀ and presumably also a pair.

Mixed flock

Chickadees

The Crossbills were at first on the ground under a pine but afterwards kept mainly in the tops of the trees where they worked in a rather desultory way at the cones most of which have now opened. They were unusually shy not permitting me to approach nearer than about 20 yds. The ♂, a bird of ~~rich~~ orange and red plumage, kept up a low, rather musical piping call quite different from the usual peep. Whenever the Chickadees moved on the Crossbills at once broke their cones and followed closely taking short flights from tree to tree. I tried to separate them from the Chickadees but failed. The Crossbills once descended to the ground and spent several minutes eating snow, hopping about on the surface of a large drift by the side of a stone wall.

Red Crossbill

The Woodpeckers also kept together and followed Downy the flock closely. One of them spent some time Woodpecker

1892. Mass.

Balls Hill.

Feb. 29 Concord in a vineyard, ascending the stalks which
(No 2) supported the vines very slowly and deliberately, often
pancing to buck away the bark but in no instance,
so far as I could discern, obtaining any reward
for this labor.

As I emerged from the woods on the lower side
of Holden's Hill I glanced at the large space of
open water on the Beaver-dam reach of river and
there in mid stream saw a large dark-colored
Duck. It evidently saw me for it cruised about
suspiciously with head & neck erect now drifting
down a few yards with the strong current, now
paddling vigorously against it yet as usual then
maintaining its position by this exertion. At
length it approached the lower end of the spring
and rising flew out of sight up river keeping
only a yard or two above the surface. It seemed
to be wholly dark-colored and looked like
a Greater Scaup but I did not identify it
at all satisfactorily.

At Balls Hill when I spent the day I saw
only a few crows flying overhead. The milk
have made great havoc among the young poplars
on my land this winter barking hundreds of
them just above the ground and thence upwards
for a space of several inches. No trees were there
an inch in diameter have been untouched.

During the walk back to Petersens Lake in
the afternoon I saw no birds except a pair
of Chickadees. The ♂ was uttering the blue note.
While driving down in the morning I heard Snow Buntings.

Miss Cook
young poplars

1892 Mass.
February Concord.

1. Parus atricapillus.. Feb. 1^{ad} 2³ 3³ 4³ 5² 6² 8² 9² 10² 15¹
16³ 20⁴ 21⁴ 22² 27³ ~~28~~ 29³
2. Bonasa umbella.. Feb. 1³ 2¹ 10² 15¹ 20¹ 21¹
3. Spirilla monticola.. Feb. 2⁴³ 4^{ad} 5³ 6² 7³ 10³ 13⁴ 14² 20¹
21¹ 29¹
4. Corvus americanus.. Feb. 2⁶ 3¹ 4² 5² 6⁴ 8⁴ 10⁴ 15⁶ 16⁴ 20⁶
21⁸ 25⁶ 26⁴ 27⁶ 29¹⁰
5. Cyanocitta cristata.. Feb. 2² 4⁶ 5² 6² 9^{ad} 10² 14⁴ 15² 16⁴
20² 21⁸ 25⁶ 26²
6. Picus pubescens.. Feb. 2¹ 3¹ 10¹ 19¹ 22¹ 25¹ 29²
7. Buteo borealis.. Feb. 2^{1ad} 5^{1ad} 20^{1ad} 23^{1ad} 27^{1ad}
8. Spinus tristis.. Feb. 4² 5^{ad} 6¹ 7³ 8² 20⁵ 27^{ad}
9. Regulus satrapa.. Feb. 4^{1ad} 5² 6² 8¹ 9¹ 15¹
10. Plectrophenax nivalis.. Feb. 5^{ad} 6⁶ 10¹ 29^{ad}
11. Junco hyemalis.. Feb. 6³ 14¹ 15³
12. Certhia americana.. Feb. 6¹ 16¹ 20¹ 21¹ 24¹ 25¹ (2nd day)
13. Accipiter cooperi.. Feb. 6^{2ad}
14. Buteo lineatus.. Feb. 8^{1ad}
15. Carpodacus purpureus.. Feb. 9^{2ad} 19^{ad} 23^{ad}

1892 Mass.
February Concord

16. Colinus virginianus.. Feb. 10⁽⁸⁾ - 22⁽⁸⁾ Spencer
17. Colaptes auratus.. Feb. 10¹
18. Clangula americana Feb. 24^(ad. ♂) (Buller's No. 1) - 27^{ad. ♂} - 29¹
19. Sturnella magna Feb. 26¹
20. Picus villosus.. Feb. 25¹
21. Corvus bairdii Feb. 27¹
22. Sitta carolinensis.. Feb. 22^(Village) (Spencer) - 2⁽²⁾ Monroe
23. Megascops asio.. Feb. 28⁽⁸⁻⁹⁾ Pair in tree trunks on Monument St.
near Museum, 6 P.M. - Washington
24. Coccyzus minor.. Feb. 29⁽⁸⁻⁹⁾ Pair in comp. with 8 Chickadees &
& Downy W. in pitcher pines, Ballen's W.
25. Passer domesticus

Skunk: Feb. 22. fresh tracks.

Gray Squirrel Feb. 8⁽³⁾ - 16¹

Red .. Feb. 8³ - 10¹ - 16¹ - 21¹

1892. Mass.

Ball's Hill.

March 8 Concord. Early morning clear, remainder of day cloudy with heavy rain beginning about 4 P.M. and lasting into the night. Wind N.E., light.

Yesterday was a clear, warm day and the river froze itself once more from the Manor to Ball's Hill so that I went down to my cabin easily & pleasantly by boat. There was a good deal of floating ice but it was too sodden and broken up to be at all dangerous even to my light Rowboat.

At the Hill I saw only a few Crows flying Crows - about, a pair of Chickadees and two Brown Creepers - Creepers (there has been only one before) but on the way down I passed a flock of at least five Chickadees which were feeding among the Christidans. river maples opposite Dakin's Hill.

At 4.45 P.M. as I was about to launch my Black Duck boat from Benson's landing I happened to look across out over the Great Meadows (still an unbroken expanse of ice) when I saw a pair of Black Ducks nearly half a mile away coming directly towards me. As they sped the open water in the river they set their wings & scald down but rose again and passed directly over my head within fair gun range. They next turned to the E. and disappeared around Ball's Hill. They came directly from the S. and, I cannot doubt, were migrating. Curiously enough they are the first spring birds I have seen this year.

I rowed up river in a heavy rain. As I passed was landing at the Manor a Screech Owl began working in the pines over the river.

1892 Mass.

March 9 Concord. - Early morning cloudy and calm. The sun out by 11 a.m. and remainder of day clear with moderate N.W. wind. Rather warm for snow & ice wasting considerably.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 10 a.m. On the way down I saw a Shrike (just below Thirt's Bridge) a Blue Jay and two Crows. As I was rounding the turn of the "Holt" I heard a bird in the air over the Great Meadows uttering a cry which I did not recognize. This bird voice sounded much like the whist of the least Flycatcher but was repeated at short and perfectly regular intervals. It was evidently a flight note but of what bird I cannot imagine. I stopped repeatedly to listen for Bluebirds but heard none. Where can they be? The time is surely ripe for them and nearly a quarter half of the open country is now bare of snow.

Soon after Landing, which I did just below Benson's line, I went to my log house and found Peter & Glone at work on the dows.

Afterwards I walked around behind the hill & had the rare good fortune to see a Shrike catch Shrike kills a Field Mouse. This a Field Mouse episode I fully described in my systematic notes so I will not repeat it here.

A Crows, two Chickadees and two Blue Jays were seen or heard on Ball's Hill. I expected to see Muskrats on my way up river at sunset but none appeared.

1893. Mass.

March 10 Concord. Morning clear and dead calm, very warm. First Spring in the sun with a soft, Spring-like quality to the day air. As the day advanced the sky became overcast & a chilly S. wind arose changing to S. & E. late in P.M. with rain in the evening.

Stepping out of doors just after breakfast I heard Bluebirds & a Bluebird warbling in the direction of Mr. Derby's & arrive soon afterwards this or another bird flew overhead giving the sad call-note. A Song Sparrow was also singing steadily in the maples over the rock on the river bank and the phoebe note of the Chickadee came from two different directions at once. There were also Crows cawing & Jays screaming while the House Sparrows were making a great din in the pine hedge and cocks crowing in the barn yard most lustily. The first Spring-like day was the 6th. Since then each day has been more and more Spring-like but to-day for the first time it has been real Spring.

As I crossed the meadows on the way to my boat house I saw the fresh tracks of a Mink in the snow on the edge of a large pool of surface water which covered a hollow in the ice. Garfield tells me he has seen tracks about Flint's Bridge all winter.

The Song Sparrows sang to me as I was connecting my boat - but I listened for others in vain on my way down river nor did I hear any additional Blue birds. Nevertheless the trip was very exciting for I started no less than seven ducks, first a pair of Hooded Mergansers

1892 Mass.

March 10 Concord, next a pair of Hood Ducks, and last
(No. 2.) two adult ♂ Golden-eyes accompanied by a
♀ or young ♂ Gooseander. The Mergansers swam
out of some button bushes near the "levee" and
rising about 100 yds. away flew first down, then
up, and finally down were again passing us
twice, over within gun range. Both looked nearly
black in the water but flying the ♂ showed his
white markings conspicuously. Their wings made
a clear whistling sound audible in the still air
four or five hundred yards away.

The Hood Ducks were also among flooded brush. I
came suddenly on them just as I turned the
head at "Hunt's pond" and they rose before I saw
them flying a few yards directly towards me before
they could clear the bushes & then turning down
river. The ♂ a superb bird, uttered the oek, oeeek
and the ♀ the Guinea hen-like kia-a, kia-a.
I started both Hood Ducks & Mergansers again before
I reached Ball's Hill.

The Golden eyes & Gooseander rose together from
the Beaver dam & rapid the Gooseander cawing
hoarsely as he flew.

At about noon a single ♂ Hooded Merganser flew
up river past Ball's Hill.

I saw very few birds at the hill to day, a junco
or two sparrow & two chickadees comprising the list.
Visited the deer thickets & found the moose gone. As
there were no tracks on the snow beneath where
the shrubs impeded him I concluded that
this bird returned and took him away.

Early flight
of Ducks.
Hooded Merg.
Hood Ducks

Hood Ducks

Golden eyes
Gooseander

1892. Mass.

March 10 Concord. - Through a belt of alders on the N. E. side
(No 3) of my maple swamp I started a pair of Ruffed
Grouse. The ♀, a small bird with a very inflexible
tail, flew first, the ♂, a large gray-tailed
individual following her closely. The snow everywhere
in and about this swamp is covered with their
tracks. They evidently follow the lines of bushes as
a rule but in one place the tracks crossed a
wide opening the bird showing by the length of
its stride that it felt the need of haste in
crossing to avoid a place.

Pair of
Ruffed Grouse
together

I burned the large brush-heap to-day &
watched it to see what would come out.
Nothing appeared but a Field Mouse which
to my surprise seemed very little alarmed and
clung to the slight shelter afforded by the
outer fringe of brush until I left the spot.
One of these mice inhabits the wood pile at
my cabin and has become so tame that it
will almost eat from my hand. To-day I
threw it several pieces of cattle which it ate
fearlessly while three or four of us were standing
in a circle about it within three or four feet.
Its eyes look precisely like black beads & have
scarcely more expression. Its form & motions
- especially the strongly arched back - it reminds me
of a Muskrat.

Field Mouse

On my way up river in the evening I
saw a Muskrat Rat sitting on the ice eating a
large whitefish roe. I also started three Black
Ducks from the mouth of Holder's Brook.

March 11

1892 Mass.

— Walk to "Damsdale woods"

March 14 Concord. Very cold and blustering despite the fact that the sun shone from a perfectly clear sky. Ther. scarcely above 20° at any time. The wind blowing a full gale.

Later in the afternoon I took a walk to the Damsdale. Passing across Derby's meadow I saw two Bluebirds and two or three Song Sparrows, all silent and looking discouraged enough. Among the birches in the Damsdale I got the odor of a Skunk, very strong indeed. Working up wind for a few rods I suddenly lost it. I then turned back and lost about one the ground but could find nothing. I always get the scent at about the same place and lost it at another certain place perhaps 20 yards from the first. There was certainly no Skunk there although the smell was very strong, in fact chokingly strong at one place.

As I was walking through Derby's lane I started a large Owl which I took to be a Barred Owl although I could not make sure. It flew from a low branch within 15 yards of me and struck out over the open meadow to the N. alternately flopping and sailing and making slow headway against the strong wind. Just as it started a Red Squirrel sprang up the trunk of the tree from which it flew. The two creatures must have been within a yard of one another for a moment. Was the Owl watching the Squirrel or the Squirrel the Owl? There was a Brown Creeper among the hemlocks.

Barred Owl

1892 Mass.

March 15 Concord. - Clear & cold with N. W. wind. Less strong than that of yesterday but still blowing half a gale at times. Ther. 9° at sunrise.

The strong winds of the past four days have kept the channel of the river open despite the cold. Accordingly I made one attempt to get to Ball's Hill by boat to day starting at about 7.30.

Just below the boating place I saw a fine adult Goosander & Goosander. It probably rose a few hundred yards ahead of me (I was rowing at the time & hence was facing up stream) and as it passed me, turned off over the frozen meadows & then rising high above the trees kept on up river, directly over the swimmers place.

On reaching "Hunt's Pond" I found the river below choked with drift ice more or less frozen together. The current was running very strong & I did not dare try to break my way through so turned back & with much difficulty made a landing on Mr. Hunt's farm. Leaving the boat here I walked down to Ball's Hill seeing two Song Sparrows and as many Song Sparrows & Bobolinks on the way.

Later in the afternoon as I was on my way back to the boat & passing through Holden's woods at Fox's I found, at the entrance to a large burrow which looked like that of a Fox, a dead Skunk. It showed no marks of trap or gun wounds but the fur was wet & dragged in places as if once animal had mounted it. It lay on its side within six feet of the hole. I could detect only a slight trace of the usual smell. Saw a Skink near "the Tent".

1892 Mass.

March 16 Concord. Clear with light shifting winds, N. wind of the turn. Ther. 12° at sunrise, 32° at noon. This is the first day since the 10th when the wind has not blown nearly a gale.

To Ball's Hill at 7.30 A.M. rowing down as far as Dakin's Hill and walking the rest of the way. Just before breakfast a Meadow Lark sang ^{or several Meadow Larks} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the field in front of the Buttricks'. Singing I expected to hear Song Sparrows & Bluebirds on the way down river but did not hear either. In fact the singing of an occasional Crow was the only bird note until I reached Dakin's Hill where I heard Chickadees, a Juncos, and at least one Red Crossbill among the Crossbills fresh pairs. I went in search of the flock after landing but did not succeed in finding them.

As I passed through Holden's woods I visited the hole Skunk killed where the dead Skunk lay last evening. It had by Fox(?) disappeared. As there no more tracks in the snow (save my own) I concluded that the Fox had dragged the Skunk into the hole. George Holden tells me that Foxes often kill Skunks and eat them. About the entrance to this hole I found much Rabbit fur and a coil of fresh Rabbit entrails.

At noon George Holden came to my cabin and told me that he had just seen a Goose in the river. It was swimming at the head of Beacon-claim rapids and after going down as far as the open water extended Holden following along the meadow it finally rose and flew past him up the river apparently alighting over Dakin's Hill. On my way

1892 Mass.

March 16 Concord. - back to my boat late in the afternoon. A Goose (No 2.) I was thinking about this bird and hoping in the river that I might see it when just I was emerging from Holden's woods I looked across the river and there it was directly opposite me standing on the edge of the ice on the further side of the river about 100 yards off. The body was nearly horizontal, the long neck stretched up. After looking at the bird with my glass for several minutes I showed myself outside the woods when it took to the water and paddled off down stream going very swiftly with the current but not seeming to be much alarmed. It was soon out of sight around the bend but probably did not fly. A former reported being a flock of Geese flying N. on the 10th.

On the way up river I saw a Shrike sitting Shrike on the top of a willow near the bathing place. It was doubtless the same bird which I observed yesterday a little lower down.

Between 10 and 11 A. M. the ice on the meadows and along the river kept up an incessant booming which ceased before noon and which I did not once hear in the afternoon. It was less loud and resonant than usual and more rattling, reminding me forcibly of the rattling sound of human Bowells.

I do not think that either Song Sparrows or Bluebirds have increased in numbers during the past six days.

Saw a Gray Squirrel this afternoon, a Red yesterday, both Squirrels in Holden's woods.

1892 Mass

March 17 Concord:— A still, pleasant day the sun shining at times, at others obscured or dimmed by fields of barely drifting clouds. Ther. 16° at sunrise, 38° at noon; the latter point is the highest reached during the past big days.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 10 a. M. taking my gun for the first time this year. A Bluebird was working near Flint's bridge but the Song Sparrows were silent although I saw several along old walls and in brush piles near the river. As I was passing Mr. Hunt's farm a Striped flew up into the upper branches of the Shriller old swamp oak and began screaming and uttering a scolding, Jay-like chatter. This was doubtless the same bird which I saw yesterday and the day before, as well as at other dates during the past month, although it has usually been on the other side of the river.

Nothing more of interest was seen until I reached The Wild Goose Darius's Hill when just as I rounded the bend opposite again the mouth of Holden's Brook I caught sight of the Wild Goose which I left there yesterday. It was sitting quietly on the water among the stems of the flooded maples & willows on the west side of the river about 100 yds. from me, but as soon as it saw me it raised its head and neck and started to swim down stream. I was facing the bow of my boat using my double-bladed paddles and putting forth all my strength I forced the boat swiftly through the water hoping to get within shot before the Goose could take wing. This plan succeeded admirably for the big bird surprised, doubtless, by my sudden appearance and rapid approach, became evidently confused and swam first this

1892 Mass.

March 17 Concord. way, next that so that when it finally
(no 2) made up its mind to fly I was within 30 yards.
It started directly from me, not springing forward like
a Black Duck, but first spreading its great wings &
raising itself clear of the water by a powerful flop
or two and then flying swiftly off down stream
only a yard or two above the surface. (Although I
reached for my gun the instant the bird spread its
wings it was fully sixty yards away before I could
pull the trigger. At the report the bird collapsed
and fell, striking the water at an acute angle and
sending up a shower of spray. Two shot had
penetrated the head and there were marks of others
in the legs and body behind. I had my 20g.
gun loaded with $2\frac{1}{4}$ dec. of powder & 3/4 oz. of shot.

Death of the
Wild Goose

Landings near the mouth of the brook I walked down
to Bath's Hill. Bathrick visited me about noon. As we
were standing in front of my cabin a Chipmunk, the first I have seen,
scampered past us following the line
of bushes along the river bank and occasionally
disappearing under the shore ice to reappear from
another crack or hole several yards distant.

In the afternoon 19 Gooseanders in one flock, #19 in
another, flew past the hill about 200 feet high. They arriving from
did not follow the river but kept off over the frozen the banks(?)
meadows finally rising still higher and going out
over the great fields in the direction of Fasham.
I could not make out sexual marking against the
sky. These birds must have come up from
the Merrimac River. Do they follow the sea-coast
in their migrations and then turn into the

Gooseanders

1892. Mass.

March 17 Concord mouths of the river? These birds certainly Gooseanders
(No 3) had every appearance of being actually migrating at the time that I saw them but their course was about south-west! Probably they were bound for the great Sudbury Meadows and will spend several weeks there before pushing further north. I saw one flock at about 3 P.M., the other perhaps an hour later. The river was open from bank to bank a little above Bull's Hill but they did not even circle over it. Indeed their flight was so decided and direct as to leave little doubt in my mind that they are making their way over a familiar and long-established route to the destination just mentioned. Had they merely come up from the Merrimac for a day's fishing intending to return at night they surely would not have appeared at so late an hour.

At about 4 P.M. one of my men called me to see a strange Owl.
a big bird which, he said, had just flown close over his head. I seized my gun & followed him along the river path a little way when a broad-winged bird started about 60 yds. ahead and flew out of sight around a turn. I hurried after it and soon saw it again, four or five times in succession. It seemed to be exceedingly restless or nervous, taking short flights and never remaining perched for more than a minute at a time. As nearly as I could make out it was not frightened by me but merely kept on the move. I followed it as far as Holden's woods but did not once get a good sight at it. It looked

1892. Mass.

March 17 Concord -- most like a Barred Owl but surely was Straw Owl
 (No. 4) bird of that species ever behaved in such a
 singular manner. I am very sure that it was
 an Owl of some kind and suspect that it may
 have been a Hawk Owl although I really did not
 see enough of it to make this matter of any
 value. There were always trees in the way and about
 all that I could make out was that the bird
 had large wings and was of a grayish color. The
 flight was too slow & erratic to be that of any
 kind of Hawk. Besides I am very sure that once
 I saw the large Owl head as the bird turned.
 My men said that it came from across the
 river and passed over them within a yard
 or two.

My homeward paddle this evening was very Goosanders
 pleasant. There was no wind and the river
 has fallen so that the current was not very
 strong. As I neared Hunt's Pond I saw two
 large Ducks swimming along the edge of the
 ice. They rose when I was 200 yds. away and
 circling to get above the trees flew off across
 the meadows where I saw that they were
 Goosanders, a duck & drake, the latter in
 full plumage.

I also saw a very large ~~Hawk~~ bat swimming
 in mid. stream.

1892 Mass.

March 18 Concord - Snowing hard all day about ten inches of heavy, damp snow (falling) changing to rain just before dark. Late in the afternoon I put on my snow-shoes and walked across the fields to the Dunsdale. It was raining heavily and the country was dreary & forbidding. Returning along the Estabrook road I saw two Meadow Larks. They came flying towards me & on alighted in an apple tree nearly over me giving me a good view of its yellow breast. These were literally the only birds I saw except two chickadees in the hemlocks.

" 20 Morning & evening clear, the mid day cloudy. Wind blowing a full gale from daybreak late into the night. Air of an icy, penetrating quality, although the mercury rose to 38° at noon.

Faxon & Miller came up this morning and we went to Ball's Hill, Michael driving us down on the wood sled and coming for us again late in the afternoon. He spent most of the time in my cabin but took a short tramp through Benson's pine woods where we saw two Chickadees & a Purple Finch. The woods were dreary and depressing in the extreme there being no work to sheltered as to afford much refuge from the raging, icy wind.

Along the road one Punkatasset & beyond we saw three juncos, five Tree Sparrows, and five Robins. The Sparrows were feeding in the road where alone is their bare ground at present.

The Robins were eating asparagus berries in the large Red near Peterson's. He also saw a Meadow Lark. Faxon tells me that Red-wings were seen in Cambridge a week or more ago.

Meadow LarksBall's HillRobins

1892 MassMarch 21 Concord. Clear and cold with moderate N. W. wind. Ther.

14° at sunrise, 34° at noon. On the whole a pleasant day. To Ball's Hill. By sleigh, the river being almost wholly frozen over this morning although it had opened again by noon and at sunset was as free from ice as at any time this far this year. I was a good deal surprised to see it freeze itself so quickly and easily with so low a temperature but the sun is all powerful now and to-day its rays were not interrupted by a single cloud.

Despite the warm sun and open river the country more looked more wintry than now. The last snow fell evenly without drifting and although it has settled a good deal it still covers the ground everywhere to a depth of four to six inches, its surface coated with an icy crust which glistened to-day in the sunshine like burnished steel. The sleighing was very good in the morning but thin & slippery by night.

During the drive down this morning I saw two flocks of Tree Sparrows, one of ten the other of three individuals. All were in the middle of the road where above they are more able to get at the ground.

Tree Sparrows

Besides a few Crows and two Chickadees I saw no birds at Ball's Hill. The water-fowl seem to have wholly disappeared although Benson and Peter report seeing a Goose in the river at the Beaver-dam rapid on the 19th.

Water fowl

As I drove home this evening the river was a turbid green everywhere. For four days past it has been dark plumbeous.

1892 Mass.

March 22 Concord. - A cloudless sky, gentle west wind and day atmosphere. Ther. 7° at sunrise, 45° at noon.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 9.30 a.m. A Bluebird was warbling and a Song Sparrow singing on Honeybuckle Island as I walked across the snow covered fields to Hunt's bridge. From the bridge the river was open as far as I could see but on reaching the narrow, swift stretch just above Hunt's pond I found it completely frozen over for a distance of 100 feet or more. Through this ice I was obliged to break a channel, a most laborious undertaking costing me more than an hour of hard work with a heavy fish. While thus engaged I saw a Marsh Hawk and two Robins. The Hawk crossed the Great Meadows at right angles flying rather high and going out over the hills to the N. He was evidently migrating and found nothing to attract him in the great expanse of snowy ice which still covers these meadows. The Robins were also high in air but circled about as if looking for a place to alight.

Marsh Hawk
migrating.

Robins

I saw nothing at Ball's Hill to day save a few Chickadees & Crows but just before sunset as I was returning up the river and about opposite Holder's hill I heard the musical jingle of Rusty Blackbirds in the air directly overhead. There were at least several of them and they passed very near me but I could not get my eye on them (the glare from the snow & ice was very dazzling at the time).

Rusty Blackbird

During the day the river freed itself from ice except in coves & under trees. Pines of both species getting green.

1892 Mass.

March 23 Concord. - A gentle rain ceasing at about 3 P.M. and succeeded by a dense fog. No wind. Ther. rose to 35°.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 7.30. Spending most of the day in my house and returning at the usual time (I regularly leave the hill now at 8 P.M. and reach the Buttrick's at about 6 P.M.). On my way down river I saw nothing of much interest except two Black Ducks, evidently a pair, which started from the brush on the north bank a little below Hunt's pond nearly within gun shot, and a flock of thirty or forty Robins which were scattered about on the south slope of Dalton's hill running about on the bare ground or feeding on barberry bushes. One of them sang for a few seconds in feble, warbling tones like a young bird in autumn.

Black Ducks

Robins

During the forenoon I walked around to the back side of Ball's Hill to cut a brick and came suddenly upon a pair of Ruffed Grouse. The male started from under a young Bushy pine and ran across a space of open snow finally stopping in a thicket of birches and standing erect shaking his ruffs and making the red squirrel chatter. He stood thus for nearly a minute within 20 yds of me in plain sight. The female ^{then} flew from the branches of the pine under which her mate was first sitting & he soon followed her. They ^{have} nested every night for several weeks in a small, bushy pine near this spot as is shown by the fresh droppings which I find beneath this tree every morning.

Ruffed Grouse

1892. Mass.

Co. 1. Mass. 1892.

Balls Hill

March 24 Concord -- Sunny and rather warm, the snow and ice melting rapidly. Wind N.W. to W., rather strong.

To Balls Hill by boat at 9 A.M. On the way down saw and heard five or six Blue Jays but only one Bluebird. Song Sparrows do not seem to have increased in numbers since the tenth. None were singing this morning but I saw two or three in the brush along the river.

I started a pair of Black Ducks doubtless the same as those seen yesterday, from the flooded maples opposite Dalins Hill. The Woodcockers seem to have left the river altogether. I have not seen one since the 17th.

March 24 1892

I spent the greater part of the day in my cabin, superintending the driving of a well among other things. We got water, apparently pure and sweet, at a depth of about nine feet.

At the Hill heard Jays screaming & Crows cawing at frequent intervals. I have seen no indication of any migration of Crows as yet.

Several days ago (on the 22nd and I think it was) I noticed a marked increase of freshness of coloring in the foliage of both white & pitch pines but at that date there was still a considerable difference of color in the two trees. To-day I found it impossible to tell them apart at any distance over 100 yds. by color alone. The white pines have changed to a lighter livelier green, the pitch pines have become darker & have almost wholly lost their usual yellowish tinge.

Change of
color of white
& pitch pines.

About one quarter of the surface of the open country is now bare of snow.

1892 Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Balls Hill.

March 25 Concord. Cloudless with tender blue sky and warm sun. Moderate W. wind, dying away entirely before sunset. Ther. 30° at sunrise, 48° at noon. Decidedly the pleasant and most spring-like day thus far.

To Balls Hill by boat, paddling down with my double Black Hooded Merganser. Started a pair of Hooded Mergansers and four Black D.; ^{sees} the former were swimming in the river a little above Hunt's pond and rose when I was fully 150 yds away. Can they be the same birds which I saw on this stretch of the river March 10th? The Black Ducks rose from a pond in the meadow ice. I started the Mergansers a second time near Ball's hill at the head of Beaverdam rapid two adult Herring Gulls, the first I have seen here this spring, were sitting on the edge of the ice. When they saw me they rose and after circling a few times flew off down river.

swimming Gulls

I heard no Bluebirds or Song Sparrows after crossing Flint's bridge but Roland Hayward who walked down to the Hill to see me later in the afternoon heard and saw both along the road on Pinknot Road. Muskrats were out in the river to-day for the first time. I saw three at about 10 A. M. swimming across the river. As the river is not higher now than it has repeatedly been during the winter I suspect that the Muskrats come out by day at this season to bask in the rays of the sun.

Muskrats
swimming

As Hayward and I rowed up the river a little before sunset the wind had died entirely and the evening was as calm & peaceful as possible. Bluebirds were warbling delightfully but no Song Sparrows sang. Saw a Gray Squirrel clinging to a birch near on the river.

Gray Squirrels

1892. Mass.

March 26 Concord. - Cloudless and very warm at noon with practically no wind until 4 P.M. when a brisk & chilly S.E. breeze started. Ther. 32° at sunrise, 51° at noon, 55° at 3 P.M.

By far the warmest and pleasantest day of the spring thus far and, for those of us who have braved this long, hard winter in the country, a real better day, as genial as March ever ~~heats~~ gives us in this latitude and filled with the promise of still better things in the near future. The almost total absence of wind and the bright sunshine reflected from the snow which still covers much of the ground or from the calm surface of the river made the heat at times really oppressive. Of course the snow and ice wasted very rapidly under these conditions. The brooks ran bank-full and the river was covered with cakes and small fields of floating ice mingled with pieces of boards, old railroad sleepers, logs, rafters of dead bushes, and every other conceivable float & jeton all whirling down towards the sea in the strong current. Although the water is low for the season the Great Meadows are, of course, flooded. ~~They~~ They are still for the most part covered with ice but this is interspersed with ponds of open water and near the river banks there are deep bays which extend back for varying distances into the gray, water-balled ice. The fields, where the ground is bare, are still bare and brown with no trace of green on the sunniest slopes. There is still much frost in the ground and the roads and ploughed lands are masses of soft, sticky mud. The pines, as I noted yesterday, have already assumed their bright, lively spring coloring.

Progress to
Spring

1892 Mass.

To Ball's Hill

March 26 Concord. To Ball's Hill by boat at 1.30 a.m. The paddle down river was delightful. Some a minute passed when I did not hear the tender warble of a Bluebird or the sweet chanting of a Song Sparrow. Both species have evidently quadrupled in numbers since yesterday although some allowance must obviously be made for the probably favorable conditions to day.

Bluebirds &
Song Sparrows

Crows & Jays were unusually numerous & noisy but I still see no reason to think that either species has as yet received any accessions from the South. I passed two Muskrats swimming about among submerged bushes but saw no Ducks or other water-fowl.

Crows & Jays

Muskrats.

Soon after reaching Ball's Hill I heard a succession of shots along the river above and presently Warren appeared in a small canoe. He had nine Muskrats and I heard him fire three times afterwards. I fear he has left few of these interesting animals in this stretch of river. He came very near shooting a muskrat which Benson started from a stone wall on my land and which plunged into the water & down near Warren's boat.

Succession of
muskrats

Muskrat

Early in the forenoon I walked through the woods to Davis's Hill where I found a Cuckoo and three gray Purple Finches among the pines. From the northern extremity of the hill I could see that the river was span as far at least, as Carlisle Bridge but the meadow ice on both sides extended quite out to the edge of the channel. This comparatively narrow and nearly straight canal of calm water was fairly swarming with water-fowl. I counted thirty Ducks said eight at once and three on duck-sticks

Cuckoo
Purple Finches

water fowl
in the river

1892 Mass.

March 26
(No. 3)

Conard: others that were hidden by projections of the Water Rowl,
ice. Some were sitting on the ice but the greater
number were scattered about diving. I think most of
them were Gooseanders but the nearest were half a mile Gooseanders,
away. I identified only three - Whistlers - two old Golden-eyes,
drakes and a duck - which flew past me on their
way to join the big flock. There were two Herring Gulls
and several Crows on the ice near these ducks.

On my way back I started a pair of Puffed Grouse Puffed Grouse,
on the knoll where the big licking stands. I also
started a Rabbit in a thorny thicket and found the Rabbit Rabbit
skin, entrails, and one hind leg of another which a
fox had doubtless killed. There were Song Sparrows,
along all the bush-grown walls & Blue Birds working
in the air overhead. Of Chickadees I saw several pairs
acting as if looking for nesting places.

Just as I was pushing off from shore on my Arrival of the
way up river at 5 P.M. the sound for which my Red-wings
ears have been accustomed on the coast their last
time was heard from the further shore,
and in the direction I at once saw a
Red-wing Red-wing Red-wing on the top most spare
of a maple. Out went his shoulders and another
Red-wing came to my ears. At the bend above
the Beaver dam reach I found two more Red-wings
and higher up still others scattered about on the
maples singing until, by the time I reached Wint's
bridge I had counted ten. It was a case of
"first arrival" for there were certainly more about
during the earlier part of the day. Several Robins
were sitting on trees near Wint's bridge calling but none sang

1892 Mass

March 27 Concord.

A sunny day with clouds gathering in P.M.
Strong N. E. wind all day. Max. temp. about 42°

Bolles & Spelman came up this morning and at about 11 A.M. we started down river in my boat. The strong, chilly wind ^{which} blew in our faces and probably exercised a depressing effect on the birds for there was no singing whatever. We saw many Song Sparrows & heard the calls of Bluebirds.

Two Golden eyes which rose from the flooded meadow were the "Holt" as we appeared in sight were the only Ducks seen above Bell's Hill. Golden eyes

We landed at the hill and after eating lunch in my cabin started for a long walk. As we came over on the crest of Davis's Hill I suddenly discovered a flock of Gooseanders standing on the ice on the further side of the channel about 100 yds off. There were six adult males and their gray birds. Through the glass I could see the coral red legs & even the salmon tinge on the breast distinctly. Further down river other flocks were visible probably 20 birds in all being in sight at once. There was one white Herring Gull also. Gooseanders

On the northern edge of Davis's bird swamp we found an extraordinary track in the snow. There were four foot prints all alike all exactly (or nearly so) about thus: $\text{X}0000$. These prints looked like those of the hind feet of a Red Squirrel. The prints were about two feet in length. No fore feet seemed to have touched the snow. The track led over twenty yards of snow & was everywhere the same. Herring Gull

There were twelve Red wings scattered along the river singing for wings as we paddled up in the early evening. Strange tracks in the snow

1842 Mass.

March 28 Concord. Weather much like that of yesterday but the wind more northerly and much more violent, the sky clearer, the sun warmer. On the whole a fine day for the season although the wind was decidedly harsh.

The wind did not rise until about 9 A.M. Previous to this the morning was perfectly calm and very sunny & warm. For the first time this season there was continuous and protracted bird singing about the house. A Robin began the chorus a little before sunrise next Song Sparrows & Bluebirds joined in, and later a Meadow Lark and Redwing and a Chickadee or two. Besides these a Downy Woodpecker drummed at regular frequent intervals on a dead branch in the elm in front of my window.

Birds singing
first
Robin singing

Downy Woodpecker
drumming

On going out after breakfast I noticed that the grass on the bank under the parlor window showed a distinct tinge of green for the first time this year. Yesterday the only green shade in the fields was on a patch of winter wheat.

first green
grass

At 10 A.M. I started for Ball's Hill. Warren was ahead of me, at his his unceasing work among the muskrats. When I met him he had killed fifteen & had seen a large number. Of course he had scared away all the Ducks. There were a few scattered single Red-wings & many Song Sparrows. Walked to Davis's Hill & scanned the river below for Ducks but saw only two, a pair of Goswains aloft on the ice. In the afternoon five Black Ducks and several small numbers of Goswains passed Ball's Hill, "Trading" back & forth. A pair of Goswains alighted in the river opposite my cabin. At Davis's Hill I found a pair of Red-tailed Hawks. A few Red-wings singing as I came off river at sunset.

Slaughter of
the Muskrats

Goosanders

Goosanders

Red-tailed Hawk

1892 Mass.

March 29 Concord -- Cloudless but cool with blustering N.W. wind.

Birds did not sing freely owing to the high wind but I heard Song Sparrows, Bluebirds and Meadow Larks near the house in the early morning & occasionally later.

I spent most of the day in superintending the moving of my boat house from the wharf to the Anticks' landing. We floated it down. During my first trip in my boat between the two points just mentioned I started a Mink from a bunch of dead grass on the west bank a little below the "Minute Man".

He galloped for a few yards along the shore ice, then stopped and sat up on his hind legs like a Squared looking at me. Apparently reassured he continued his way now moving very slowly with a crawling gait, his body lengthened & flattened, his belly brushing the ice, reminding me of the movement of a toad creeping towards a fly. On reaching the bridge he sprang nimbly from stone to stone and on reaching the top of the bank crossed the roadway & disappeared. I rowed under the bridge & found him lying curled up in the sun on a stone on the south side of the western abutment. Here he spent an hour or more lapping and drying his fur and sleeping. He would let me get within ten yards then rising would blink at me in a sleepy way and turning disappear into a crevice immediately popping out his head against resuming his original place as soon as I moved away. When sleeping he lay curled in a circle like a cat. He had a head-like way of moving the head from side to side when looking at me. The expression of the face was at times keen and cruel at others stupid or perhaps silly. The tips of the

1892 Mass.

March 29 Concord short, round call just showed above the
(No. 2) fin. This bird was of small size and peculiar
coloring - a faded yellowish brown about like that
of an old Sable ruff. In no light did he look
black or even dark brown.

Later in the afternoon I walked to the
Danesdale and back through Derby's lower fields,
to my surprise, the tracks of my snow-shoes made
on the afternoon of the last heavy snow were still
quite distinct in the paths, so little has the
snow melted under the shade of the hemlocks.

I saw many Song Sparrows and the first Fox Sparrow ^{first Fox Sparrows}
- two of them each in company with two or three
Song Sparrows, both silent. Robins were scattered
about in the orchards calling but were song.
Meadow Larks flying about over the bare, brown
fields singing & calling. Bluebirds were numerous
(for them) and I saw the first female - with
her mate of course. It is strange there are no
Juncos nor Tree Sparrows here now. I suppose
our winter birds have gone and the migrants
have not yet come.

The country looked very spring-like this
morning. The stems of the willows and osars
are getting deeper or rather brighter colored every
day. A poplar (*P. grandidentata*) was covered with
frosts the day before which appeared under frosty
from their sheaths (?) as much or more.

Danesdale

Advance of
Juncos &
Tree Sparrows

Advance of the
season

1892 Mass.To Ball's Hill

March 30 Concord. Cloudless with moderate N. to N.E. wind. Warm in the middle of the day.

To Ball's Hill at 10 A.M. Saw little of any particular interest save a bunch of four Golden eyes two adults ♂♂ and two ♀♀ and a pair of Goshawks all flying past the hill late in the afternoon. On my way up river at sunset I counted no less than 22 Red wings all single ♂♂ scattered about singing on the tops of the willows.

" 31 Very like yesterday but a little warmer and with less wind. A delicious day of the very best March type.

Walk to Danversdale via Derby's Lane at 8.30 A.M. Spang Sparrows & Bluebirds singing on every side. Saw juncos along a wall. Started four Black Ducks from a pool of rain water in Mr. Derby's orchard.

DanversdaleBlack Duck
in orchard.

To Ball's Hill at 11 A.M. Nothing of any particular interest there.

1892. Mass.
March. Concord.

1. Parus atricapillus. March 4^① - 5^② - 6^① - 8^② - 8^⑤ - 9^② - 10^② - 12^③
13^④ - 15^④ - 18^② - 21^② - 26^② - 24^② - 26^② - 27^② - 30^②
2. Corvus americanus. March 4^④ - 5^④ - 8^④ - 8^⑩ - 9^④ - 10^④ - 13^③ - 15^④
16^④ - 20^① - 21^② - 22^⑤ - 24^⑤ - 26^⑤ - 27^⑤ - 28^⑤ - 31^④ * - "gobble"
3. Cyanocitta cristata. March 4^① - 5^① - 8^① - 9^② - 10^② - 13^① - 15^②
20^① - 21^① - 22^① - 24^① - 26^① - 27^② - 28^② - 30^②
4. Geothlypis borealis. March 5^① - 9^② - 15^① - 16^① - 17^①
5. Certhia americana. March 7^① (Basis H.) - 8^② (Basis H.) - 9^① - 13^① - 14^①
16^① - 26^①
6. Buteo borealis. March 7^① - 28^②
7. Spizella monticola. March 7^② - 9^② - 10^① - 13^① - 20^③ - 21^③
22^③ - 27^② - 31^②
8. Spinus tristis. March 7^① - 31^①
9. Megeops asio. March 8^① (North B.)
10. Anas obscura. March 8^② - 10^③ - 23^② - 24^② - 25^② - 28^② - 31^④
11. Aix sponsa. March 10^②
12. Colaptes auratus. March 10^② - 26^② - 27^② - 30^②
13. Merus americanus. March 10^① - 15^① - 17^① - 27^①
28^② - 30^②
14. Lophodytes cucullatus. March 10^② - 25^②
15. Sialia sialis. March 10^② - 13^① - 14^③ - 15^② - 17^① - 20^① - 22^①
23^① - 25^① - 26^① - 27^① - 28^① - 29^① - 31^②

1892. Mass.
March Concord.

16. Melospiza fasciata - March 10¹ - 11³ - 13² - 14² - 15³ - 16² - 17³ - 20¹
 22¹ - 24² - 25² - 26¹⁰ - 27⁴ - 28¹⁰ - 29¹⁰ - 30¹⁰ - 31¹⁰
17. Junco hyemalis March 10¹ - 16¹ - 20⁽³⁾ - 27⁽³⁾ - 31³
18. Passer domesticus - (March 10 ship. shipping every where this morning for the first time this year)
19. Pinus putrescens - March 11¹ - 13⁽²⁾ - 15¹ - 16¹ - 26² - 27¹ - 28¹*
20. Sitta carolinensis - March 13⁽²⁻²⁾ - 31¹*
21. Spinus pinus - March 13¹
22. Merula migratoria - March 11⁽²⁾ - 20⁽³⁾ - 22⁽²⁾ - 23⁽³⁰⁾ - 26⁴ (Scotland),
 28¹ - 29⁴ - 30⁴ - 31⁶
23. Loxia minor - March 16⁽⁴⁴⁾ (Delia's N.)
24. Bonasa canadensis - March 10^{(1112 mig. N. (Cygnus Housens))} - 16^(1 in river) - 17⁽¹¹¹²⁾
25. Sturnella magna - March 16¹ - 18⁽²⁾ - 20¹ - 26¹ - 28² - 29⁴ - 30²
 31²
26. Carpodacus purpureus - March 20¹ - 26³
27. Circus hudsonius - March 22¹⁻⁷
28. Sceloporus carolinensis - March 22¹⁻⁴
29. Bonasa umbella - March 23⁽²⁻²⁾ - 26⁽²⁻²⁾
30. Agelaius phoeniceus - March 26^{(10 83 c (Scotland))} - 27^{10 22 c} - 28^{4 2} - 30^{22 2 c} - 31¹

1892 Mass.
March Concord.

31 Larus a. smithsonianus - March 25^{2nd} - 26^{2nd} - 31st

32 Passerella iliaca - March 29th

33. Sayornis fuscus - March 31st (North Bridge)

1892. Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

April 1 Concord. Cloudless with soft S. to S.W. wind. Very warm for the season the thermometer rising to 58°. Nevertheless there was a hard frost last night.

Immediately after breakfast I took a walk to the
Dunstable via. Dyer's lawn. The country was alive with birds and the air filled with their music. Blackbirds and Song Sparrows most numerous; only a very few Robins and but one singing (in full song at 9 a. m., the first really sustained & perfect singing I have heard yet).

To Dunstable

Saw a single Cowbird flying high in air. Along a brush grown wall bordering a corn stubble I found a flock of Sparrows including 14 Juncos, 5 or 6 Tree Sparrows & several Song Sparrows. All were singing, the Juncos giving their delicious spring warbling melody.

In another place a single Tree Sparrow was singing on the top of a brick. Its notes at once recalled those of the Willow Warbler of England. Near the flock of Sparrows was a flock of about a dozen Redwings in an oak singing in melody. This is the first melody singing & the flock flock of Redwings I have thus far noted.

When I got back to the Buttrick's several Besford Frogs were croaking in the meadows in front of the house. I have heard no Hylas as yet.

Besford Frogs

the first

Batrachians

To Ball's Hill at 11 a. m. for the rest of the day. Sailed the whole way down and nearly half of the way back in the afternoon. Painted Tortoises out on floating logs. Two muskrat rats swimming in the flooded bushes. Redwings very numerous. Song Sparrows swarming. From the top of the hill I could see a strong bank of water full on the Bedford Swamp meadow most of them Frogs.

To Ball's Hill

Painted Turtles

Water Frogs

Green Frogs

1892 Mass.

April 2 Concord. - Warmer still with strong S.W. wind which drove before it great masses of dark & threatening clouds which before noon covered the entire sky. We expected rain confidently but only a few drops fell, - at about 3 P.M., Ther 40° at sundown, 67° at noon.

I spent the entire day about the farm working on my boats. Despite the high wind and gloomy sky Bluebirds and Song Sparrows sang the entire day through. I also heard Red-wings and Meadow Larks at frequent intervals but the event of the day was the arrival of the Crow Blackbirds. At about 3 P.M. a flock of 20 to 25 appeared ^{arrival of} Crow Blackbirds driving before the strong wind. They appeared to me to be migrating.

Robins do not seem to have increased in numbers during the past week nor have they fairly begun to sing yet. Indeed I have thus far heard but two in full song. Nevertheless they are well scattered about the orchards and gardens and their calling to one another at evening and early morning is a pleasant sound.

Mr. Buttrick heard the first Hyla this coming near Red Bridge, a single individual piping merrily at about 8 P.M. First Hyla

1892 Mass.

Sunday morning walk.

April 3 Concord. Still warmer in fact a summer-like day,
clear with high S.W. wind. Ther. 52° at 6 A.M., 75°
at noon.

Immediately after breakfast I started for a walk
with Mrs. Buttrick taking a dog and pair.
As we were on the door step a White-bellied Swallow
came flying past and I heard & saw a Kingfisher
on our chain by the river.

First Swallows
+ Kingfisher

Crossing Mrs. Heyes's farm we struck Darling Brook
near its mouth and followed it up to the Dunsdale.
Bluebirds and Song Sparrows were singing everywhere,
but they were no more numerous than three days
ago. He saw a Shrike sitting on the top of an isolated
apple tree and presently he began singing keeping it
up by intervals for several minutes. The Cat-bird-like
mewing and harsh grating chatter were repeated
very many times interspersed with a variety of
clear musical, thrush-like notes. A Bluebird came
to the tree at one time & alighted within eight feet
of the Shrike showing no fear of him.

There were many Speckled & Painted Tortoises in
the brook & on its banks & on sand over Flood Tortoise
in the water.

In the meadow just above the barn road I detected
a Grass Finch. He saw several small flocks of Juncos
& Song Sparrows and two Red Crossbills, the last
flying over the pines of Derby's lane. In one place
near this lane three Crows were fighting about two
of them singing. Saw my first Woodchuck in a
field near the lane & heard a single Hyla purring
in the swamp. Swallows were seen everywhere.

First Grass Finch

Crossbills

First Woodchuck

1892. Mass.

April 3

(No 2)

Concord. At 4 P.M. I started for Balls Hill having agreed to meet Dr. Emerson there to show him my house. I took my Rob Roy canoe and sailed as far as the Holt. on reaching which I landed the canoe across the land and embarked again on the flooded meadow. The wind had now increased to nearly a gale and after making this attempt I found it impossible to carry even my smallest boat.

On the way down I neither saw nor heard anything of interest but the paddle work after sunset was more productive. The wind had lulled to a gentle breeze as soft and warm as that of a June evening. Red wings, Song Sparrows and Blackbirds were singing everywhere and as I reached the town I heard two Robins but neither sang for more than a few minutes and then not very vigorously.

Hylos were purring in the little meadows just west of Balls Hill and others near Hunt's Pond but not above half a dozen in either place. I heard perhaps as many Besford Frogs also. Dr. Emerson tells me that he heard the first Hyla this morning at about 8 o'clock.

I saw a Kingfisher near Holden's mill and four Swallows flying over the meadows at sunset.

The geese have not slaughtered all the Muskrats yet (they were after them again yesterday) for I saw two on my way home.

Mr. Holden tells me that he saw five White-throats.

Swallows flying together over the Great Fields on March 27. He is rather a knowing bird with.

Birds singing along the river at sunset.

Hylos

Legend Frogs

Kingfisher

Muskrats

White-throats

Swallows

1892

Mass.

April 4

Concord. - Early morning cloudy with light rain; "the sun out bright by 11 a. m.; remainder of day clear and oppressively warm with gentle S. W. breeze. Temperature about the same as yesterday.

Purple Finches were singing this morning in the direction of the Marsh and Grass Finches in the orchard. Robins singing fitfully, Bluebirds & Song Sparrows vigorously.

At 10 a. m. I started for Bull's Hill by boat. As I was paddling down the swift reach near the tent I saw a Shrike, a fine old gray bird, sitting on a maple sapling. As I approached he took wing and flying very swiftly down to the ground dashed into a clump of maples driving out a Song Sparrow which started across the river. The Shrike overtook the Sparrow about mid stream when the Sparrow dodged several times blinding its pursuer each time with apparent ease. As it neared the thicket of willows for which it was seeking, however, it kept a perfectly straight course when the Shrike again overhauled it rose a little above it and dived it a vicious downward blow either on the head or back, I could not tell which, knocking it down some a few feet into the water. It immediately flattered clear of the surface, however, and before the Shrike could check its speed and turn back the Sparrow disappeared in under the willows and disappeared. The Shrike followed and perching only a few feet above the ground was on the watch for the reappearance of its prey when I approached too closely and scared it away.

Shrike

chased & knocked down a Sparrow

1892 Mass.

April 4 Concord. At Ball's Mill I saw nothing of interest
(No 6) saw a Red Crossbill flying about among the pines
about my house. Taking a walk behind the mill
I heard Wood Frogs in two different pools and
saw many of them swimming about. Through my
glass I could see that they were much greener
than they are in autumn. They were stages
usual. One of the pools had the bottom covered
with ice.

All day long the rolling croaking of Beaford Frogs
was incessant on the river meadows in every
direction. There must have been hundreds croaking
at once. Late in the afternoon I heard the
greatest number. The sound is certainly most
like the drumming of a distant Woodpecker.
Towards evening the Hylas were in full cry in
every meadow and swamp. Truly it was a great
day for the frogs but I heard no Toads.

It was also a great day for turtles. Every floating
log and board & many of the baring trees were
clustered all over with Painted Tortoises. I also
saw a great many fish hopping & swimming & paddled
through a school of what I took to be suckers.
Mussel shells were drifting about in the shallows.

As I paddled up river a little before sunset I
saw two Yellow Palm Swallows in the meadows below
Hunt's Pond and a flock of about 40 Tree Swallows
flying over the meadows. Red-wings literally swarmed.
There were a few blossoms of the red maple and last
morning and to day both red & white maples were in
full bloom. I saw fully developed hawk feathers yesterday.
One found trailing at 11 P.M.

1892 Mass.

April 5 Concord. - Cloudy and cooler, yet still very mild for the season. Variable light winds N. E. to S. E.

Spent an hour or more after breakfast in directing some work on a boat house by the river. While thus engaged I heard the rich notes of a Purple Martin and looking up saw the bird perching directly overhead. Presently three others appeared and then all four flew off towards the Great Meadows. A pair of Nuthatches, doubtless those which breed at the house, came to an apple tree near the willows and inspected all its holes and crevices and a Yellow Palm Warbler flitted through the orchard singing freely.

At 10.30 A.M. I started for Bull's Hill in my ducked canoe, paddling down. Heard Swallows over the meadows and over a Martin. Song Sparrows & Red wings swarming. Bluebirds not diminishing in numbers as yet. Four Kingfishers at the Hole. *Quack behavior* very noisy and acting queerly, flying about two together, *Kingfishers* high in air making in addition to the rattle a harsh, grating sound exceedingly like that of a jay. At times one would sail on motionless wings, at others beat the wings rapidly with a fluttering motion like a butterfly. As nearly as I could make out through my glass all four birds were males. I have never seen Kingfishers act in this way before.

I saw in all four Palm Warblers along the river and heard a Ruby-crowned Kinglet sing over. As I was passing Holden's hill a Carolina Dove began cooing in some pines. Afterwards a dog started four of these Doves all together from the ground among some oaks on the west side of my swamp.

1892. Mass.

April 5
(No. 2)

Concord.— Phoebe were unusually numerous along the river and at Ball's Hill above I saw no less than three. Flickers have also arrived in some numbers since yesterday for I heard five different birds "shouting".

In the swamp behind Ball's Hill a pair of Chickadees were at work on their nest in a birch stump. The hole had already been dug deep enough for the working bird to be out of sight.

About noon I heard Wild Geese and presently saw a large flock flying very high. As nearly as I could count them there were about 45.

An Osprey was flying about over the meadows near Davis's Hill and I saw within the same or another bird higher up the river.

I started home early in the afternoon. Over the way heard two Field Sparrows singing and also a number of Tree Sparrows the latter all in one place—a flock of a dozen or more. Heard Crossbills in no less than four places to day. One bird sang a few notes freely.

At 6 P.M. walked to the Damscote via Deby's lane. Robins in full summer numbers for first time this spring & singing fairly freely & well. Three Grass Finches singing in the posterns in the twilight. The thrushes singing with Hyla voices. Started a juncos from a little bushy pine where it had evidently gone to roost.

The grass is fast growing on southern slopes & in springy meads. Winter wheat fields are now as green as our numerous lawns.

1892 Mass.

April 6 Concord. Clear with S.W. wind blowing a gale through the forenoon, moderating & shifting to N.W. at 1 P.M. Ther. 74° at noon, much cooler in the afternoon, with an almost frosty night.

Spent most of the day by the river landing superintending the work on my new boat house. There were a Pair Warblers and a Yellow Palm Warbler in the neighboring orchard, both singing a little from time to time. Ten Sparrows also hung about this orchard occasionally bursting out into a chorus of wild, ringing music. A pair of Bluebirds which have chosen a woodpecker's hole in the maple by the landing for the site of their future nest flitted about us showing little alarm at our presence despite the hammering & other noises we made.

Later in the afternoon I took the Darnsdale walk. Found four Fox Sparrows by a brush grown wall in Mr. Deby's field (the same place where I saw them last month) but they would not sing. I walked out in the field four Grass Finches were running about among some corn stubble.

In the Darnsdale meadow Hylas was holding high carnival. Indeed I heard them from this afternoon in full force for the first time this season.

The afternoon was too cold and windy for much singing and I heard few birds except Song Sparrows & on occasion a Bluebird. Saw many juncos & plenty of Ten Sparrows. Willows already in blossom.

1892 Mass.

April 13 Concord. Morning clear, mid-day & afternoon cloudy at times. High N.W. wind. Middle of day warm but morning & evening cold.

Since the 7th, when the warm spell came to an end, the weather has been uniformly clear, cold and blustering with high N.W. winds. The thermometer has fallen to or a little below 30° every night but the mid-day sun has of course prevented the formation of any permanent ice.

During this period I have ^{not} been once away from the Buttricks' farm but with the exception of today (the 10th) I have been out of doors most of the time watching the work on my new boat house by the river landing. Thus I have seen something of the birds. Few if any have arrived since the 7th and probably none with us at that date have as yet gone further north. One or two Yellow Palm Warblers have been always present among the apple trees on the slope of the steep bank above the landing and here also have come Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Pewees, and occasionally a Fox Sparrow. A pair of Bluebirds have chosen a very small hole (that of a Downy Woodpecker) in a maple by the landing for their nest and on the morning of the 9th the ♀ was taking in big mouthfuls of dry grass. Perhaps my carpenter, who has been working directly under the tree, has interrupted further nest building but the birds certainly have not desisted as yet. There has been little singing by the Robins for the past week. The grass is now tinged with green everywhere & the frost is practically all out.

Bluebirds
building

Robins

1892 Mass.

April 13 Concord. At 10 o'clock this morning I started for
(No 2) Ball's Hill taking down in my boat a load of
willow Flakes which I afterwards drove into
the mud in various places to make the
Only a few birds were singing but I saw a
great many Blackbirds & several Song Sparrows
along the banks. The water has fallen to nearly
its normal summer level and the Great Meadows
are now almost entirely bare and already quite
green while the brook meadows are very green.
Thousands of Redford Frogs were croaking but
I heard no other species of *Pontopneustes* during
the day.

As I was passing the Hill a Red Shouldered
Hawk rose above the woods on Holden's Hill
and mounted high into the air screaming, occasionally
pitching down in erratic lines and curves and then
soaring upwards again. Twice afterwards I saw
it at the same occupation. I suspect this is a
love performance. The bird was a ♂. I did not see its mate.
Several species of our small water willows were in
full blossom to-day with honey bees clustering
thickly about their green or golden catkins.

There was a Fox Sparrow in the brush on my river
front and several Yellow Rump Warblers on the hill &
in the swamp behind. In this swamp Pat Flannery
who is making a path for our dam yesterday a very
large wild Rabbit mottled with white. It was chasing
a Coon. The large animal was doubtless *L. americanus*.
As I came up the river late in the afternoon I started
a Billie from the bank opposite Mr. Harb's & saw a ♂
marsh hawk beating the meadows.

Butcher's Creek

1892 Mass

April 14 Concord. A sunny morning and cloudy afternoon. Early morning cold (26°) moderating rapidly after sunrise. Afternoon soft & mild.

2. Ball's Hill by boat sailing all the way down. Saw two Marsh Harriers on a brown bird, doubtless a junco. Just below Hawk's Pond a Wilson's Snipe started from the river bank as I was sailing past and flitted a few yards alighting again in plain sight on the bare mud. There were doubtless others on the Great Meadows which are now in perfect condition for their requirements. At Ball's Hill I heard a Pine Warbler singing and saw a herd Yellow Palm Warblers in various places, - as well as along the river above fully twenty individuals in all. Never more than two or three together. They sang and chirped unusually freely so that I heard more than I saw. Several were out in the fields along brush-grown walls.

While I was eating lunch some bird or mammal kept uttering at short regular intervals two short piercing whistles succeeded by a rolling chirrup. I took it to be a Woodchuck although the sound was not quite that which this animal makes on ordinary occasions. The creature, whatever it was, seemed to be on the top of Ball's Hill. It became silent when I reached the foot of the hill.

The Scapard Ticks were holding high carnival through the entire day but the Hylas have become almost wholly silent and I have heard no Toads for nearly a week. Maybe thinking their stomachs too full.

1892 Mass.

April 15 Concord. A gray day with N. E. wind changing to S. & S. W. late in P. M. Ther. 38° at 6 a. M., 50° at noon.

Started for Balls Blk at 10 a. M. taking my Rob Roy canoe. Stopped at Hunt's landing to get some roots of the yellow iris which grows there in profusion, thanks to Ernest Pratt, and which I wished to introduce at Balls Blk.

The paddle down against the strong N. E. wind was laborious and not particularly interesting. I saw nothing but the common birds. At my landing a single Fox Sparrow was flitting about in the bushes, and on the back side of the hill, among some pines, I started a Hermit Thrush, the first I have seen. I set out my iris, and some lupations, Spring Bunt's Black & yellow birches which I had of Mrs. R. L.

At 3.30 P. M. I started to sail home. The wind had died to a gentle breeze but enough remained to waft me slowly up stream so that I used the paddle only a few times between the two landings. Opposite Benson's landing I heard Woodpeckers in the bushes keeping up a steady murmur. I think I saw one mating there but I could see nothing.

As I was passing Dalton's field a ♂ Red Crossbill came flying from the pines & alighting in a maple uttered a soft musical *spee, spee, spee-dink* many times in succession. Is this the song? The ♀ must be sitting on eggs now. Red Crossbill
singing

At the "land" I saw a pair of Bitterns flying over the meadow & a little further up a Snipe which was apparently without provocation from the meadow on the right & crossed the river. Many shots fired this afternoon in the direction of Balls Blk at Snipe.

1892, Mass.

April 17 Concord. - Clear & cool with high N. W. wind. Cloudy in the evening with a few dashes of rain, the first for weeks.

Spent the morning about the house. Saw a ♀ Sharp-shinned Hawk beat along the pine hedge and then rising high in air drift off before the wind, soaring.

Accipiter velox

At 5 P. M. started down river in my Rob Roy under sail. A few Red-wings singing. It was nearly sunset when I reached Butler's Hill. A Hermit Thrush in the bushes by the river.

Walked around the hill through the swamp and beyond to Davis's Hill. A full chorus of Hylas in my pond when Wood Frogs held exclusive possession a week ago. I silenced them by walking around the pond and to my surprise they did not resume their piping again, at least for the two hours I was at the hill.

A Robin was singing on a maple near the sand-ditch and a Carolina Dove cooing at short intervals in the pines by the glacial hollow, another answering from the Davis Hill pines. The coo of the first was regularly thus whick, coo coo, coo, coo. Sometimes there were but two coos after the long pause. The tone was exceedingly pure resonant and solemn - but not in the least mournful to my ears.

Carolina Dove

As I was taking lunch at my house in the twilight two Night Herons & four Black Ducks flew past.

It was dark when I paddled home. Heard only a few Leopard Frogs - no birds of any kind.

1892. Mass

April 18 Concord. Clear and cool. Winds variable in force & direction from N. to S.W.

Spent the morning about the place. At 3 P.M. started in my Rob Roy canoe for Bedana Swamp. Sailed the entire distance excepting one short reach.

Saw little of interest until I reached Clear Shell Hill where several Sawanna Sparrows were flitting over the meadow. As I returned at evening one of them was singing. A little beyond this both two Purple Martins and a particularly fine Barn Swallow were flying about over the river in company with eight White-bellies.

While I was digging up plants in Bedana Swamp I heard a Thrush (Vireo) singing in the spruces. Crossing a pasture I came upon a flock of ten Yellow Palm Warblers skipping about on the smooth turf hundreds of yards from any cover. Also saw two juncos. A foxhound which had been following & barking at me flushed a Partridge from the edge of the woods.

As I started down river a little after sunset Swamp Sparrows were singing in the bottom bushes. About 30 Red wings were assembled in the top of a large oak on the meadow singing in unison. This is the only large flock I have seen.

I counted nine Muskrats before I reached the Assabet. One came within four feet of me evidently looking over the canoe for a log & embarking on it. I saw another die & bring up a "clam"

1892 Mass.

April 20 Concord. Clear and very warm through the middle of the day although it froze hard last night (Mar 26).
Drove to Rhodora pool on the Estabrook road at 9.30 A.M. and spent an hour or more digging some of the Rhodora bushes to take to Ball's Hill. A Solitary Vireo was singing by spells in the woods near the pool. Sent George to Ball's Hill and struck through the woods on foot to a wood road north of Punkatasset Hill where I noticed some young Black Birches last autumn. Drove up about thirty. Several Golden-crests and two Creepers (*Certhia*) were in the pines near me.

Returned to the Buttricks' by the Shortest Route across the fields carrying the rather heavy bundle of birches on my back. As I came out of the bushes on the edge of Pratt's nursery I saw a Fox standing in the crest of a knoll in the open field not 100 yds. off, although it was wind-day and the sun shining clear & hot. The Fox was a very large one. He looked faded and worn as to fur and appeared to be of a blooded yellowish color, tail & all. He saw me at once, pricked his ears and looked at me steadily. Standing quite still with bush lowered. I squeaked and he started directly towards me at a quick shuffling trot. When he dipped out of sight in a hollow I squeaked but he did not come out in sight again on my side of the hollow & the next instant I caught sight of him 200 yards or more to the right running at full speed, with great elastic bounds, for the woods. No cue with a bunch of fire crackers at his tail could have fled more

Fox about

at 10:00

1892 Mon.

April 20 Concord. Briefly. His motions were exceedingly light
(no 2) and graceful. I never saw a Fox really run before.
A puff of east wind which struck me on the back
just as the Fox disappeared in the bushes must
have taken my heart to his keen nose.

Immediately after dinner I started for Ball's Hill
in my Rob Roy sailing all the way down. Counted
four forest fires, one big one just beyond Bedford.
The woods are as dry as tinder for there has been
no rain for nearly a quite a month.

Planted my trees & shrubs at the hill and
after the men had gone ate my supper sitting
in the door of my house. Two Carolina Doves
cooed for half an hour in the pines on the hill.
There is no bird note to be heard in our Mass.
woods for which I care so much.

Started up river a little after sunset. A Bittern,
the first I have heard, purring in the
Great Meadows. As I was passing the Holt
a Snipe hummed over overhead very near.
There was a Great Blue Heron flying about over
the marshes haunting and I saw three Night
Herons flying high over Dabney's Hill towards
the West.

The willow catkins are still in their full glory.
The maple blossoms are falling fast and
the surface of the river is covered with them.

1892 Mar.

April 21 Concord. -- Forenoon clear, calm & very warm. Shortly after noon clouds drove in before a brisk wind from the S.W. and rain, the first for nearly a month, began falling at 4.30 continuing through the night.

To Bolt's Hill on my Red Ray at 9.30 A.M. Paddling down. At the Beaver Dam reach I started a pair of Red-throated Loons from the meadow on the left where they were sitting close together on the ground probably eating frogs. They flew to the edge of the woods and alighted on the same tree one (the ♀) above the other. The ♂ was an immature bird.

Red-throated

Loons.

Pine Martins (2), a Pewee, Robins, Song Sparrows & Robins the only birds singing on my land to-day. Mr. Wood (a heron), found three young Painted Tortoises which were evidently only just hatched in Benson's muddy corn field 300 yds. from any water.

When I started for home at 5 P.M. it was raining heavily and the wind had nearly all died away. It was typical Robin weather and I think very much more Robin in the country was singing at his best. A bird on Webster's hill is a particularly fine singer. He imitates the call note of the chick perfectly.

Robins

Saw a single ♀ Red wing, the first, in the bottom bushes on the river. Also a Yellow Warbler at the Buttricks.

first of that song

Set out Abasco, Dica, Cocco Florida etc. from Temple Messing.

1892 Mass.

April 22 Concord.. Morning clear and hot. Afternoon cloudy with light rain.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 A.M. paddling down. Opposite Holden's hill saw a large snapping turtle crawl out of the water and start off over the meadow towards the woods. It stood surprisingly high on its legs and raised and put down its feet with ludicrously awkward care, feeling about with the foot to be sure of getting a firm footing. Yet it moved over the rough boggy ground with remarkable ease and celerity for so heavy and clumsy a creature. The loose skin between and about the hind legs hung down in flabby folds reminding me of the appearance of an elephant when viewed from behind. The shield of the back as well as the skin of the head & neck were covered with string water "moss". I suppose it was seeking the dry land to lay its eggs. I saw the canoe within ten feet of & directly behind it but it showed no alarm & probably did not discover my presence at all.

Snapping
Turtle on land

" 23 Clear and warm with a strong somewhat chilly N.W. wind.

To Ball's Hill for the day, starting down under reefed sail and fighting my way back against the strong wind late in P.M.

A Phoebe has apparently decided to build on my log cabin for he has been in full song there for several days. I have seen no nests as yet. Cassiopeia opened a few blossoms yesterday & under
as above

Phoebe

1892. Mass.

April 24 Concord. Cloudless the sky a soft, tender blue, the sun warm, a cool invigorating W. wind. Altogether a highly
brisk day for this - or, indeed, any - season.

To Ash Swamp with Mr. Buttrick at 9 a. m.
Hills drawing us up in the farm wagon. Entered
the swamp from the western end. The berberis Spice bush in
bushes were in full bloom and made a fine show blossom.
of golden coloring against the gray-brown background
of leafless woods & meadows. This appears to be our
earliest flowering shrub except Cassiope. Of which
a few blossoms were fairly open yesterday (Of course
I except the willows, poplars, birches, hornbeam &
other cottony flowering shrubs & trees). The buds of
the thorn bush are swollen nearly to bursting but
none have opened yet.

I saw the first dandelion blossoms (two, on the
22nd). To day we found horsetails, ferns, etc.,
and enclaving (two species) in flower in limited
numbers on sunny slopes.

By one of the big boulders in Hubbard pasture we
flushed a covey of quail from under the very same
cedar where I started what was doubtless the
same flock last February. Three of their number
have fallen victims to the foxes & gophers for
there were only five to-day. Also started a Partridge.

For some time we had heard the baying of a hound
west of the road. As we came out on the crest of
a knoll near the living kitchen there was a sharp
rustling of leaves in the hollow below and a
flock of yellow up the opposite slope. It was
a fox which we had headed & turned back.

1892. Mass.

April 24 Concord. - toward this day. He ran swiftly taking
(No 2) long, light bounds. I saw him distinctly for a
moment as he crossed an opening. He lay down
on the ground & waited for the bound but he
kept prowling about in the swamp beyond the
road & did not appear.

From here we kept south through the woods
for a little way & then turned east. Saw a
Red tailed Hawk in an old swamp & found an
immense white pine, the largest I have seen in
this region. Crossed to Hildwin's Beautiful fern
woods and found a large extent of Chamaecyparis covered
growing under the pines with a profusion of
winter green, pines pine, Heisteria & many etc. The
ground for hundreds of yards was densely carpeted
with these evergreens. A Solitary bird singing here
& another near the main lake. The woods silent
in most places

That Boller was one Deby's house. He had been
following our tracks but had missed and
passed us. After dinner he went on up the
isolated. Woods & river beautiful but nearly silent.
Returned & ascended Popple's Hill. The woods to
the eastward beautiful in the late afternoon light
with the blossoms of the maples sufficing all the
tree tops with a warm, rosy pink light coloring.
Saw a Marsh Hawk rising & falling in
sharp patches like this: NNN now rising above
the trees next disappearing among (or perhaps beyond)
them, keeping a straight course & probably following
a mouse. It was nearly a mile off. Also saw a Cowbird
flashing glancing across a valley.

Barge pine

Marsh Hawk

performing
usual evolutions

1892. Mass.

Co. of Massachusetts.

April 25 Concord. A cold night followed by a warm, sunny day with absolutely cloudless sky and light N. W. wind. To Ash Swamp at 10.30 a M. driving up with George & sending the horse back by a stable boy.

Spent the entire day digging green bushes, hornbushes, and yellow birches in the pasture on the western side of the swamp. A Robin and Song Sparrow the only birds singing within hearing.

At 5 P.M. started to walk home through the woods. *St. John's wood*
I have never, I think, seen the country more beautiful at this season. The late afternoon light was wonderfully pure and strong yet very soft & tender. The air was perfectly still. Hylas purpur & Robins & Song Sparrows singing. A loud squeaking outcry in a maple copse near the old orchard north of the swamp attracted my attention to a ♀ Hairy Woodpecker which was flying from tree to tree. As I was passing through Hubbard pasture I was startled by another and different squeal, short, sharp & metallic. It came from under a young pine within a rod of me & I heard something jump in the dry leaves. The next instant a Rabbit (*L. sylvaticus*) dashed out and bounded across a space of open, hard, leafy ground thumping as it ran. It will be remembered that I heard one utter a precisely similar squeal near Ball's hill in the winter.

I followed the Birch-hill ridge south & then crossed to the path through the "Common lot". As I came out into Pratt's pasture a Hermit Thrush began singing among the Scotch pines. It uttered then a few bars and then ceased. I never heard a *virgatus* sing in Mass. before.

A Rabbit
squeals

Hermit Thrush
singing
in Mass.

1892 Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

April 26 Concord. Weather very like that yesterday but a little warmer. Sky equally cloudless & evening equally still & delightful.

To Ash Swamp again for a day's campaign against the spruce hick & yellow birches taking Pat Haverly as well as George & driving up at 9.30. Pat and I day while George transported our plunder to the Buttricks'. As Pat was driving his spade into the sod around a spruce hick a large green snake emerged from its hole directly under the spade. Heard a Cedar Bird hissing and presently saw him near as in a wild apple tree, a single bird, apparently the first I have noted here. A Ruby crowned Kinglet also appeared among the wild apple trees near as and sang a few times.

At 4.30 P.M. Pat and I started for Huletts beautiful pine grove where on dry downy dwarf cornel and a few large black birches. Hylas singing in all the swamps but few birds. Heard a Winter Wren chirping in an alder near where a few "conestoga" were in bloom.

As we entered into Pat's pasture I saw a Fox standing on the crest of a knoll with fifty yards of the spot where I saw one last week. It slipped over the knoll almost instantly but the next moment another & much larger one started from a belt of bushes still nearer us and bounded off following the same direction as the first. Only a few seconds elapsed between the disappearance of the first & the appearance of the second. Both looked faded & blooded.

The digging

Two Foxes
in Pat's nursery

1892 Mass.

April 27 Concord. Morning clear and warm. Afternoon cloudy, threatening rain. Strong S. E. wind in P. M. To Ball's Hill at 9.30 a. m. taking my rowing boat and loading it heavily with small trees & shrubs gathered yesterday. While there engaged I heard Red Crossbills in the orchard.

On the way down river heard a Semipalm Sparrow singing near Hanks' Pond. Nothing of interest at the hill to-day. Have neither seen nor heard the Carolina Doves there for a week.

" 28 Cloudy with strong S. W. wind, and frequent light showers.

To Ball's Hill at 2 P. M. Walking down in my Red Boy. In the woods on the north side of the hill near the little pond I came upon a flock of a dozen Warblers, two Minioptila varia, the remaining ten all Dendroica hyemalis. I have not seen any of the latter before since the 18th. This must be a second flight wave. There was a Phoebe with the three Warblers. They all kept close together & low down among the bushes. None sang.

While I was on the top of the hill a Pipon Hawk came overhead and for several minutes circled with swift, powerful flight (not sailing) against the white sky. It is a miniature Peregrine in every respect.

Pipon Hawk

As I paddled up river in the twilight the eggs and Beard Frogs were in full bloom. A single Black Duck came over the meadows & skated down but did not alight. A Bittern perched a few times.

1892 Mass.

April 29 Concord. Cloudy with frequent light showers and light N. W. to S. W. winds. Warm & rather "muggy".
"Ther. 50° at sunrise, 58° at noon" (Manuscript).

To Balls Hill by Rob Roy canoe taking down at 10 A. M. and paddling back at 5 P. M.

As there has been no marked warm wave of late I was somewhat surprised at the arrival to day (or last night) of several species of birds and the increase in the numbers of others. In fact there was a larger migration than on any one day before this spring. On the left bank of the river just below the swimming place I saw two Spotted Sandpipers (a pair?), at Balls Hill near my house two unusually high-plumaged White-throated Sparrows, and flying over the pines near the glacial hollow a flock of fully thirty Barn Swallows, White-bellies, Bank Swallows & Swifts. I merely heard the note of the Bank Swallows (repeated many times). There were two Swifts and perhaps 20 Barn Swallows. These Swallows & Swifts appeared late in the afternoon. I also heard several Barn Swallows in Great Meadows.

A rush of migrants

arrival of Swallows and Swifts

There was also a fairly heavy flight of Yellow-rumps and I saw one flock of three Yellow Robin Warblers. Marsh Hawks were unusually numerous. I saw three adult males & a female. Standing in the door of my house I called the latter from across the river to within 15 yds. of me by squeaking.

Yellow-rumps
"Robin Warblers"

A Britten perching steadily for an hour on Great Meadows late in the afternoon.

One of my men while digging a hole for a tree trunk a rather topid Green Snake out of the ground. The second time this has happened within a week.

1892 Mass.
April Concord

1. *Parus atricapillus*. - April 1⁽²⁾ 3⁽²⁾ 4⁽²⁾ 5⁽⁶⁾ 7⁽²⁾ 13¹ 15² 19¹
21¹ 23¹ 24⁽²⁾ 25¹ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30²
2. *Merula migratoria*. - April 1⁽⁵⁾ 3⁽²⁾ 4⁽¹³⁾ 5¹ 7¹ 8¹⁵ 9¹⁰ 11²⁰
12¹³ 14⁴ 15³ 17⁶ 18⁶ 20²⁵ 21¹⁵ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹⁰ 25¹ 26¹ 28²⁹
3. *Sialia sialis*. - April 1¹⁰ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8² 9²³
10² 12² 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 18² 19² 20² 21¹ 23² 24⁶ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹
4. *Melospiza fasciata*. - April 1¹⁵ 2¹ 3²⁰ 4²⁵ 5⁵⁰ 6¹⁵ 7²⁵ 8²⁰
9¹ 11¹ 12¹³ 14¹² 15¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 28² 29¹ 30¹
5. *Spinella monticola*. - April 1⁽²⁾ 3³ 4¹ 5⁽¹⁵⁾ 6¹² 7¹ 8¹ 17¹
18² 19²
6. *Junco hyemalis*. - April 1⁽³⁾ 3⁽³⁾ 5¹ 6¹ 8¹ 18⁽²⁾ 20⁽²⁾
19¹
7. *Corvus americanus*. - April 1¹⁵ 3¹⁵ 4¹⁵ 5¹⁰ 6¹⁰ 8¹⁵ 9¹¹ 12¹
13¹⁰ 15⁽²⁾ 17² 19⁽²⁾ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
8. *Cyanocitta cristata*. - April 1² 3² 5² 13⁽²⁾ 19¹ 20¹
21² 24² 25² 26² 27²
9. *Molothrus ater*. - April 1¹² 3¹² 5¹² 7⁽²⁰⁾ 8¹² 14¹² 18¹
19⁽²⁾ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
10. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. - April 1³⁰ 3²⁵ 4⁵⁰ 5⁵⁰ 7¹⁵ 8¹ 9¹¹
13²⁰ 14⁵⁰ 15⁶⁰ 17²⁵ 18⁽³⁰⁾ 19⁽⁵⁾ 20¹ 21⁵⁰ 22²⁸ 23¹ 27¹ 28¹⁵ 29¹⁵
11. *Sturnella magna*. - April 1⁴ 3⁴ 4¹ 5³ 6¹ 8¹ 9¹¹
12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25⁽²⁾ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
12. *Picus pubescens*. - April 1² 5¹ 7¹ 8¹ 11¹ 16¹ 15¹ 16¹
20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 29¹ 30¹
13. *Colaptes auratus*. - April 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹
9¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
14. *Quiscalus alpestris*. - April 2⁽²⁵⁾ 5¹
15. *Lanius borealis*. - April 3¹ 4¹

1892 Mass.
April Concord.

16. Merops americanus. April 1¹⁰

17. Colaptes auratus. April 1²

18. Tachycineta bicolor. April 3⁸ 4⁽⁴⁰⁾ 5¹⁰ 6⁸ 7¹⁰ 8⁶ 9² 11²
12² 13⁶ 14⁶ 15² 17⁽²⁾ 18⁽⁷⁾ 19⁴ 20⁴ 21² 22² 23⁶ 24² 25⁽³⁾ 26⁽²⁾ 28² 29¹⁰ 30⁶

19. Coxia minor. April 3⁽²⁾ 4¹ 5¹ 15⁽¹³⁾ 22⁽²⁾ 22⁽²⁾ 22⁽²⁾
27⁴

20. Poocelus gramineus April 3¹ 4⁽¹⁾ 5⁴ 6⁽²⁾ 8¹⁰ 13² 18⁶
19⁴ 20⁴ 21² 22² 23² 24² 25² 26² 27² 28² 29² 30¹⁰

21. Ceryle alcyon. April 3² 4³ 5⁴ 6¹ 7⁴ 11¹ 12¹ 13²
14³ 15³ 17² 18² 19² 20² 21² 22² 23⁽²⁾ 24¹ 27² 29¹

22. Scolecophagus fuscus April 3⁶ 4⁴ 5⁴ 8⁴ 9⁴ 11⁸ 14⁽²⁰⁾
15²⁰ 16⁴ 17⁴ 18⁴ 19³ 21¹ 22¹ 23⁽³⁾ 24⁴ 29⁴ 30⁴

23. Geothlypis trichas April 4² 5² 6² 8² 13² 14²
15² 17² 18¹ 19² 21² 22² 23² 24² 25² 26² 28² 29² 30²

24. Dendroica hyochrysa. April 4¹ 5⁽⁴⁾ 6¹ 7⁴ 8¹ 9¹
11¹ 12² 13⁴ 14²⁰ 15² 16² 18⁽¹⁰⁾ 28⁽¹⁰⁾ 29⁽²⁾ 30²

25. Regulus calendula. April 5¹ 7¹ 26¹ 30¹

26. Progne subis. April 5⁽⁴⁾ 18⁽²⁾ 25¹ 30¹

27. Spizella pusilla. April 5² 7¹ 15¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹
24² 25² 26² 27² 28¹ 29² 30²

28. Zenaidura macroura. April 5⁽³⁾ 17² 19² 20²

29. Sitta carolinensis. April 5⁽²⁾ 11⁴

30. Bernicla canadensis. April 5⁽⁴⁾ 21⁽⁴⁰⁾ (C. Benson)

1892. Mass.
April. Concord

31. Sayornis fuscus. - April $2\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{2}{3}$ - $4\frac{5}{8}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $6\frac{2}{3}$ - $8\frac{2}{3}$ - $9\frac{2}{3}$ - $11\frac{2}{3}$ - $12\frac{2}{3}$ - $13\frac{2}{3}$ - $14\frac{2}{3}$ - $15\frac{2}{3}$ - $17\frac{2}{3}$ - $18\frac{2}{3}$ - $19\frac{2}{3}$ - $20\frac{2}{3}$ - $21\frac{2}{3}$ - $22\frac{2}{3}$ - $24\frac{2}{3}$ - $28\frac{2}{3}$ - $29\frac{2}{3}$ - $30\frac{2}{3}$
32. Pandion carolinensis. - April 5¹
33. Dendroica pinus. April 6¹ (at the school) - 7² - 11¹ - 15¹ - 17¹ - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22² - 24² - 25² - 29² - 30²
34. Spizella socialis. April 7¹ - 8² - 9¹ - 12¹ - 13¹ - 14¹ - 15¹ - 17² - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22² - 24² - 25² - 26² - 27² - 28² - 29² - 30²
35. Passerella iliaca. April 6¹ - 7¹ - 9¹ - 13² - 15¹ - 17¹
- ✓ 36. Amasa umbellus. April 6¹ - 18¹ - 24¹ - 25²
- ✓ 37. Hirundo horreorum. April 8¹ - 18¹ - 20² - 24¹ - 29²⁰ - 30²
38. Aerona otocara. April 7¹ - 17¹ - 28¹ (M.S.)
39. Circus hudsonius. April 7^{ad ♂} - 13^{ad ♂} - 14^{ad ♂} - 15^{ad ♂} - 16^{ad ♂} - 18^{ad ♂} - 19^{ad ♂} - 20^{ad ♂} - 24^{ad ♂} - 27^{ad ♂} - 29^{ad ♂}
40. Buteo lineatus. April 13¹ - 21¹ - 29¹
41. Botaurus minor. April 13¹ - 15² - 20² - 28¹ - 29¹
42. Gallinago delicata. April 14¹ - 15¹ - 20¹
- ✓ 43. Turdus fallax. April 13¹ - 17¹ - 19¹ - 23¹ - 24¹ - 25¹ - 26¹ - 30¹
44. Accipiter velox. April 17¹ - 30¹
45. Nyctardua g. nivalis. April 17¹ - 20¹

1892 Mass.

April Concord

46. Spinus tristis - April 16¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 29¹/₂
47. Melospiza palustris - April 18¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 29¹/₂
48. Regulus satrapa - April 18¹/₂ - 20²/₂ - 24¹/₂
49. Ammodramus caeruleus - April 18²/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 29²/₂
50. Passer domesticus April
51. Ardea herodias - April 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂
52. Citrea americana - April 20²/₂
53. Vireo solitarius - April 20¹/₂ - 24²/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 30¹/₂
54. Dendroica coronata - April 21¹/₂ - 29¹⁵/₂ - 30¹⁰/₂
55. Accipiter cooperii - April 21²/₂
56. Buteo borealis - April 24¹/₂
57. Columba virginianus - April 24⁵/₂
58. Picus villosus - April 25²/₂
59. Empidonax cedrorum - April 26¹/₂
60. Troglodytes hyemalis - April 26¹/₂

1892 Mass.
April Concord.

61. Miniotilta varia. April 28⁽¹²⁾
62. Falco columbarius. - April 28¹²
63. Cotyle riparia. - April 29^{head distinctly & many times}
in flock of mixed Sturnella & Amphisp.
64. Zonotrichia albicollis. April 29⁽²⁾ (both very high fl.) - 30⁽²⁾.
65. Chaetura fusca. - April 29⁽²⁾
66. Tringoides macularius. April 29⁽²⁾
67. Dendroica virens. - April 30¹²
68. Empidonax minimus April 30^(2*).

1892 Mass.

May 1

Concord. Cool with strong S. W. wind, then sun shining dimly through the forenoon, light rain in P. M.

Off with Mr. Buttrick for the forenoon driving to the "Stock Farm" and walking back through the woods. On the east side of Buttrick's Pond found two small Striped Maples growing within a few feet of the wood path. A solitary vireo singing in the pines and a flock of Yellow Palm Warblers flitting about among birches near the pond. Saw a Winter Wren in a wall on the edge of a rocky knoll.

Striped Maples

Yellow Palm Warblers

Winter Wren

Followed the main wood road south and then turning to the west struck down a steep hillside to an extensive swamp which neither of us had ever seen before & in which grew many Yellow Birch and Black Spruces, some of the latter upwards of 50 ft. tall.

While skirting this swamp we heard the Buttricks' horn & presently Bolles appeared. It was a miracle that he found us in such a wilderness. We kept on together, circling around Bow Meadows, passing through Cyrus Clark's big timber and thence to the Damodah & Ball's Spring where we left Bolles. Saw but few birds, another solitary vireo, a black & white Creeper or two and eight or ten Hermit Thrushes. It was a great day for the last & they were very tame appearing tired. He actually got within 8 ft. of me, simply walking up to him. A White Throated Sparrow feeding on the ground by a wood pile was still tamer hopping about & feeding within 10 ft. I walked & he almost alighted on my shoulder. He was the richest colored specimen I ever saw. Bolles has a Nashville Warbler. A few short bush blossoms open this evening.

T. albicollis

1892. Mass.

May 2 Concord. Cloudy with occasional showers in the evening and heavy, steady rain in P.M. Warm & "muggy".

To Ball's Hill by boat for the day George rowing us down and back. Saw two flocks of Rusty Blackbirds, sixteen in one four in another. They are much more numerous now than they were in April.

At the Hill found Brown Thrashers in every thicket. Some of them in full song. There were also a pair of Carolina Doves, the male cooing a few times.

Near the Buttricks before starting heard a Warbling Vireo singing and a Cliff Swallow squawking.

Yellow-rumps were abundant and I saw a few Yellow Robin Warblers.

1892. Mass.

May 3 Concord. Cloudy with occasional light drizzling rain.
Cool with strong S. to S. E. wind.

To Fairhaven, starting at 9.30 in my Rob Roy
and hiking practically the entire distance.

It was a great bird day; the country was thickly
swarming with migrants and there was much song at
all hours.

As I left the town a Bobolink flew overhead singing
joyously. A Yellow Warbler & Cat Bird were singing by
the river. Near the Cutler farm hickory I saw a Kingbird.
Brown Thrashers & Towhees numerous on Fairhaven Hill
& in full song.

The woods & fields about Mendon's Point were alive
with migrating birds chiefly Yellow Warblers & Yellow
Palm Warblers. The latter were actually more numerous
than they have been at any time previously. Heard
a Parula & saw a fine ♂ Rose Breasted Grosbeak & a
Partridge drumming. Field Sparrows numerous.

Got some Common Woodpeckers & took lunch on the
point.

Then sailed back to Minnie's bridge & went in to
the Bottom Swamp where I pulled up a few plants
of *Sedum* and *Kalmia glauca* and a great many
young sparrows.

As I was returning to the river a Cooper's Hawk, a
fine blue-backed male, came from the wooded hill on
the right and on its wings sailed very swiftly and in
a straight line out into the pasture and struck at a
Grass Finch sitting on a bush. ~~But~~ ~~then~~ missed its aim;
the Sparrow rising nearly straight in the air to
the height of 100 feet or so made off closely

Cooper's Hawk

1892 Mass.

May 3 Concord. - followed in all its doings by the
(No 2) Hawk which seemed was on the point of catching
it and twice, as I could see, thrust out a foot
to snatch at it but finally gave over the chase
in evident despair and disgust and turning,
flew leisurely back to the woods from whence
it started. The first dash was made with great
energy and grace but after the Sparrow eluded
it and took to flight the Hawk huddled
himself awkwardly and behaved with less spirit
although he had no difficulty in overtaking the
Sparrow.

After I had secured my load of trees to the
deck of the canoe by a strong lashing I set
sail for home making most of the distance
to the railroad bridge before I had to resume
the paddle.

I have a few blossoms of Shad Bush out on Shad Bush
Sunday (May 1) and more to day but it cannot bloom.
be said to be generally in blossom as yet. There
are a few violets & anemones in scattered places.
The grass is green everywhere and in the meadows
is from six to twelve inches tall.

Saw many Swallows, chiefly Barn & White-bellied with
two or three Sand Swallows and Martins. Of the
last I counted seven sitting on a bird house on
cutthroat grounds just above Heard's bridge, where
the river bank is broad. They have bred there
for years.

The colony of Crow Blackbirds at Judge Howe's has about
20 birds. Rusty Grackles very abundant everywhere to day.

1892

Mass.

May 4

Concord. Early morning cloudy, then sun out before noon, the afternoon exceedingly sultry & warm.

To Bull's Hill by canoe for the day, which I spent in planting trees. Birds were very numerous in my woods, mostly migrating sparrows (2 *alpestris*) and Wobblers (Yellow-rumps & Palm Warblers).

Ruby-crowned Kinglets everywhere, especially among young pines, singing freely.

On the way down the river I saw, in the pasture flock of on the left, just below "Hunt's Pond", twenty-five female & Red-wings Red-wings accompanied by five or six males, feeding on the ground. Hitherto I have seen only a few scattered females of this species, never more than two in a day. I think these birds had just arrived and that the males with them may have joined them since they reached Concord. Caught a jumping mouse in my hand among oak leaves near my house.

May 5

Fog with clouds gathering in the N.W. at evening and rain in the night. Rather cool.

To Bull's Hill by canoe at 9.30 A.M. Spent the day getting my house in order and in planting trees. Two men in a boat from down river fishing at frequent intervals with shot guns in Davis's woods & beyond, I know not at what.

Yellow-rumps, Ruby-crowns, White-throated Sparrows and a few Yellow Palm Warblers in my woods besides a Black-throated Green Warbler & Minstrel. About noon a Hermit Thrush sang for a minute or more, both over, among the oaks just above my cabin.

My Phoebe still about the house singing but I fear he has not secured a mate as yet. A Carolina Rail singing in Great Meadows in P.M.

Hermit Thrush
singing.

1892. Mass.

May 6 Concord. Sunny morning, cloudy afternoon; rather warm with W. wind.

Walk to Damsdale via Dealy's lane at 10.30 a.m.
A Yellow-winged Sparrow singing in the field opposite the Buttricks', an early arrival for this species. Following up the road I found the bird sitting, in the usual crouching attitude, among the upper branches of an apple tree.

Yellow-winged
Sparrow sings

Grass Finches and Least Flycatchers were singing in a row all the orchards along my path and I heard a Bobolink in Dealy's meadows. Opposite the entrance to Dealy's lane a Brown Thrasher, sitting in the top of a gray birch was flooding the air with music. I sat down on a wall near him and listened long and attentively, comparing the performance with that of the Song Thrush of England which is still fresh in my memory. The two are very similar. But that of our bird is, as I confessed to myself this morning, undeniably inferior. It is more rapid and confused and has fewer round, full notes.

Song of the
Brown Thrasher

Entering Dealy's lane I heard Ruby-crowned Kinglets all around me in the young hemlocks holding and occasionally our singing. There was also a Hermit Thrush. A little further on in gray birches above the path were more Kinglets, a Yellow Palm Warbler, a Chestnut-sided, and a Nashville Warbler. More Palm Warblers and many Yellow-rumps along the edge of the alders in the meadow below.

As I approached the alders a Bittern rose above and beyond them and flew off up the Damsdale meadows. I was wondering what had startled it

1892.

Mass.

May 6

(No. 2)

Concord.— when a young man appeared coming through the alders with a bunch of Marsh Marigolds in his hand. He passed without seeing me and I crossed the brook and walked down to the edge of the old clay pit now a pretty little pond surrounded on three sides by alders & maples and bordered on the fourth side by a strip of meadow literally thronged with Marsh Marigolds in full bloom. As I paused to admire the clusters of golden blossoms and their setting of equally beautiful foliage I saw a Water Thrush flitting among the alders and presently a Maryland Yellowthroat hopping about on a tussock. Then an Oven-bird uttered its dry "tee-cha" song in the woods beyond. At my feet lay a Wood Tortoise which I had not at first observed. Again I looked out over the pool when suddenly from under the high bank on the right a silvery furrow shot out clef by a long, slender beam from which I at once recognized, as that of a Mink. It swam very swiftly and showed the whole line of the brook while the Ostry tail trailed in its wake apparently just touching the water on its under side. The head looked very slender and had a swiftest, "snally" aspect. When the animal landed I saw for the first time that it bore in its mouth either a Field Mouse or a Mole (*S. agrestis*). I think the former (it certainly was not a Star nosed Mole). On reaching dry land the Mink at once started off at a gallop taking surprisingly long, graceful bounds, making a great noise among the dry leaves and carrying its head high still holding the mouse between its teeth. Following the line of alders it

Mink

1892 Mass.

May 6 Concord. finally came to an old Flower wall in which Minck.
(110.3) it at once disappeared. After a minute or two it reappeared without the mouse(?) and retraced its course almost exactly to and across the pond. On reaching the high bank it disappeared in a hole at its base. I waited until my potatoes were out, then went to the bank and sat down on a flower. Presently there was a movement within a yard of me and the slender dark head and long little neck appeared between two older stems. The bird evidently smelt but could not see me (although there was nothing between us). It wound its head about and I could see its nose vibrate as it sniffed the air. Finally it bounded to the water's edge and dove from the bank making scarcely more splash than a rising minnow would have done. Coming to the surface a few yards off it crossed the pond and ran to the wall again. I followed and guided by the nothing which it made among the dry leaves appeared within a yard of the spot where it was working about among the loose stones. Once or twice it thrust up its head & neck but apparently without seeing me. Twice I distinctly heard either it or its young (for I believe it had young among the stones and took the mouse then to feed them) make a low breathing hiss. This Minck was of the normal coloring & very unlike the one I saw in March. It had a small white streak on the under side of the chin.

Finished my walk by way of Pratt's nursery and had a short talk with Mrs. Pratt herself. A solitary Vireo singing near his house.

1892 Mass.

May 9 Concord. Clear and warm with S. to S. E. winds.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a. m. for the day. Saw nothing of much interest on my way down the river. The Hill was a melancholy object after the destruction fire of yesterday the top, south, east and north slopes as well as much of the land about the base, being a black and desolate waste. There were many white-throated Sparrows in the burned thickets but the Brown Thrashers have departed. Ruby-crowned Kinglets still numerous & singing. Found and empty & apparently deserted but perfectly new & near Caroline Davis' nest in a scorched young pitch pine on the north slope of the hill. Also a Robin's nest with two eggs in a small white pine outside the burnt area.

On my way up river late in the afternoon saw a Green Heron sitting in a white aspen and a Short-eared Owl flying about in the usual aimless erratic way over the Great Meadows. It was a calm evening and birds were singing freely. Counted five singing Bobolinks on the way up. Mistletoes out in great force; saw no less than seven. Two Billows pumping in Great Meadows, one near the western end, the other about south of the Hill.

Short-eared Owl

The season is advancing very rapidly & evenly. Shad bush and cultivated cherry trees in full bloom to-day. Poplars with leaves as large as a silver dollar. Gray birches unfolding their leaves. Cassandras in full bloom, blueberry bushes just showing their white bells.

1892 Mass.

May 10 Concord... Clear, the early morning still, strong S. E. wind in P. M. Rather warm.

To Ruby's farm at 8.30 A. M. taking Pat to dig up young barnlocks of which we got fifty or more. The lane was as beautiful as dreamland. Two Blaine Thrashers in full song were as we worked under the shade of the pines & barnlocks. Also Ruby-crowned Kinglets & a Black-throated Green Warblers.

The men took the barnlocks to Ball's Hill by wagon at noon and I followed in my car after dinner. Many birds at the hill chiefly White-throated Sparrows & Yellow-crowns. Was surprised to see a Brown Creeper among the pines on the summit. In the swamp heard two Wilson's Thrashers calling and on the hill north of the swamp saw a silent Olive-backed Thrasher. The day was overcast & the wind fresh from the S. W. when I came up the river at evening. Heard a Greater Yellow-leg whistling quite near me. It was apparently flying over the meadow but I did not see it.

1892 Mass.

May 11 Concord. Cloudy with S. E. wind and moderately heavy rain from 10 a. m. to 4 P. m.

To Bull's Hill by canoe at 10 a. m. Spending the day planting hemlocks. On the way down river heard & saw great numbers of common birds but nothing of peculiar interest. Returning late in the afternoon heard two Orioles, one on Holden's hill, the other near the Manor. I am certain that even were here yesterday. Also saw two Rusty Blackbirds, both males, sitting in the top of a maple. When they utter their jingling notes they always spread the tail to its fullest extent opening & shutting it like a fan. As I was passing through Shute's pond a Humming Bird came crossing about my tail apparently drawn to it by some curiosity.

Rusty Blackbirds

There were many common birds on & near Bull's Hill to-day, chiefly Crows (Minutella), Cat Birds & Brown Thrashers. Heard a Virginia Rail in the meadows opposite.

Musk-rats have either come down from above or from the brooks to take the places of the Beavers slaughtered by the hunters last month or else they show themselves more freely than formerly. I go from fire to fire now every evening on my way home from Bull's Hill. This morning they were out in the rain. I saw one dash and bring up a mass of which it started to take notice but seeing me it dove and disappeared under the bank.

Musk-rats

1892. Mass.

May 12 Concord... Cloudy with light rain in P.M. Wind moderate from S.E.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 A.M. first walking to Duby's Camp where my man Pat was digging hemlocks. A Yellow-winged Sparrow singing in the field W. of the Buttricks; several Thrushes near the Camp.

As I passed down through the meadows Orioles were singing in the clump & Bobolinks in the meadows. Opposite Holden's hill was a great flock of Swallows & Swifts, a real "old time" flock, probably fifty birds at least, the majority Barn Swallows & Swifts with a good many Bank Swallows and a few Dove & White-bellies, all flying about close over the marshy ground.

large flock of
Swallow & Swifts

I started a pair of Carolina Doves from the river's bank at the foot of Dublin's hill. They flew up the slope a little way & alighted on the ground where the road crossed over.

Carolina Doves

At the foot of Ball's Hill I found a little mixed flock including three Thrushes, three Cat Birds, an Oven-bird, two Chestnut-sided Warblers, a Maryland Yellow-throat & several Song Sparrows. The Thrushes & Cat Birds were nearly all singing.

On the upper slope of the hill a Yellow-throated Vireo singing. A Grosbeak singing in the maple bough & a Tanager on the hill west of Benson's Laundry. The White-throated Sparrows seem to have left.

I see a male Marsh Hawk nearly every day now about my river front. Also daily hear a Red-shouldered Hawk. Cherry trees shedding petals. A few apple blossoms out. Peach, bush peach also running

1892. Mass.

May 13 Concord. Clear with clouds gathering in P.M. and light rain about sunset.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 a.m. Spent the day planting trees and shrubs. Common birds very numerous on and near the hill. Two fine Grosbeaks in full song near my cabin. Carolina Doves coming at intervals in the pines on the crest of the hill. The day after the fire I discovered the foundations of a nest - a mere bunch of straw - in a small, badly-roofed patch pine in the burnt district. It left this tree standing but cut down a number of dead white pines which surrounded it. To-day I saw a Robin putting the finishing touches on this nest which is now a very conspicuous object.

As I was getting into my canoe to start for home late in the afternoon I heard a Tit Lark piping over the great meadows. It was evidently flying and presently passed nearly over my head, judging by its notes, although I did not see it at all. Yesterday I saw a ♀ Red-wing building its nest at the Holt & to-day the same bird in the same place with its bill full of dry grass.

Tit Lark

Red-wing
building

Musk-rats are very numerous and bold now. I see them out at all hours.

As I was paddling past Benson's Landing on my way home a Partridge drummed several times on the old wall on the N. base of Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

May 14 Concord. Clear, still and warm in the early morning. Strong S. wind in P.M.

To Rhodora pool at 8 a.m. taking Pat. to dig & getting a dozen or more Rhodora bushes. Two Wood Thrushes, a Red-eyed Vireo, and several Parula Warblers singing over the pond, besides many common birds.

Georg came with the horse at 10 a.m. and took the bushes to Bull's Hill which Pat and I walked across country to Hitchins's beautiful pine woods where we dug up eight large Black birds. While thus engaged, a sharp-screamed Hawk on hand, at short intervals, a peculiar chattering or cackling cry in the pines on the ridge above. I suspected at once that it was a Sharp-shinned Hawk and finally, going to the spot, started the bird, a female, which flew out of sight among the trees. There were several old Crows' nests in the pines near by and one nest composed wholly (at least outwardly) of sticks which looked new & which I believe belongs to these Hawks. A Solitary Vireo & a Black-throated Green Warbler were singing in these woods.

Georg returned at 11 a.m. and taking the time on drive to Bull's Hill where the afternoon was spent in planting. Carolina Doves were coming almost continually over or near my land & I saw several flying over, & one alighting in Benson's field. There was a male Wilson's Black-cup in the thicket in front of my cabin this forenoon.

Birds are now numerous everywhere. I heard a Great Crested Flycatcher in Hitchins's orchard as we drove past.

Heard the first Bull Frog and Green Frog to-day.

Sharp-screamed

Hawk

First Bull & Green
Frogs.

1892 Mass.

May 15

Concord. - Cloudy with heavy rain up to 4 P.M. after which there was a dews mist only.

Afternoon walk
in "Darnsdale"

Spent most of the day in the house writing but late in the afternoon took a walk up through the Darnsdale. There were puddles in the roads, pools in hollows in the fields, and the brooks were swollen to nearly an early spring "flood". The air was perfectly still and very damp so that sounds carried an unusual distance. The birds were all singing merrily especially the Brown Thrashers and Cat Birds, which were a minute passed when I did not hear the flight song of an Oven-bird. A Wood Thrush was singing near Pratt's Spring and another on Punkatasset. At least two, & I think three, Partridge were drumming at short, regular intervals near the head of the Darnsdale and I started two which were not drummers and probably female birds. In the "new pasture" on Laurel was whistling. On the edge of the oak brush an Olive-backed Thrush rose from the ground as I approached and sitting on a low branch eyed me with timid curiosity occasionally uttering a low peep. This was the only northern migrant I saw during my walk.

Shad bush is now shedding its petals. I found one tall specimen of the ten foot botryofruium in the Darnsdale still in good flower, its large many blossoms very conspicuous & beautiful. Also found a Rhodora on high ground among bare bushes near a wall in bloom. The apple trees have not generally opened their blossoms at yet. "Lowslips" still very showy but past their prime. A ground chorus of Hylas and Frogs this evening.

1892 Mass.

May 16

Concord. Early morning cloudy & still. The wind rose at 9 a.m. and ~~soon~~ blew half a gale from the S.W. scattering the clouds quickly. Remainder of day clear and very warm - the most summable day yet.

Spent the forenoon about the house waiting for Dr. Hil death - who did not come.

After dinner started for Dedham Swamp in my Rob Roy canoe sending Pat on ahead with a boat. The wind blew a perfect gale at times but it had shifted into the N.W. so that I managed to sail more than half the total distance. On some of the long, straight stretches, such as that above Chain Neck hill, the waves were so high that I slipped a good deal of water.

Bobolinks, & Meadow Larks were singing along the margin of the river but the high wind had sent most of the birds to shelter.

In the Dedham Swamp, where I spent the entire afternoon digging plants, *Helonia glauca* and *Rhodora* were in full bloom, making a fine show. The Dedham will be out soon. I could find no blossoms of *Andromeda*.

As twilight fell Wilson's *Thalassidroma* began calling but none sang. A night hawk came flying overhead uttering its thin dark call. Two *Myiophobus* were singing on the hill to the east when I started from Hall's bridge.

Sailed nearly all the way home the wind having shifted to the S.W. Hyles, Bedford Frog & Toads were all in full song by hundreds along the river after night closed in.

1892 Mass.

May 17 Concord. Clear with very high N. W. wind. Cool at morning & evening. Bar's Hill.

Spent the entire forenoon at the horse raising for Dr. Wilder who came out noon.

Immediately after dinner started for Bar's Hill in my open boat sailing all the way down and meeting Foxon by appointment on the meadows opposite my cabin. As he was wading out to the boat a Yellow-b. began whistling and we made out four of these birds, all apparently unmated. Standing on the meadows or some twigs about 100 yds. off. Green Yellow eye

There were a goodly number of small birds, chiefly Maryland Yellow throats, with a few, and two very plain-colored White-throated Sparrows, in the thicket in front of my cabin.

After getting on early tea we started for a walk circling around the hill by way of Benson's Landing & being on Abie's Marsh in the thicket along the river bank. Thence striking across Benson's field we crossed the ridge to my land seeing two pairs of Carolina Doves. At length we sat down on the open slope of my pine field to hear the birds sing their songs. There were two Veeries, several Robins, Oven birds, Cat-birds, a Field Sparrow, and a Downy. As night closed in two Night Hawks came gliding past and Hylas, Boreal Frog Bull & Green Frog, and Toads (heard the hummer cry for first time) began their nocturnal revelry. Hylas was fully as numerous as in early April. Heard a Rail giving the cutter cry. Night Herons quacking on the meadows as we reached the cabin.

Birds singing
at evening.

First hummer
cry of the season

1892. Mass.

May 18

Concord. Cloudless with strong N. W. wind changing to E. late in P. M.

Hall's Hill.

Awoke at 3.20 A. M. & stepped out of the cotbedroom. There was only a faint flush of dawn in the E. but a nearly full moon gave a strong light and most of the birds had already begun singing. Within a minute or less I heard Robins, Thrashers, Cat. birds, Wilson's Thrushes, Song & Swamp Sparrows, Red wings, & Water Hawks, Flickers, Maryland Yellow throats, Grosbeaks, & Towhees & probably others which I do not now recall. A Partridge was drumming vigorously at my back entrance in the woods on the opposite (Bedford) shore and a Britton purring in the Great Meadows. The Robins directly in front of the cot were fairly abuzz with little birds, their warblers having quadrupled since yesterday. There were Maryland Yellow throats, Cat. birds, Canada & Wilson's Black cap Warblers, Yellow-rumps, a Least Flycatcher, several Wilson's Thrushes, at least two Alice's Thrushes, and several Song & Swamp Sparrows besides two or three Redstarts. All these birds remained during the day in this thicket. They were very tame & seemed tired & hungry feeding much as the glaucous when the fire ran.

Birds heard
at day break

We had a light breakfast at six o'clock and then took a walk along the river bank to and over Holden's hill. Saw multitudes of small birds, chiefly Yellow-throats. There were two Alice's Thrushes in the brush along the river and an Olive back among some pines. On Holden's hill heard a Hairy Woodpecker and watched a Downy pick to pieces several of those ten fungi which are

Downy Woodpecker

1892 Mass.

May 18 Concord .. sometimes used for bracers. He hung back
(No 25) down and worked at the under sides cutting
and paying out large pieces and frequently extracting
something which we could not see through
our glasses even, although we stood directly beneath
him.

Faxon had a bad headache so on returned & spent
the forenoon about the house. At 1 P.M. moved to
Davis's hill where we lay under the shade of a
big pine for nearly two hours. A large flock of
migratory Warblers drifted along past us under
shelter of the hill and then worked back again.
They were chiefly Yellow-rumps, Canadian Warblers,
Redstarts and Pongies. There was one fair male
Black-throated Blue Warbler which seemed curious
about us, sitting back & forth in the bushes within
ten or twelve feet of us. There was also a Humming-
bird and I thought I heard a Black-burnian Warbler.

Flocks of
migratory Warblers

Martins soared high over the pines and a pair of
Carolina Doves flew past. We also saw a female Marsh
Hawk and later, as we were coming back, two females
of this species hunting in company.

Faxon left me at 3 P.M. but I decided to
spend another night in the cabin. After tea
I took a walk through my swamp & over the
pine hill beyond. Two Carolina Doves cawing, Dove
birds going up contentedly. Jays chirping. A
Carolina Wren in Holden's meadow. The same frogs
& toads as last night.

At 9.15 P.M. a Great Horned Owl began hooting in
the pines on Bull's Hill. The sound seemed to come
directly through the logs of my cabin as I sat inside.

Great Horned
Owl

1892 Mass.

May 19

Concord. Morning clear. Afternoon heavy. A strong
chilly N. E. wind all day. Bisk showers 5-6 P. M.

Rose at 6.30 a. M. On opening the door I found
the bushes along the river front literally swarming
with birds. There were certainly thrice as many
as yesterday but the species represented were precisely
the same save that the White throated Sparrows were
all gone and the Canadian Warblers more numerous.
The latter, Wilson's Black-caps, and Black-poll
Warblers were all singing freely. On the hill I
could hear a Grosbeak & a Tanager. The whistling
of Yellow-caps came from the Great Meadows & I
afterwards saw four J. maculosa fly past down
river.

After breakfast walked around the hill. The wind
had now risen and most of the birds had sought
shelter on the N. W. side where the budding oaks
with their salmon & pink leaflets just unfolding
were thickly clad with Warblers. Among them I
saw three Black & Yellow Warblers. Canada Flycatchers
were very numerous & I saw one Finch. A pair
of Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were flitting about uttering
a low tender low call to each other, the male, a
remarkably fine performance, somewhat singing. I
saw three Doves. Two, a pair, as was to be found
in a certain young white pine at every hour of
the day. I have started them from it a dozen
times at least in the last two days. There is no
nest but I suppose they are preparing to build one
there. A flock of at least 30 Swifts hovering behind hill
Returned to Buttericks' at 5 P. M. rising up in the rain.

Bell's Hill

a "rush" of
migrants.

Indigo Doves

1892

Mass.

May 20

Concord, Mass.

Concord. A cold N.E. rain storm, wind blowing a gale all the forenoon & rain falling in torrents, wind dying away to faint breeze in P.M. & rain abating to a fine intermittent drizzle.

Spent the forenoon in & near the house. In spite of the violence of the storm heard Bobolinks and Red-wings singing and a whole thrush community on the river bank.

At 3 P.M. fed on rubber buds & a blackbird and started for a walk. As I was leaving the house a Yellow-bellied Cuckoo, wet and bedraggled and apparently nearly exhausted, glided past me & alighted on the handle of a fence. I got within a few feet of it before it flew again. I saw another fly & catch one in a thicket on the roadside shortly after. Entering Derby's lane I found a small flock of Waxwings, the majority Redstarts, in the young pines & oaks near the path. It was a great Redstart day, evidently, for I saw others in various places, usually from two to five together, the majority adult males.

Grosbeaks were also unusually numerous; in one place there were three ♀ & one ♂, together. They were all in trees or bushes on the outskirts of the woods as indeed were most of the birds that I met, the wood interiors holding nothing but Oven-birds, Jays, and, in one grove of tall chestnuts, two male Tanagers.

A Jay in a belt of trees along a wall mimicked a Chat so perfectly as to deceive me for over three years the long series of whistles of the Chat. I also heard a Brown Creeper interpolate a perfect imitation of the Oven-birds tea-cha notes in its song.

The Rhodora about Rhodora pool was in full bloom & very beautiful in the soft gray light. *Redstart*

Yellow-bell Cuckoo

abundance of
Redstarts

Common Grosbeaks

Blue Jay
mimics ChatBrown Creeper
mimics the

Oven-bird song

1892 Mass.

May 20

(No 2.)

Cowd. are budding, a few blossoms open. In the swamps the high blueberry is crowded with blossoms. In some oak woods I met a party of four Blue Jays Blue jays! collecting together, screaming, chucking & whining just as they do in autumn. It is evidently hard for them to keep silence even at this season of serious responsibilities. The merry, mischievous joy rather with break forth. I saw a rather fat, a dozen or more young hawks in the "Common lot" and then crossed the head of the swamp near the black paper birch grove to look at the yellow birches & brown oaks which grow here numerous. There across to Huletts beautiful pine woods. I had scarcely entered them when I heard the scream of a Sharp-shinned Hawk and presently the note of the pair which are visiting them came gliding about me, alighting and flying again every few seconds. I noted its cry on the spot as kee-kee-kee-kee-kee-kee giving very rapidly in thick penetrating tones. It is not unlike the cry of the Sparrow-hawk (*F. sparverius*) but shriller. The bird alighted once nearly over me. Its attitudes were very like those of a Robin and it moved its head up & down & sideways with an air a bright, animated way very unlike that of most Falcons and resembling rather that of some Passerine bird. I saw a great number of feathers of some small bird adhering to a dead pine branch where the little robber had picked one of its victims. These woods are apparently nearly destitute of small birds. I found only one, an Ovenbird. The Hawks have probably killed everything else. Saw one fine Gray Jay galloping through the trees

Sharp-shinned
Hawk

1892 Mass.

May 20
(No 3)

Concord. I made my homeward through Father's land
seeing nothing of much interest until I reached the
large apple orchard below Mary's vineyard. The trees
were in fullest bloom—a perfect sea of rose, pink and
white loading the air with fragrance and alive with
bees and birds. There was a humming bird, an Oriole,
no less than three Purple Finches, all red throats, and
all singing in rivalry trying to outdo each other.
Presently I saw a yellow cap and black throat in the
midst of a cluster of blossoms and on he flew a
beautiful little Golden-winged Warbler. He was feeding
the blossoms with his needle pointed bill and an Oriole
in the same tree was busily employed. The Warbler
sang a few times.

Apple orchard
in bloom.

Golden winged
Warbler

While I was watching him the Oriole began whistling
in the bushes along the old wall where was giving the
"bob white" and also the autumn calls. I did not
see either of them.

Ornith

Leaping over the wall I started a Linnet's Finch. I
recognized it at a glance and afterwards watched it
at ten to fifteen yards as long as I cared to stay by it.
It fed gradually out into the stubble hopping nimbly
about & occasionally warbling a few notes. Its motions
were rather more stately & skulking than a Song
Sparrow, more like a Swamp Sparrow I think. It
finally flew to a steep bank and began exploring the
nooks & crevices among & under the exposed roots of
an oak reminding me much of a Wren. It was very
tame & perfectly silent. The buff on the throat &
breast was faint & I think the bird was a female.

Linnet's
Finch.

I reached home at 6 P.M. having passed a pleasantly
pleasant afternoon. Started four Redwings & heard three more
breeding, two Gold Finches singing.

1892. Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 21 Concord Cloudy with strong S. E. wind and heavy rain all day.

In Darnedol via Derby's lane at 9 a.m. In a thicket of wild cherries by the roadside I found a Baltimore Oriole, a male, feeding on tent caterpillars. It stood on a fork just above the nest and thrust its sharp bill deep down into the cobweb-like fabric extending and eating the caterpillars rapidly. I suppose that the present violent, protracted, cold rain storm has forced it to this diet. I saw other Orioles feeding on the turf in pastures like Robins but could not make out just what they were eating.

Baltimore Oriole
eating tent
caterpillars

Among the alders by the brook were two Black-bellied Cuckoos, apparently a pair; in the hemlocks a little mixed flock chiefly Redstarts but with the same birds seen there yesterday for all were females or immature males.

In the apple orchard in the back part of Mrs. Derby's field was a pair of Mockers, a Chipping Sparrow & several Orioles. I also started a Lincoln's Finch from the grass under the apple trees. It seemed to be brighter & fluffier on the breast than the bird seen yesterday and was much shyer but nevertheless was probably the same bird. I observed for the two localities are scarce 200 yards apart.

Lincoln's Finch

This bird sang & flew from tree to tree as I advanced.

Later in the afternoon I took another walk in the pouring rain, this time over Kipling's hill & back along the river bank. ^{of these} Orioles feeding on the turf in the pastures. A ^{Virginia} Carolina Rail calling catta in the meadows. The landscape very soft & lovely seen through the veil of falling rain drops.

Baltimore Orioles

1892 Mass.

Concord, Mass. - 1892.

May 22

Concord. Cloudy most of the day with occasional brief gleams of sunshine and now and then a sprinkling of rain-drops.

Spent the morning writing. At 3 P.M. took one of my canoes and paddled up the Assabet to "Birds nest" Id., landing at the hummocks on my way back. The river was high and rising rapidly. I set a snail at 10 A.M. at 3 P.M. found that the water had risen 2 inches while another inch was added at 6 P.M. At this rate the Great Meadows will be flooded by to-morrow. The muskrats were somewhat distressed I think for I saw two swimming directly up stream in the middle of the river as if seeking new quarters.

Water thrushes very numerous along the Assabet chirping and flitting on ahead of my canoe as I advanced. I counted eight different birds in going less than half a mile.

Water Thrushes

During the past violent storm and more a less also to-day the Yellow Warblers, Least Flycatchers, Canadian Warblers, Mocking Birds and a few other small insectivorous birds have congregated in sheltered places along the river and resorted to catching flies just above the surface of the water or to picking insects from the half submerged grass stems protruding on snags or low bushes. In some cases I have seen them thus engaged along windy, exposed shores with the plumage ruffled & bedraggled by the heavy rain. They have evidently been hard pressed.

Yellow Warblers

Least Flycatchers

Mocking Birds

Catching flies

on the river

1892 Mass.May 23

Concord. Heavy rain during the whole of last night, light Bulls Hill rain through the forenoon, the clouds breaking and the sun coming out about noon. Afternoon clear with N. W. wind & heavy. It is said that four inches of rain have fallen during rain storm the past three days of which one inch fell last night! The river this morning was out of its banks and by night the Mill Brook meadow and all the lower portions of the Great Meadows were flooded the water having reached nearly the highest point to which it has risen this year.

I started for Bulls Hill at 9 a.m. paddling down in a steady driving rain against a N. E. wind. Saw few small birds but the Bobolinks were singing in spite of the dismal weather. Red-wings are, & have been for a week or more, comparatively scarce at least along the river. I saw seven thirty to-day & of them more than half were females. I do not understand it. One thing is sure, viz.; they have not been shot.

Has succeeded to shoot a Great Blue Heron from Mrs. Barrett's meadow where it was standing knee deep in the water as I came around the bend above. It was in immature plumage & doubtless a young bird. It flew from nearly the same spot as I passed on my way homeward at evening. In the morning I also started a Night Heron from this same meadow.

Great Blue Heron

Small birds were swarming at Bulls Hill, the majority being Yellows. Thrushes with a few Canadian Warblers, an Wilson's Black-capt, one Black-poll, three or four Yellow-rumps, one White-throated Sparrow, several Water Thrushes, and many Yellow Warblers, Cat Birds, Ravens, Thrashers, Wilson's Thrashers etc. A. Belmont,

1892 Mass.

May 23
(No 2)

Concord. drunken, forlorn-looking Wood Pewee was perched on the little oak in front of my cabin collecting flies. The Carolina Doves were in their favorite pine near the pond behind the hill. I started them at least three or four times from this ^{tree}, yet there are still no signs of a nest.

Carolina Doves

A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks were holding high carnival in Davis's Swamp during much of the forenoon soaring just above and dashing rapidly through the trees, both birds screaming almost incessantly. What a wild sound is the scream of this Hawk! It thrills one like fine music yet it is scarcely musical although very far from discordant. Perhaps something was disturbing these birds for soon Crows were also flying about the Swamp in an excited manner.

Red-shouldered
Hawks

A Crow which daily resorts to Holden's meadow to feed has a voice strikingly like a Raven's. Indeed it reproduces the caw, ca-r-r-caw of that bird so perfectly that I doubt if any one could detect the difference, if difference there be.

Crow with
the voice of
a Raven

On the ^{top} ~~east~~ of the knoll east of the glacial hollow I saw to-day a silent Great-crested Flycatcher sitting on a dead branch of a pine.

Great-crested
Flycatcher

Red Squirrels appeared in April in the pine near this hollow and to-day I saw one in a cusp on the bank of the river not far from my cabin.

Red Squirrels

I was much surprised to day to find a quantity of Rhodora in full bloom in the south-east corner of my Swamp.

Blueberry bushes thick in full bloom in this Swamp attracting bees in great numbers & a few humming-birds.

1892 Mass.

May 24 Concord. Clear with strong N. wind.

Concord, Massachusetts, 1892.

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 9. a. m. Found the Great Meadows entirely under water so I left the river by the upper pass near the big weeples and crossed them under such making a nearly straight course to the hill. I took with me provisions for two days & made other preparations to pass the night at the hill.

I found many small birds in the thickets along the river front of the hill but nothing new, every thing in the afternoon I sailed to Carlsbad bridge & back keeping just to the west shore going down & the coast on the return Carlsbad Bridge disregarding the channel altogether & skirting the meadow edges of the woods closely. Inasmuch to my surprise I found Rhodora nearly everywhere in great quantities. In fact both shores of the meadow are lined with it nearly the whole distance between Davis's hill & the bridge. It is past its prime & the petals are falling.

The flooded meadows were everywhere covered with swarms of Swallows & Swifts the former chiefly Bank & Barn Swallows. I must have seen 200 in all.

abundance of Swallows & Swifts on flooded meadows.

As I passed Davis's hill on my return a Large Woodcock and a small Gray Squirrel were wrestling about among the dry leaves getting their supper. A little flock of Maryland Yellow Throats, Robins & Canadian Kingbirds & Chestnut sides were feeding among the Cedars near the water.

Flocks of kingbirds

In the early evening I again visited my birds and glided off over the Great Meadows to the northern shore of the lake which now covers them. Two Redwings were perching over the railroad embankment. Heard a Red & Greenish Robin in Cedars near this shore. Red wings in flocks singing in meadow. Thrashers, Wilson's Thrushes, Grackles & Robins singing in the pastures & woods.

1892. Mass.

May 25 Concord. A warm sunny day with shower showers darkening the horizon and a gale of wind from the S.W. in the afternoon.

Bar's Hill

This was a Black-jack Martin day. When I ran at 6 A.M. "flush" and looked out the door of my little cabin the air & bushes along the river bank were heavily swarming with them. I counted 20 at one time within an area of a few square yards. The majority are males. There are also several Wilson's Black-caps, Canadian Kinglets, Redstarts, Yellow-throats & Swamp Sparrows & one Olive-backed Thrush. I did not make in time for the day light singing.

Black-jack Martins

Past the morning sitting out fences on the river bank. At one time when I had returned to the cabin to rest a Chipmunk climbed to the threshold of the door and sat there for several minutes regarding me with cabin curiosity. When I first rose in the morning I heard a rustling in the leaves under my window & looking out saw a Gray Squirrel sitting in the ground for across. He passed the door & then went out over the water through the tops of the bushes to the other bank of flooded meadows where he returned on his back retracing his course past the cabin & up the hill side with slow walking steps going back over exactly the same ground. I fear he was searching for birds' eggs.

A Chipmunk

A Gray Squirrel
visits the cabin

At intervals during the day I saw Black snakes of various sizes in or under the trees & bushes along the river. I suppose the flood has driven them out of the meadows.

Snakes driven to high land by the flood.

My dove appears to have left my land but I heard one cooing on Davis's hill last night. Returned to the Bullwinks this evening, passing most of the way

in the woods

Conc. : 37.5 mg/ml.

Visit to Cambridge.

1892

Mass.

May 26 +
27th

Cambridge. I spent these two days at the 'College' in Cambridge, going down on the morning of the 26th and returning the next evening. On my way down I saw two Carolina Grebes swimming together in the pond in E. Lexington where ^{instead Grebe} ~~at E. Lexington~~ took a nest last month. One ~~was~~ ^{was} banded in other, flapping its wings vigorously and half-swimming half-flying one the water, before my train passed out of sight of the pond.

I found vegetation considerably further advanced in Cambridge than at Concord. The lilacs were nearly in bloom (in fact many blossoms had opened) and the apple blossoms had nearly all shed their petals.

Robins, Orioles, a Purple Finch, a Mocking bird, a Birds in
Red-eyed Vireo, a Yellow Throated Vireo, a Redstart & near my
were singing in the trees near my house. In the garden in
garden I saw several Black-poll'd Warblers, a Cambridge
Maryland Yellow Throat, and a Water Thrush.

House Sparrows seemed to me less numerous than usual. There was a Humming Bird about a flowering Herb under the window of my room but I did not see it distinctly enough to make out the sex.

Denton tells me that he saw a Lincoln's Finch ~~Lincoln's~~
in the garden last week, he thinks on the 21st / March
He had a good view of it and is sure of his
identification

1892. Mass.

May 28

Concord. Clear and warm with soft but strong and remarkably steady N. to N.W. wind all day.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 9.30 A.M. sailing all the way and taking the short cut across the meadows. One rarely has such a perfect sailing breeze, even in midsummer, for it was not only steady but very strong. Just before starting I heard an Indigo Bird singing on Houghs Island. As I crossed the Great Meadows I passed close to some clumps of nearly submerged bushes in the tops of which were several new nests of Red-wings built. I should say, since the water rose as none contained eggs. Along the river the nests were nearly if not quite all submerged and the birds must have laid in some of them before the great rain came. Their broods will be late this year. The B. C. W. have had no such trouble as the water did not cover the ridge on which they nest to any amount.

On reaching Ball's Hill I walked along the river front to see what migrants were there. I found two Water Thrushes, one Allen's Hummer, two or three Cat-birds and a few Blackpolls. There was also a Flycatcher which, although not at all shy in fact tame enough at times - I could not be very distinctly on account of the now dense foliage but which I at once decided to be a Trellis Flycatcher although he was perfectly silent and very tame - two qualities not often to be noted in this species. He flitted from tree to tree as I advanced keeping only ten or twelve yards ahead of me and

1898 Mass.

May 28
(No 2)

Concord -- hiding in the foliage where I passed him too closely, at other times choosing dead branches to perch upon. He looked and acted precisely like a Beast Flycatcher save that he was obviously larger and more obnoxious and I thought that he flitted his tail oftener and more decidedly the movement being similar to that of the Phoebe but much quicker and more nervous as well as less pronounced. At about noon as I was sitting in the door of my cabin a commotion arose among the small birds in the pine shrubbery caused, probably, by the presence of a smaller number of which have been driven out of the meadows by the flood. Among the other ^{quite} bird voices I quickly heard the peep, peep of Trails Flycatcher and presently a second bird of the same species answered from further along the shore the two calling alternately for several minutes but another giving the harsh quiver-tity. I afterwards had a good view of both and saw that one was much more obnoxious than the other.

Trails Flycatcher
catches at
Bell's Bird

The tops & sides of Bell's Bird were literally swarming Great flights of to-day with Black-poll Warblers more than half of which were females. The flight must have reached its height last night.

Black-poll

Of other migrants there were ^{but} few. The Canadian Warblers seem to have passed for I saw but two birds of which were in my swamp where they breed regularly. Red-eyed Vireos were numerous to-day for the first time and singing freely. A pair of Tanagers on the hill-top, the male singing. Black & white Chiffchaffs more numerous to-day

1892 Mass.

May 28 Concord. (No 3) Many for several weeks but in pairs and apparently settled for the season. Wilson's Thrushes very numerous and singing freely during the whole forenoon.

After dinner I went with Pat to Lawrence's big woods to get Rhodora. Near the landing where it grows a Hood Thrush, Parula Martin, and Setophaga were singing. This is an old established locality for the Hood Thrush and I know of no place near Ball's Hill where they breed.

As we returned I heard a Cassin's Dove cooing in the pines on the hill by the glacial hollow and later within the same or another bird on Ball's Hill.

I took tea in my cabin and started for the Buttricks at sunset paddling to Holden's Hill and these hoisting sail and gliding out over the flooded meadows before the dying breeze, making slow progress, it is true, but enjoying the sunset hour to the utmost. The air was soft and loaded with the fragrance of blossoms. The birds were singing merrily; Veeries and Robins in the woods, Bobolinks in the meadows, and Red-wings over the flooded meadows. Two Britten's pumping on the border of the meadows and several Cassin's Rails calling & singing. I saw at least four Night Hawks skimming over the water in silence. Flocks of Swallows were continually passing all heading up river to some distant west I suppose. Many Night Herons came from the Bedford swamp but all kept on towards Fairhaven. Hylas, Green-winged Teal, and Gadwall still singing. Heard the first Tree Toad this afternoon

Evening land
on the flooded
meadows

light months

Swallows flying
to west

Wood's Pigeon

1892. Mass.

May 28 Concord. It was in the little pond behind Ball's
(No. 4) Hill—assuredly actually in the water. I did not
see it but I got within a few yards of it and,
I am sure, located the source of the sound accurately.
I now hear the summer symphony of the Toad very
evening & rarely the spring trill. The Hylas sing as
freely as ever during rainy evenings but not freely at
other times.

The season is advancing rapidly. The foliage in the
woods now casts a dense shade where there are
birches and maples and the oak leaves are fast
expanding. Most of the apple trees have shed their
blossoms. The grass is tall and waving and it is
near the height of the Buttercup season. Robins
and Bay. wrens still sing freely at morning &
evening but not much at other times. I do not
often hear the Meadow Larks now and the
Bluebirds have almost wholly ceased.

Yesterday one of my men in mowing a wood lot
on Ball's Hill dislodged a family of five mice (*Hesperomys* *mus*
leucopus) four young, with their parent, he thought. He
said that they were all "white" but the only one
which he caught and brought to me is pure white
only on the under parts the entire upper surface being
a rich cream color with a very faint tinge of
fawn. It is a singularly beautiful and very gentle
little creature.

On the burnt ground of Ball's Hill I found this
afternoon a small beetle which was wholly of a
rich mahogany brown slightly redder below and
with confused nearly obsolete dark markings above.

Traces of
Toad

Progress of
the season

Field white

Small mahogany
brown beetle

1892. Mass.

May 29 Concord. Clear and hazy with strong, warm - cloudy S. W. wind.

Frank M. Chapman came on from New York last night and joined me this morning for a three days visit to Concord. Soon after he reached the Bartons we started up river in my canoe paddling against a strong wind & current. He went up the Abbott as far as the hemlocks, where we heard & saw several Black polls, a Hood Merganser, and a Sarcoma Sparrow (the last singing on the opposite side of the river), then kept on up the Sudbury River.

As we were passing Crown-Shell Hill C. called my attention to a male Red-wing who was acting in a most singular manner. With tail and wings spread, the wings beating, or rather quivering, in a loose, irregular manner much as if their motion were caused by the wind rather than by any muscular effort, the bird advanced very slowly, very slowly, up the hill side uttering a continuous low chirping, a chirping like that of a young bird. His motion was even and regular and was probably caused by the use of his feet although his body was so flattened on the smooth turf that it seemed impossible that the feet could be used at all. The effect was strikingly like that of some toy bird, drawn slowly along by a string. Presently we discovered a female Red-wing in a clump of dry grass towards which the male was moving. On reaching her the male circled around her within a few inches continuing his remarkable gait. He then, as I thought, tried to copulate with her when she started off

Up river with
F. M. Chapman

1892. Mass.May 29
(No 2)

Concord -- at first flapping along over the ground much in the manner of the water thrush rising and flying to the hollow bushes along the river the male pursuing her. I do not recall ever seeing this performance before. The male did not even sing while it was in progress.

We lunched at Martha's Point, then crossed the river, ascended the Cliffs, and walked to Holden Pond where C. photographed the site of Thoreau's house. The afternoon was unfavorable for birds & we saw & heard but few, an Oven-bird or two, a Black-throated Green Warbler, a Hooded Warbler & a few Black & white Cuckoos. Found a number of very fine, old, tall, straight, "timber" white & pitch pines a little south of the Holden picnic grounds. Some Crows flying about these pines excited by & protesting at our intrusion. I think I heard their young calling in the west.

Returning to the oak scrub south of the Cliffs we sat down in a wood patch on the edge of an opening growing up to sprouts to listen for the Hermit Thrush. A little before sunset just as we were giving up all hope of hearing them a bird began singing in some thick rather tall oaks near us. He was a fine performer evidently, but did not really "let himself out". He listened to him for nearly half an hour & then returned to the river.

As we were eating supper by the canvas a bird which looked like a hawk but flew like a Woodcock shot overhead and alighted among

Fairhaven Cliffs
& Holden Pond

Hermit Thrush

1892. Mass.

May 29 Concord. Some birds on the hillside. Just as
(no 3) we pushed off from the land a Whippoorwill began
singing. We heard two others below Heath's bridge.
Our progress homeward was swift & easy for
we sailed nearly the entire way before a strong
steady wind. After night fell there was
a truly drooping clatter of Batrachians, chiefly
Toads, Hylas, and Tree Toads, with a good
many Leopard Frogs & now & then a Bull Frog.
Saw very few emigrants to-day in fact nothing
save Black-jacks, which were not numerous,
and a most Canadian Warbler under the
pines near Martha's Point where we landed.

Fog & clouds

Emigrants.

mostly all gone

1892 Mass.

May 30 Concord. To Ball's Hill with Chapman at 10 a. m. To Ball's Hill
with Chapman
The day was cloudy, most of the time, with
a fresh S. to S. E. wind & an occasional dash of
rain drops. We sailed all the way down, following
the river. On reaching the landing we put our
things in the house and took a walk over
my land. Saw a few Black-bills and two
Canadian Warblers. Started a pair of Carolina Doves
from some pines.

In the afternoon we sailed down river to
a little below Davis's Hill & then got back.
Heard two Doves cooing & saw them fly across
the flooded meadows.

After supper went out again in the canoe
sailing up across the Great Meadows. Two
Bitterns pumping. Taking down the sail
we pushed the canoe through the grass (the
water has fallen much in the last three days,
nearly to the northern edge of the meadows). Heard
two Virginia & Carolina Rails. ^{One} The Coot, was calling
cut, cut, cut, cutter, cutter. He kept it up steadily
far into, if not through the evening, right for
we heard him as late as we were awash (about
10.30 P.M.) the sound carrying distinctly to my
house, a distance of fully half a mile.
The Bitterns did not pump after dark but
it was deep twilight when they ceased.

Virginia Rails

1892 Mass.May 31

Concord.. Cloudless and very warm, in fact hot, the thermometer reaching 90° before the day ended. Little wind until late in P.M. when a cool sea breeze blew in over the heated Concord.

Balls Hill.

I awoke at daybreak but heard almost no birds. Again at 6 a.m. Chapman & I were both awake but there was curiously little singing.

birds singing
in the early
morning

When we arose at 7 a.m. the birds seemed to have roused themselves at last and we heard Tawny Thrushes, Thrashers, Cat-birds, and a few Black-pollled Warblers along the river front and on the opposite shores of the meadows.

There were at least two Rusty Thrushes in front of the cabin but within range & both were doubtless females.

We spent the forenoon very quietly taking a short walk over very land and spending several hours talking in the cabin. As we were going on the ground on the top of Balls Hill at about 10 a.m. a White-eyed Vireo began singing in the oak woods on the N.W. slope. By degrees it worked its way along the base of the hill into the big swamp where we last heard it about noon. It was doubtless a migrant, merely lingering for the day, but it is the very first White-eye that I have ever heard in Concord although the Bird Books at my hand, according to Page.

White-eyed
Vireo

A Robin singing at the west end of Balls Hill this morning interpolated in its song, at rather long, irregular intervals, a ~~short~~ a succession of rather sharp yet woody notes which

Unusual song
of a Robin

1892 Mass

May 31
(no 2)

Concord, reminded me of the peculiar challenge
of the Wood Thrush. In fact I supposed at first
that these scollings was the Wood Thrush in
the trees colling in low tones.

We returned to Concord later in the
afternoon taking most of the way. Two Brothers
jumping. Bobolinks singing, on every side.

In the early evening, after supper, we
took a short walk, going as far as
the Damsdale where I hoped to find
a Partridge drumming, as C. has never heard
one but they were all silent. Probably their
drumming season is over for the summer.

There were many common birds singing
in the Damsdale woods. A Thrasher had a
peculiar hoarse voice as if it were suffering
from a bad cold. Actually one could not
hear any portion of its song 100 yds. away
although the evening was almost perfectly
still.

The heat to day brought out the leaves
very rapidly and by evening the woods were
dense with foliage. Dragon flies appeared for
the first time and I heard a few hummer
crickets chirping.

stuffed grouse
have chased
drumming

Thrasher with
hoarse voice

swarm of
the season.

1892 Mass.
May. Concord

1. *Sialia sialis*. - May 1⁴ 2² 3^(2*) 4 5 6² 7¹ 8² 9¹ 10¹ 11 12
13 14 15 16² 18¹ 19¹ 20² 24 28¹ 31¹
2. *Merula migratoria*. - May 1¹⁵ 2¹⁰ 3²⁵ 4 5 6 7 8 9^{mit} 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18¹ 19 20¹ 21 22¹⁵ 23 24 25 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31
3. *Turdus a. pallasi*. - May 1¹⁰ 2² 3⁴ 4^(*) 5^(*) 6³ 7² 8²
29¹ (Fairham)
4. *Regulus calendula*. - May 1¹ 2² 3¹⁰ 4¹ 5² 6⁵ 7¹ 8¹
9¹ 10³
5. *Parus atricapillus*. - May 1² 3² 4⁴ 6² 7 8 9 11 12 13¹ 14¹
19¹ 20 23⁽²⁻⁹⁾ 25⁽²⁻⁹⁾ 28¹ 29 30 31¹
6. *Troglodytes hiemalis*. - May 1¹
7. *Chelidon erythrogaster*. - May 1⁶ 2⁸ 3¹⁵ 4¹⁰ 5⁴ 6³ 7¹ 8²⁹
10⁽²⁾ 11³⁰ 12 13 14 15 16¹ 17 18 19 20⁽¹⁵⁾ 21⁽¹⁰⁾ 23³⁰ 24³⁵ 25²⁰ 28¹⁰ 29 31
8. *Tachycineta bicolor*. - May 1¹ 2¹⁰ 3¹⁰ 4¹⁰ 5⁶ 6² 7² 8¹
9² 10¹ 11⁴ 13⁽²⁾ 15⁽²⁾ 16⁽²⁾ 17 19² 21² 23⁽²⁾ 24¹ 25¹ 29 30²
9. *Vireo solitarius*. - May 1² 3¹ 6¹ 8¹ 12¹ 14¹ 28¹
10. *Minutella varia*. - May 1³ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6² 7¹ 8¹ 9¹
10 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
11. *Helminthophila ruficapilla*. - May 1¹⁵ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 10¹
11 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 29¹ 31¹
12. *Dendroica coronata*. - May 1¹⁰ 2¹⁰ 3²⁵ 4¹⁵ 5¹⁰ 6²⁰ 7¹⁵
8¹ 10¹ 13¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹
13. *Dendroica fusca*. - May 1¹ 2² 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 8¹ 13¹ 14¹
17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 22¹ 23¹ 25¹ 30¹ 31¹
14. *Dendroica hyochrysa*. - May 1¹⁰ 2¹ 3³⁰ 4³ 5³ 6¹ 7¹
15. *Melospiza fasciata*. - May 1 2 3¹⁵ 4 5 6¹⁰ 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21 22¹ 23¹ (most eggs) 24 25 28¹ 29 30 31¹

1892 Mass.
May Concord.

16. Spizella socialis. - May 1² 2⁴ 3⁵ 4² 5⁶ 7⁸ 8⁶ 9¹⁰ 11¹²
13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 19. 20² 21² 22² 23. 28.
17. Spizella pusilla. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9. 10
11. 12. 13. 14² 15² 17¹ 18¹ 21¹ 30² 31².
18. Zonotrichia albicollis. - May 1⁵ 2¹⁰ 3³⁰ 4²⁵ 5¹⁵ 6⁸ 7¹⁰ 8⁸
9¹⁵ 10¹⁰ 13² 17¹⁰ 18²⁰ 23¹⁰.
19. Poocætes gramineus. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9
10² 11. 12. 13. 14. 15² 16. 17² 20² 21² 22² 23² 24² 25² 26² 27² 29² 30² 31².
20. Carduelis purpureus. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9
10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 20⁽²⁺²⁾ 21⁽²⁺²⁾ 24² 25² 26².
21. Sturnella magna. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9² 10
11. 12. 13. 14. 15² 16² 17. 19. 20² 21² 22² 25² 26² 27² 28² 29² 30².
22. Scoteseophagus carolinus May 1² 2⁽²⁾ 3⁵⁰ 4²⁵ 5⁸ 7² 8²
9² 11².
23. Agelaius phoeniceus. - May 1. 2⁷⁵ 3⁵⁰ 4⁽⁵⁰⁾ 5⁽⁵⁰⁾ 6⁽⁵⁰⁾ 7. 8.
9. 10. 11. 12. 13² 16. 17. 18² 19. 21. 22² 23¹⁵ 24. 25⁽²⁵⁾ 28. 29. 30⁽¹⁵⁾ 31.
24. Melospiza alba. - May 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 12. 13. 14.
22¹² 28⁽¹⁰⁾.
25. Corvus americanus. - May 1² 2² 3¹⁵ 4² 5² 6² 7. 8. 9. 10.
11. 12. 13. 14. 15² 16. 17. 18² 19. 20²⁵ 21. 23¹⁰ 24. 25. 28. 29. 30. 31.
26. Cyanocitta cristata. - May 1² 2² 3² 7² 8² 9² 10² 12. 14.
15² 18² 19² 20⁽²⁰⁾ 21² 23² 24² 25² 28² 29² 30² 31².
27. Sayornis phoebe. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9²
10² 11. 12. 13. 14. 18² 19² 22² 28² 29².
28. Colaptes auratus. - May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 6² 7² 8² 9.
10. 11. 12. 13. 14² 15² 17² 18² 19² 20² 21² 22² 23² 24² 26² 28² 29² 30² 31².
29. Dryobates pubescens May 1² 2² 3² 4² 5² 9² 15² 18² 30².
31².
30. Buteo borealis. - May 1²

1892 Mass.
May Concord

- 31 *Bonasa umbellus* May 1¹ 3¹ 8¹ 13¹ (30¹ 4¹) 15² 18¹ 19¹
20³ 21³ 22¹
- 32 *Myoxocephalus thompsoni* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹
10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
- 33 *Progne subis* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹
14¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30
- 34 *Petrochelidon lunifrons* May 2¹ 4¹ 6¹ 7¹ 9¹ 12¹ 18¹ 19¹
23¹ 24¹ 25¹
- 35 *Vireo gilvus* May 2¹ 6¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹
21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 26¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹
- 36 *Melospiza georgiana* May 2¹ 3¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 18¹ 19¹ 21¹
22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
- 37 *Ammodramus s. savanna* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 12¹ 13¹ 16¹ 23¹
29¹
- 38 *Empidonax minimus* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹
11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
- 39 *Chaetura pelagica* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹
12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
- 40 *Ceryle alcyon* May 2¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹
25¹
- 41 *Buteo lineatus* May 2¹ 3¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹
18¹ 23¹ 24¹ 28¹ 31¹
- 42 *Circus hudsonius* May 2¹ 6¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹
18¹ 19¹ 24¹
- 43 *Zenaidura macroura* May 2¹ 5¹ 7¹ 10¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹
17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 23¹ 24¹ (25¹ H.) 28¹ 30¹ 31¹ (30¹ H.)
- 44 *Actitis macularia* May 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 7¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹
12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹ 31¹
- 45 *Bataureus minor* May 2¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹
13¹ 18¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 28¹ 30¹ 31¹

1892 Mass.
May Concord

- ✓ 46 *Galoscryptes carolinensis* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂
 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 47 *Dendroica aestiva* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂
 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- ✓ 48 *Dendroica virens* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂
 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 49 *Compsothlypis americana* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 18¹/₂
 19¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 28¹/₂
- ✓ 50 *Chondestes riparia* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂
 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- ✓ 51 *Habia ludoviciana* May 3¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂
 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- ✓ 52 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* May 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂
 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 53 *Ammodramus psaltria* May 3¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 54 *Dolichopus nigripennis* May 3¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂
 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 55 *Tyrannus tyrannus* May 3¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂
 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 56 *Accipiter cooperii* May 3¹/₂
- ✓ 57 *Dendroica pensylvanica* May 4¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂
 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 30¹/₂ 31¹/₂
- 58 *Parus carolinensis* May 5¹/₂ 9¹/₂ 10¹/₂ 11¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 17¹/₂
 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂
- 59 *Ammodramus passerinus* May 6¹/₂ 12¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 23¹/₂ 30¹/₂
 31¹/₂
- 60 *Scoiurus noveboracensis* May 6¹/₂ 13¹/₂ 14¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 20¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 22¹/₂
 23¹/₂ 24¹/₂ 25¹/₂ 28¹/₂ 29¹/₂ 31¹/₂

1892. Mass.
May Concord

61. Sciurus aurocapillus. May $6\frac{1}{2}$. $9\frac{1}{2}$. $10\frac{1}{2}$. $11\frac{1}{2}$. $12\frac{1}{2}$. $13\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$
 $17\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $19\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $21\frac{1}{2}$. $22\frac{1}{2}$. $23\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$. $26\frac{1}{2}$. $27\frac{1}{2}$. $28\frac{1}{2}$. $29\frac{1}{2}$. $30\frac{1}{2}$. $31\frac{1}{2}$
62. Geothlypis trichas. May $6\frac{1}{2}$. $9\frac{1}{2}$. $10\frac{1}{2}$. $11\frac{1}{2}$. $12\frac{1}{2}$. $13\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $16\frac{1}{2}$
 $17\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $19\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $21\frac{1}{2}$. $22\frac{1}{2}$. $23\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$. $26\frac{1}{2}$. $27\frac{1}{2}$. $28\frac{1}{2}$. $29\frac{1}{2}$. $30\frac{1}{2}$. $31\frac{1}{2}$
63. Accipiter fuscus. May $7\frac{1}{2}$. $8\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$.
64. Falco columbarius. May $8\frac{1}{2}$.
65. Vireo flavifrons. May $9\frac{1}{2}$. $12\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $22\frac{1}{2}$. $23\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$.
 $29\frac{1}{2}$. $30\frac{1}{2}$.
66. Asio accipitrinus. May $9\frac{1}{2}$.
67. Ardea virescens. May $9\frac{1}{2}$. $10\frac{1}{2}$. $11\frac{1}{2}$. $21\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $26\frac{1}{2}$.
68. Turdus mustelinus. May $8\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $28\frac{1}{2}$. $31\frac{1}{2}$.
69. Turdus fuscus. May $10\frac{1}{2}$. $11\frac{1}{2}$. $12\frac{1}{2}$. $13\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $16\frac{1}{2}$. $17\frac{1}{2}$.
 $18\frac{1}{2}$. $19\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $21\frac{1}{2}$. $22\frac{1}{2}$. $23\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$. $26\frac{1}{2}$. $27\frac{1}{2}$. $28\frac{1}{2}$. $29\frac{1}{2}$. $30\frac{1}{2}$. $31\frac{1}{2}$
70. Turdus lawsoni. May $10\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$.
71. Certhia americana. May $10\frac{1}{2}$.
72. Seturus melanoleuca. May $10\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $17\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $19\frac{1}{2}$.
73. Trochilus colubris. May $11\frac{1}{2}$. $12\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $16\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $19\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $21\frac{1}{2}$.
 $23\frac{1}{2}$.
74. Colinus virginianus. May $11\frac{1}{2}$. $15\frac{1}{2}$. $20\frac{1}{2}$. $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$. $27\frac{1}{2}$. $30\frac{1}{2}$.
 $31\frac{1}{2}$.
75. Dryobates villosus. May $11\frac{1}{2}$. $13\frac{1}{2}$. $14\frac{1}{2}$. $18\frac{1}{2}$. $23\frac{1}{2}$.
 $24\frac{1}{2}$. $25\frac{1}{2}$.

1892. Mass.
May Concord.

76. Callus virginicus. May 11² 24² 30²
77. Fetus galbula. May 11² 12² 13² 14² 15² 16² 17²
 20² 21² 22² 23² 24² 25² 26² 27² 28² 29² 30² 31²
78. Piranga erythronotus. May 12² 18² 20² 21² 28² 30²
 31²
79. Setophaga ruticilla. May 12² 13² 18² 19² 20² 21² 22²
 24² 25² 28² 29² 30² 31²
80. Anthus ludovicianus. May 13² (out M.)
81. Pyrrhia pusilla. May 14² 18² 19² 23² 24² 25²
82. Vireo olivaceus. May 14² 18² 21² 24² 25² 29² 30² 31²
83. Myiarchus cinerascens. May 14² (out M.) 23² (out M.)
84. Antrostomus vociferans. May 16² 29²
85. Chordeiles popeline. May 16² 17² 18²
86. Dendroica striata. May 17² 18² 19² 23² 24² 25² 28²
 29² 30² 31²
87. Turdus alvina. May 17² 18² 19² 25² 26²
88. Sylvania canadensis. May 17² 18² 19² 20² 21² 23² 24²
 25² 28² 29² 30² 31²
89. Dendroica caerulescens. May 18² 23²
90. Coccyzus erythrophthalmus. May 18² 20² 21² 22² 23²
 31²

1892 Mass.

May Concord.

- 91 Bubo virginianus - May 18¹/₂
- 92 Dendroica maculosa - May 19²⁵/₂ - 24²/₂
- 93 Spinus tristis - May 20²³/₂ (1) - 21²/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 29¹/₂
- 94 Coccyzus americanus - May 20²/₂ - 29¹/₂
- 95 Helminthophila chrysoptera - May 20²/₂
- 96 Melospiza lincolni - May 20 <sup>Boys seen in bushes along street with
a flock of 100 or more. One seen in
a field on road from Concord to
24 South Bird in same place.</sup>
- 97 Contopus virens - May 23^(1st seen) - 27¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 29¹/₂ - 30¹/₂
- 98 Ardea herodias - May 23^{1st} - 24^{1st}
- 99 Myiarchus cinerascens - May 17^{1st} - 23^{1st}/₂ - 28²
- 100 Ampelis cedrorum - May 26 <sup>Several heard in
apple orchard.</sup> - 28² - 29^{1st}/₂ - 30^{1st}/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 101 Sitta carolinensis - May 28¹/₂
- 102 Empidonax traillii - May 28^(1st seen)
- 103 Vireo noveboracensis - May 31^(8th Ball's Hill)
- 104 Passer domesticus

1892 Mass

June 1

Concord. - Another clear intensely hot day with, Bulls' Hill however, a refreshing S.W. wind blowing late into the night.

To Bulls' Hill for the day, driving down and back. Took a walk over my grounds in the forenoon. There was a single Canadian Warbler singing in the maple swamp and I started a Night Heron from the pines above the glacial hollows. The heat was intense and few birds were singing. One of my men showed me a Thrush's nest of Brown Thrush built on the ground among dry oak leaves at the foot of a cluster of oak sprouts on the steep hillside near my cabin. The locality was very open and exposed and after the bird had left the nest the three eggs which it contained were conspicuous yards away for the nest was in no way arched over or concealed by either leaves or branches.

In the evening a little after sunset as I was walking up to Mr. Merwin's I heard a Henslow's Sparrow singing in the meadows behind Ferguson's but the bird was silent when I returned at 9.30 P.M. although the night was very warm and bright with the light of a half moon.

At 10 P.M. a Carolina ^{the nearest} Rail began calling cutta in the Buttricks' meadows but it kept it up only ten or fifteen minutes.

Spring has ~~changed~~ passed into summer promptly. Spring at the conventional date & at a bound. The woods ^{pass} into this evening seemed to be in nearly full foliage. Hummers. Great swarms of Dragon flies appeared to day & Libellula ^{larvae} mosquitoes were rather troublesome for the first time.

1892 Mass.

June 2 Concord. Clear and suffocatingly hot especially in the afternoon. Ther. rose to 94° at Boston, 90° here. Spent the forenoon in the house writing. At 3 P.M. started for a walk. Went first to the meadow Newton's Sparrow behind Ferguson's where I quickly started the Newton's Sparrows which I heard singing there last evening. It rose from near the middle of a marsh but was perfectly dry hollow sprinkled with tussocks and beds of a round, dark green, needle-pointed reed. I spent nearly an hour searching for the nest gathering the marsh in lines a few feet apart but I had only my lobes for my pains. There was also a Savanna Sparrow singing in this little marsh.

A pleasant if breezy wind swept across the open fields but when I entered the woods beyond Buttrick's I left it behind and found the air under the trees stifling & oppressive like that of a close room. This was particularly true of the chestnut woods in the "Common lot" where I walked slowly with bare head actually gasping for breath. There were few birds singing. I heard two Marsh Wrens, one or two Thrushes, a Black-throated Green Warbler, & several Over birds.

Returned through the Donnell's & Arbuckle's lanes. Thunder heads were rolling up from the W. there was distant thunder but no rain.

In the evening I walked down the road to Ferguson's & heard the Hebrew's Sparrow singing. Later heard a Cardinal ^{singing} ~~in~~ cutting cattle in the Buttrick's meadow.

1892

Jan 3

Mass.

Concord - Forenoon cloudy with light rain. Afternoon
fine. Much cooler than yesterday.

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 a. m. paddling down
in the rain. As I rounded the bend opposite
Holden's Hill three Wood Ducks started from the
flooded meadows on the right when I used to see
them in 1886. As nearly as I could make out
these birds were all drakes in full plumage.

Wood Ducks

I spent most of the day sitting out mountain
creeks which Pat got yesterday near Fitchburg.
Roland Hayward came on the 3.40 train to
pass the night.

After supper we walked along the river bank
eastward. A Carolina Dove came & a ^{Virginia} Pheasant
jumping on the Bedford shore. A ^{Virginia} Rail
calling on the which it kept up incessantly
at last, at last, at 10.30 P. M. and probably
all night. After dark it was a clear moonlight
night & not really dark at all. A Whippoorwill,
the first that I have ever heard in this vicinity,
began singing across the river in the direction
of W. Bedford Station & was heard at intervals
as long as we were awake.

Virginia Rail

Mosquitoes swarmed throughout the evening.
Pond Frogs, Toads & Leopard Frogs croaking or
squeaking. Also many Green Frogs. Hylas began
to hear finally & wholly ceased singing. True Toads
calling in every direction apparently in the
flooded meadows.

Batrachians

Dragon flies swarming. Saw one Aegon among them.

Fire again

1892

Mass.

June 4

Concord. Clear & warm with S. E. wind and gathering clouds. Ball's Hill
in the late afternoon.

Awoke at daybreak. Almost no birds singing. After Birds at
sunrise heard Mockers, Robins, Robins etc. daybreak

At 9.15 A. M. friend Hagerwood across the river &
walked with him to the W. Bedford Station. A
Short-billed Marsh Wren singing in the brook meadow
near this station.

After my companion had gone I walked down the
Concord road to Mr. Morris about taking down
young pines from his land. Saw a pair of C. Star
Doves fly across the road towards the woods. Barn
Swallows collecting straw by the roadside. Two Phoebe
singing. Grass Finches in the fields but not a
single Bobolink.

Returned to the house and spent the
afternoon reading & walking about in my woods.
Sailed back to the Northwick Lake in P. M. After
tea walked down across the meadows & the Minute
Man bridge to the Mass. ^{Virginia} Road. Virginia Road
calling cattle very loudly in the Wick Brook meadows.
I found that it varied this call with almost any
repetition. The following notes taken on the spot will
give some idea of their variations:

Cut, cut, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle (twice)

Cut, cut, cut, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle (once)

Cut, cut, cut, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle, cittle, cut (twice)

Cut, cut, cut, cittle " " " " cittle (once)

" " " " " " " " cut (once)

" " " " [no cattles] (once)

" " " cut (twice)

" " " " cut (twice)

1892

Mass.

June 4
(No 2,

Concord.

Virginia

Notes on Carolina Rail continued. -

Virginia Rail

cut, cut, cut, cut, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)

" " " " cut, cutta, cutta (over)

" " " " " cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)

" " " " " cut, cutta, cutta (over)

" " " " " cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)

cutta, cutta, cut, cut. (over)

" " cutta, cutta, cut, cut (over)

1892 Mass.

June 5

Concord -- Early morning cloudy. Remainder of day clear with strong S.W. wind. Not too warm.

Bull's Hill

To Bull's Hill by canoe at 9.30 A.M. sailing down. Heard & saw nothing of peculiar interest on the way. Almy brought his entire family up to spend the day & I devoted my whole time to entertaining them. During a walk which we took over my grounds & through the Swamp we saw nothing but a few common birds. The Canadian Warblers we were to look all left me.

Started for the Buttricks' at 6 P.M. and paddled & sailed alternately. A Plover pumping and a Rail calling cutter in the Great Meadow. On reaching the house I heard another Cutter in Mill Brook meadow, but the same bird noted last night. As nearly as I can remember I have not heard the same note of the Carolina Rail for one two weeks; they all say "Cutter" now. What is the meaning of it?

Virginia Rail

On my way up river this evening I heard a Savanna Sparrow singing near the G. sh. I do not think that there are more than three birds (i.e. males) between Flint's bridge & Bull's Hill this season. At least two more males are singing between Red bridge & town and above the Fitchburg Railroad bridge two more.

Savanna Sparrow

1892.

Mass

June 6

Concord.

alternately sunny & overcast, great clouds of smoke drifting continually across the sky driven before the strong W. wind. Very warm.

To Bull's Hill at 9.30 a. m. Sailing down. The Flicker nest which made the nest in the dead maple ranch by the Buttricks landing is now sitting and flies out with a low war & two note every time I pass on the way to my boat house. The note is still "stuttering" but less vigorously & frequently than a week ago. The Bluebirds which nested in this same trunk about a yard above the Flicker's nest are now feeding young in the hole. Bluebird singing has almost wholly ceased.

The day ^(May 4) after the fire I found a Robin's nest at Bull's Hill in a young pine which stood just outside the border of the burned tract. On that date it contained two eggs which must have been fresh as a third was laid the next morning. This morning the young were out of the nest flying about among the neighboring trees. Their parents very anxious & busy about them. I did not actually look in the nest yesterday but I passed it twice and the old birds which were near it made no outcry. Hence I believe that the young left it this morning.

Nest of a
Flicker

Young Robin's
nest on
the 27th day
after the last
egg was laid.

1892. Mass.

Coar. & W. & L. 11.

June 7 Concord. - Clear and calm with light breeze at times. Rather warm.

Bull's Hill

To Bull's Hill at 9 a.m. sailing down in company with the Buttericks who spent the day with us.

The river was more beautiful than I have seen it before this season, owing to the transparent air and calm water.

On reaching the house Mr. Butterick picked up half the shell of a Thrasher's egg directly in front of my door. Fearing some accident to the nest which is some ten feet above 50 yds. from the house I went to it but found the bird sitting. On starting her off I found that the three eggs had all hatched. I looked into them last about noon on the 5th. The young to-day seemed very large for birds not more than two days from the shell and were already covered with large patches of blackish, hoary down. The old bird has become so confident that she will almost let me touch her on the nest and on being driven off she no longer makes any sound although she used to scold me soundly.

The Thrasher's
eggs hatch

Returned to the Buttericks' to tea. at 7 P.M. took a walk with Johnson to Cyrus Colwell's & into a pasture beyond. Several Grass Finches & Field Sparrows singing. The evening very calm & beautiful. Cicadas chirping almost as freely as in September. I heard them first about a week ago.

Evening walk to
Sunset Pasture

1892
June 8

Ball's Hill

Notes made
in the field

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

are no Chats Oudins
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Black-billed

Cuckoo

Yellow b. Cuckoo

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Bobolinks

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Woodchuck

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

Painted Tortoise

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

1222

Mass.

Concord. of this larger mass. I find them scattered all
over my land at Little Hill & have them return on the
day down in every road often hundreds of yds from water
- both fresh & brackish water. Mr. Hilditch says they
seek the land chiefly in the afternoon & leave it night &
this.

9 A.M. sitting in my canoe, under the shade of the
the maple opposite Holden Hill. The S.W. wind is rising,
fast bringing the fresh, damp dew to the surface on
its wings. Red wing, Song Sparrows & Yellow throats sing
in the maples, a great *Agelaius* in Holden woods.
Rough Swallows flying over the meadows in two or
three chattering. I hear the big call of a Kingbird
once in the blue grass on the meadow. So I hear the Bull Hogs
trump of a Bull Hog sounds over the water, that is
his first voice! At this time - the day is bright
or misty & fair in effect than at night when the
moon puts forth its full round power. Then frogs
do thing at intervals. Their voices change as always,
telling whether the weather be dry or damp.

One Green Sand-nip on Helder's Hill, at the same time
 found it with the dry sand-nip, and a
 little later Anthes very near me; Tan, Tan, Tan, Tan
Tan, Tan, Tan some notes given rapidly in the same
 way, very clear, sometimes

The river is a goodly ball, the water dark bronze green
under the trees a border blue and white and a few
it. Immense as dragon this river flows down the
him under the lee of the hills and the hills are
a few miles from the mouth of the river and the river
of the river is a goodly ball and the water is dark bronze green

1892

May.

COLUMBIA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

June

(1892)

I heard a bird in the woods near the river.

The upper portion of the song is a series of notes.

Night heron

I can see that it is a plain brown, immature bird. It circles around me and snails over lively alders.

Holden's woods.

Spent most of the day in my cabin. Early in the afternoon heard a Hoary Woodpecker.

Hoary Woodpecker

The bird's first notes are repeated, nearly every day.

I think it has a nest somewhere in Holden's woods.

The American Warblers have certainly left me already.

The first time they have been seen since they left.

Swamp and more in Holden's woods. Found a Grosbeak's nest in a small bush in the hollow behind Holden's.

Nest of
H. Grosbeak

6 P.M. noticed as the first west wind of the season.

The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

A light wind. The first of the season. The air was with dark lead-colored clouds on the horizon.

1892

Mass.

June 9

Concord to Cambridge. - Cloudy with heavy showers in the afternoon. Warm.

Left Concord at 7.30 a.m. and drove to Cambridge over my favorite road via Sandy Pond & the Byman place.

Birds singing freely all the forenoon. In Sandy Pond woods heard no less than three Nashville Warblers. Noted only one Bobolink after leaving Concord and but two Meadow Larks. Saw a pair of Carolina Doves about half a mile east of the Library in Benicle.

The foliage of the elms & apple trees is badly injured and, in some places, wholly destroyed, between Waltham and Mt. Auburn. In the woods & Lind Catwifillows seem to have caused most of the damage but in one place near Charles Brook Station I saw what I took to be Gypsy Moths larvae. The trees & bushes of every species were stripped perfectly bare. I even saw a Red Cedar which had been treated like the deciduous trees. Apparently it was surrounded. Some of the elms looked as they do in winter and the apple orchards were as brown as if a fire had run through them, an occasional tuft of grass making the foliage about an Oriole's or Chipping Sparrow's nest where the birds had kept the worms at bay and saved enough leaves to shelter the nest from the sun.

Visit to Cambridge.

1892 Mass.

June 10

Cambridge. Clear & cool with N.W. wind.

Last evening and this morning I spent in my garden at Cambridge. Robins appear to be as numerous there as usual but I noticed no Chipping Sparrows and but one Yellow Warbler nor did I hear or see a single Woodcock either here or in any other part of the city. Birds seen & heard in or near my garden.

A Redstart and a Red-eyed Vireo were singing in my lindens, a Warbling Vireo in the elms on Sparks Street, and a Yellow-throated Vireo on North Street below Sparks Street. A House Flycatcher spent part of his time in my garden and the remainder in Mr. Russell's neglected orchard.

I heard no Cuckoos but was told that they are unusually numerous this year in & near Cambridge. Orioles seemed to be quite as common as usual and I think there are at least two nests on my place, one in the elms in front of me, always the other in those which surround Sparks Street.

Besides the birds just mentioned I heard a Wood Pewee and one or two Cedar-birds, while four Swifts were constantly flying about over the house in company.

English Sparrows seemed to me to be certainly not more numerous than usual and perhaps a little less numerous. I forgot to mention a Goldfinch which was singing in the garden on the morning of the 10th and some Brown Quacks which came to feed on my lawn.

1892 Mass.

Co. 1. Massachusetts.

June 11 Cambridge to Concord. Clear & warm with strong N. wind.

I left Cambridge at 2.30 P.M. and reached Concord at 5.30. taking my usual route as far as the Lynn place, then driving to Lynn Mass. along at the Fitchburg Station in Northham, returning through the Swanton region afterwards, following the winding back road nearly to Brimston then crossing to the Turnpike and thence by the last named road to Concord.

Near the Trickey place in Northham, in the heart of the worn devastated orchards country I heard an Orchard Oriole sing once in a clear tone which I was passing. I at once got out of the buggy and presently saw the bird a very plain-colored "immature" male with olive brown wings & tail and only a small patch of black on the throat. It did not sing again & finally started on a long flight over the open fields.

Orchard Oriole
in Northham

In Brimston I heard an occasional Linnet or Indigo Bird besides Grass Finches, Field Sparrows & most of the common birds but not a single Robins the entire way from Cambridge to Concord.

1892

Mass

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 12

Concord. A perfect June day, clear, warm with fresh N. wind.

By the Concord

At daylight this morning as I lay in bed at the Buttricks' I heard a Bluebird singing freely, a Tanager which was apparently in the elm in front of the house, and a Chestnut-sided Warbler.

Spent most of the day in the house writing and at 5 P.M. took my canoe and paddled up the Abbott to a little beyond the hamlet, where I met Richardson and floated slowly back with him, talking.

As we were thus engaged a Gray Squirrel came down the bank to the water's edge, where finding something edible it sat erect on its hind legs turning the object (which looked like a cluster of seed. pods of some plant) rapidly between its fore paws as it ate. We could distinctly hear the fine grating sound of its teeth at a distance of 20 yds. Presently another of these Squirrels appeared running down the trunk of a tree and then flattening itself against the bark, head down, and shortly afterwards we saw a third. All were young of this year but slightly if at all larger than Red Squirrels but with very much larger tails. They were very tame, hardly noticing us as far as I could discern.

Two Redstarts, a Hooded Plover, a Robin, and several Song Sparrows were singing in or near the hamlet; just above Red. bridge a Screech Owl.

Sparrows & Robins. Martins flying about.

The Abbots was Concord. with Concord giving the call, beneath water the appearance of a small pond.

1892 Mass

June 13 Concord. Clear, this early morning oppressively warm, the heat tempered during the later hours by a strong W. wind.

I was awoken this morning at daybreak & noted the first bird song, that of a Robin, at 3.05 o'clock when there was only a faint glow in the East & I ~~was~~ obliged to light a match to read the time. Only a minute or two later a King bird began calling. Other birds, Song Sparrows etc. soon followed. Among the others was a Black & white Cuckoo which appeared to be in the elms in front of the house. I heard a Yellow-billed Cuckoo at frequent intervals - t-t-t-t-t-t-tan, tan, the opening note unusually abbreviated. A Black-bell song reportedly last night after the moon rose.

Birds at
daybreak.

At 9 A.M. I started for Ball's Hill in my canoe. To Ward's Hill for the first day with it was intensely hot but the breeze soon rose and I glided swiftly down the river under sail. The birds were singing freely and I heard a Blue bird in full song among the others.

Several Grackles were flitting through the bushes near Hunt's landing soon followed by one excited & very angry mob of male Red-wings which attacked all the Grackles whenever it flew with great fierceness.

Red-wings
were singing
around Grackles.

I saw the same thing yesterday near the Buttricks landing. There is doubtless good reason for this enmity for the Grackle is certainly an inveterate egg devourer.

As I was passing the Hill two hooded Mergansers

1892 Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 13
(No 2)

Concord. - while looking like a fair canoe nearly
our way, flying up river.

As I ran the canoe into the narrow opening
under the maps in front of my cabin at
Ball's Hill a Song Sparrow dropped to the
ground among the bushes within a few yards
of me and began running about in a small
circle holding its wings extended but not,
as far as I could detect, moving them. It
uttered the scolding note occasionally but not
loudly. Presently I saw something move near the
center of the circle and a Chipmunk came out
from under a fern frond and moved slowly along
pacing no apparent heed to the Sparrow but
moving among the leaves after the usual manner
of Chipmunks. After a little while the Sparrow
feels apparently became allayed and it flew
up into the bushes where its mate had been
singing all the while. A few minutes later I
saw one of them feed a young bird which was
doubtless the cause of the parent's anxiety but
which was large enough to fly well. There can
be little doubt, I think, that the Chipmunk
catches & eats young birds occasionally.

Song Sparrow
& Chipmunk

Visiting the Brown Thrasher's nest I found one
of the old birds sitting or rather standing over
the nest shielding the young from the hot sun.
She allowed me to get within four feet of her
but while I was trying to photograph her took
the alarm and flew up into the bushes where
she sat quietly chirping occasionally. The young

Brown Thrasher
nest

1892 Mass.

June 13
(No 3)

Conrad. are now nearly as large as Bluebirds and their eyes are open. Their bills are flesh colored, the edges of the gape yellowish-white. The feathers of the first plumage are beginning to appear along the median line of the back, on the shoulders, & on the wing. Elsewhere they are covered with long hairy down of a dark brown color. I am sure there were three young in this nest this forenoon but on visiting it at 3 P. M. I found only two. The old birds were absent but one soon returned & discovering me set up a scolding te-a-a-a which quickly brought its mate also. Both were singularly bold & courageous coming repeatedly within less than three feet of my head and flitting ^{repeatedly} ~~repeatedly~~ from twig to twig moving their long tails jerking their long tails up, down, & sideways, occasionally spreading them wide, flitting the wings with a quick, nervous motion and scolding me most vehemently. At first they used the te-a-a-a note exclusively but both soon changed this for the loud short cry which sounds so much like a breathing hiss. They also occasionally gave the low Hee. Like phew and twice the note, doubtless under the influence of strong excitement, uttered half a dozen notes of his usual song in a soft undertone within the whole within less than two yards of me. Their bold, animated bearing & intense devotion to their young impressed me deeply.

A little before noon I took a short walk around and over the hill. The heat was intense but the strong breeze made it easily bearable even in the full glare of the burning sun. The air

Thaestus &
young

1892

Mass

June 13

(1894)

Concord... was filled with a rich yet subtle fragrance ^{Woodland} which varied constantly as I moved on through ^{odors} the woods and across openings and the sources of which I could not trace. At times it was spicy, at others resinous, in quality. Doubtless its unusual prevalence and intensity at this mid day hour was due to the great heat.

I was interested to find that the birds were not in the least silenced or even subdued by the heat. Indeed I have rarely heard more free and energetic mid-day singing under any conditions. Crows, Oven-birds, Red-eyed Vireos, Maryland Yellow-throats, Song Sparrows & occasionally a Thrasher sang with delightful frequency in my woods or swamp. The Robins & Downy Thrushes alone were silent.

As I was standing near the gate of Benson's landing a Least Bittern began cooing on the opposite side of the river, apparently in a large thicket of half submerged button bushes mixed with young white maples; coo, coo-hoo-hoo repeated every few seconds in a low, cooing, dove-like tone with a slight accent on the first & last syllables and a very slight pause after the first syllable, the remaining three syllables given very quickly. The bird cooed for several minutes at these short intervals, then ceased. The time was about 11.15 a.m. and heat at nearly its maximum intensity.

On my return paddle up river late in the afternoon I saw a pair of Yellow-billed Cuckoos

Least Bittern.Yellow-billed Cuckoo

1892 Mass.

June 13 Concord. - copulating. It was a singularly passionless
(no 5) union in keeping with the birds generally calm,
phlegmatic demeanor.

On reaching the Buttricks' I at once heard a
Bluebird ~~singing~~ ^{warbling} with peculiar fervor and frequency.
It kept it up almost unceasingly until nearly
dark and the people at the house told me
that it had been singing ^{thus} during the entire day.

Bluebird

Robins sang freely at sunset and after dark
or rather after the sun rose I heard Black-billed

Black-billed Cuckoos

singing at night

Cuckoos at frequent intervals far into the night.
Usually the song was much abbreviated & sometimes
only the woe-ee-ee was given in a low, ^{drawing} ~~stuffy~~
tone as if the bird were calling in its sleep. I

have never, so far as I can remember, heard any
sound whatever from the Yellow-billed Cuckoo at
night. That I do not hear him here there
warm, noon but evenings is fairly strong proof
that he seldom if ever sings after dark for at
least one pair haunts the trees about the house
and are constantly to be heard during the day

Yellow-billed Cuckoo

does not sing

at night

1892 Mass.

Geological Observations.

June 14 Concord. Clear with strong S.W. wind. Intensely hot. Intense heat.
The maximum temperature varying from 95° to 100° . It follows
the in different towns in this country. Late in the the birds
afternoon a heavy shower gathered in the W. but it
passed to the northward of us although we had on
a few showers of rain and vivid lightning in the
early evening.

I drove Miss Drey & her sister to Boston this
morning and to Halden in the afternoon. The
heat was too much for the birds to-day and I
heard scarcely any singing, except in the early
morning about our house. During the drive just
mentioned I saw nothing but common species.

Grass Finches are still singing freely. This evening,
just before the shower, one, sitting in the top of
an apple tree near the house, held my close
attention for at least ten minutes. It was the
finest singer that I have heard this season or
rather I should say that its singing was the
finest for the same bird has frequented this field
since April but, as I have noted in former years,
the song certainly gains in both richness and
expression as the season advances. I have verified
this fact to my entire satisfaction this year.

The April singing was disappointing, the May
better, but not until this evening have I heard
the bird at its best. I can move more
for its song as I get older. It seems to me to
combine in some degree the sweet simplicity of the

Song Sparrow's song with the richness of the Fox Sparrow
in addition to possess a spiritual quality not found
in either. Sweet, simple, rich, fervent, it is all these and more.

Song of the
Grass Finch

1892 Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 15 Concord. The widespread & to the north of us, destruction of the Thunder Storm of last evening brought the temp. ^{then was the} down one twenty degrees and to day has been delightful, cool, with air of crystal clearness and a light N. to N. E. breeze.

Ball's Hill

The birds have responded promptly to the changed conditions and this morning, as I paddled down river to Ball's Hill, and again at evening, on my return, I heard all the birds which breed along this stretch of river except the Brown Thrasher, Lawrence Sparrow and Bittern. I am inclined to think that the Thrashers have about ceased singing for my birds at & near Ball's Hill were also silent. I have not heard the Grosbeaks for several days until this morning when they were in full song again. The Purple Finch has been silent for a still longer period but was singing freely this evening. The Meadow Larks have not sung much for a week or more but I hear their plaintive whistle a few times each morning & again at evening.

Cooler weather
sets the birds
to singing again

A few days ago I noted the apparent absence of Orioles this season along the river below the town. Up to that date there certainly were none along this stretch of river but the very next day I heard one near Dakin's Hill and they have since thickly increased in numbers until to day I must have seen & heard at least half a dozen. Brown Grackles have also become constant visitors to this part of the river some to the south & discovery of the Red-wings when

Baltimore Orioles

Brown Grackles

1892 Mass.

June 15 Concord... eggs & young doubtless form one of the chief
(no 2) attractions to the Hackles.

During the entire spring ~~there~~ & summer there ^{have} been ^{several} ^{hundreds} of ^{these} ^{Turtles} I have seen in all not more than five or six of the small, mossy-backed Snapping Turtles in the river and but one of them actually out of water (in April I think it was). The Painted Tortoise, since its first appearance, has been very numerous and on every sunny morning more or less of the latter could be seen on floating boards or the low branches of trees or bushes which overhang the water. The number of individuals who have thus exposed themselves for the sake of a sun bath has diminished steadily, however, since the hot summer weather began. This morning I saw not a single Painted Tortoise out of water but every suitable floating log or overhanging branch bore from one to half a dozen of the mossy-backed Snappers and so would be a low estimate of the total number that I passed on my way to Bull's Hill. When I returned later in the afternoon every one had disappeared but there were, as usual, a few Painted Tortoises in those places which the Snappers had occupied in the morning.

I visited the Brown Thrasher's nest at 3 P.M. and found the female sitting or rather standing over the young her feet spread wide apart clutching opposite sides of the nest. She seemed to be nearly shielding the young from the sun. The young have increased in size markedly since my last visit and are now feathered over the

nest of the
Brown Thrasher

1892 Mass.

June 15
(no 3)

Concord - entire upper parts with a plumage of a
pale reddish brown lighter & more yellowish than
those of their parents. While I was looking at
them the male parent appeared and alighting
on a branch within a yard of my face bobbed
his head up & down several times much in
the manner of a Plover. He then sang several
snatches of his song ~~not~~ but in a low &
tone that had I not seen him I should have
thought him to be far away just on the
limits of ear range in fact. He did not seem
to be particularly excited or anxious on this occasion.
What is the meaning of this note over singing
at the nest?

Note over
singing at
nest.

Walking over my land late in the afternoon
I found Thief Laurel, huckle berry, and Rose hedges
in full bloom. Holden's arrowwood is now fairly
blue in places with blue-eyed grass. White osage
just coming into bloom.

A Carolina Wren sang a few times in my pines
and a Tanager sang in the Lee Davis woods where
a Red-shafted Hawk roared high overhead
yesterday. Visited the Grosbeak's nest found on
the 13th. At 3 P.M. to-day and again at 5 P.M.
the male bird was sitting. I did not disturb
him. The nest, which is in the top of a small
hobby oak, was empty on the 13th.

Nest of Rose
Grosbeak

At 2 P.M. to-day the Least Bittern began
singing in the thicket of button bushes opposite
Ball's Hill. I heard him at frequent intervals
during the entire afternoon up to 5 o'clock.

Least Bittern

1892 Mass.

June 15 Concord - When as I started past his threshold Bent Bittern
 (no 4) on my way up river he was calling steadily at short regular intervals. I was surprised to find that his notes varied in number, emphasis & form & noted the following on the spot.

Cō-cō, cō-hō-hō - slight but distinct emphasis on last.

Cō-cō-cō-cō - all equally emphasized.

Cō, cō, hō-hō " " "

Cō-hō-hō " " "

I passed within 20 yds. of him & at this short distance found that the tone of his voice lost wholly the soft, Cuckoo-like quality which it has when the bird is far away and became almost disagreeably hoarse & raucous as well as somewhat hollow and vibrating.

At the head of the Shaw-deen cove I heard Virginia Rail
 a ^{Virginia} Carolina Rail which uttered every few seconds a remarkable variation of the cutter cry. Perhaps I should say the cut cry for this note was invariably repeated from seven to fifteen times without any variation whatever (save in the number of repetitions) and hence without the usual cutter addendum. The tone seemed to me less harsh & vibrating than usual and I was struck by the resemblance of the notes to those of a common call of the Red-wing. The Clucking call I mean.

Yellow-billed Cuckoos are now more numerous along the river than I have ever seen them before & they seem to have driven out all the Black-bills. I have seen very few

Yellow-billed Cuckoos

1892 Mass.June 15
(no 5)

Concord hundred yards and see them swinging from tree to tree or across the stream with their slow but graceful flight.

A Muskrat which came up within a yard of my boat and then swam directly away from me ^{employing} its tail continuously, as I could see with perfect distinctness, to assist ~~with~~ a lateral sculling motion which doubtless added somewhat to the impetus given & maintained (as I could also see by the feet. I have often before suspected that the tail was used in this way but now I know it.

Muskrat

Two Cedar birds sitting on a dead branch near my cabin passed something back & forth between them each as it accepted the proffered offering throwing up its head, springing its bill wide & quivering the half opened wings precisely like a young bird. I had left my glass in the canoe unfortunately & failed to make out what the morsel was. A third Cedar bird at our time joined the other two without opposition or welcome on their part, then after sitting still a moment, left them.

Cedar Birds

1892 Mass.

June 16

Concord, Clear & warm with strong S.W. wind.

Spent most of the day in the house writing and preparing for a canoe trip with Spelman who arrived at 5 P.M.

Night at
Balls Hill
with Spelman

We started as soon as we could get the canoes ready and sailed down river to Balls Hill. Just before embarking I saw a female Humming bird, the first noted this month, feeding in front of some flowers of the blue flag near our landing.

Birds were flying well as we sped on our way down river but I observed nothing of special interest before we reached the Beaver-dam rapid where, 100 ft. or more above the marsh, at least forty Red-winged Black birds, all males, were circling in a rather compact flock. After flying about for some time they gradually dispersed. What they were at I cannot even conjecture. There were two or three King birds with them & all the members of the flock behaved as if excited but no large bird was in sight.

Large flock of
male Red-wings

On reaching Balls Hill we heard the Great Bittern cooing. We kept it up at intervals until a little after ^{twelve} ~~one~~ and was not heard at all later. A Carolina Rail called cutter ^{sharply} ~~sharply~~ until we went to sleep (about midnight). The big Bitterns were silent.

Scarcely Bittern

After dark we heard Bull Frogs, Green Frogs & Tree Toads but no Common Toads nor other Batrachians & no night birds.

1892 Mass.

- June 17 Cloudless but with smelly haze and intense heat. Wind Ball's Hill
S.W. A very heavy thunder shower 3 to 4 P.M. After this cool.
- At sunrise this morning we had a fine chorus of Birds singing
Wilson's Thrushes in the thicket in front of the house at sunrise
- two or three notes singing at once & one coming
into the oak by our very door. There were also Maryland
Yellow-throats, Song Sparrows & Robins but no Thrashers.
- Visiting the Thrasher's nest at 10 A.M. we found that Thrasher's nest
the young had left it. They must have been in the
bushes near by for the old birds came and chuffed
scolded us & one of them had food in its bill.
- The young had also left the Blue Jay's nest in the nest?
fence by the path along the river and were fluttering Blue jay
cheerily from branch to branch in the neighboring
oaks making the low gasping sound which the
old bird utters at times. The young were obtained
& evidently just out.
- The young Robins in a nest behind the hill have
also left the nest since the 15th when I found
the old bird brooding them.
- The ^{Virginia} ~~Carolina~~ Rail which was calling cutta ^{at least} up
to midnight & as I believe, the whole of last
night kept up this cry during the entire forenoon
& up to 3 P.M. when the shower came, despite
the intense heat. Is there any other bird which
sings all day and all night, also?
- After the shower we walked all over my land. Birds
singing freely, among others a House Thrasher but
he did not keep it up long.

1892

Mass.

June 18 Concord - Cloudy & rather clearing weather, very sultry with light E. wind.

Helen's Thrushes and Rose-breasted Grosbeaks singing freely all day long and well into the forenoon. At 7.15 I visited the Grosbeaks' nest behind the hill and found the female sitting. Hitherto I have always found the male but all my previous visits have been made after noon.

Rose-breasted
Grosbeaks' nest

The Vireo's nest found yesterday had one egg this morning. The bird was absent but returned before I left the spot and added me vigorously.

Red-eyed Vireo's
nest.

The yellow iris which I transplanted to my ponds was in bloom to-day. The flowers have been badly beaten down by the rain of yesterday and will not, I fear, recover their former beauty.

Yellow iris
bloom.

The ^{Virginia} Cowbird called rather all the forenoon and I heard it but not where I was awake.

Virginia Cowbird

At 12 M. we packed the car and started for Concord. On reaching the Butterick's landing we heard a short, low whistle repeated at regular intervals in some alders on Honeyuckle Island. It resembled the autumn call of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak and proved to be given by these birds, a little bob-tailed youngster just from the nest who presently flew across the river and dropped into the tall grass near us where he resumed his calling.

Call of young
Rose-breasted
Grosbeak

At 3 P.M. we again started up river & ultimately, paddling and sailing reached Fairhaven Bay at 5.30. As we passed the Cliffs I heard a Great Crested Flycatcher, a Towhee and several Cat-birds but ~~the~~ ^{the} Brown Thrasher was Nashville Warblers both of which have no doubt finished their brief song period.

Canoe trip to
Fairhaven

1892 Mass.

June 18
(Sat.)

Concord. 6 P.M. Sailing in Fairhaven Bay, bright & wind Fairhaven Bay
cloudy sky with some of clear blue sky in west. Robins,
Vireos, Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers, Redwings, a Wood Pewee,
Oven bird, and Swamp Sparrows singing. A Towhee in full
song as we passed the cliffs of our home estate. No Tanagers
singing but one is not apt to hear them at this
hour under these conditions.

As twilight fell two Whippoorwills began singing, both
on the north side of the bay, one near opposite
Mouth's Point where we had landed and were
preparing to spend the night. As we were eating
supper one of these birds crossed the river to our side
and began singing within a few rods of us. As
nearly as I could make out it was perched on the
extremity end of the rocky ledge but when I rose
to look it cut its song short with the word
syllable and a moment later began singing some
several hundred yards off.

Whippoorwills.

After dark a grand chorus of Bull and Green
Frogs which lasted throughout the night. The
Bull Frogs have seemed to both of us to have
harsher, more raucous voices than those at Bull
Hill.

Hyla

At frequent intervals during the night I heard
Black-billed Cuckoos and once, as I thought,
a Yellow-bill but of the latter I could not
make sure.

Black-bill Cuckoo
at night.

1892

Mass.

Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

June 19

Concord.

Cloudy with brief intervals of sunshine & light S. wind. A sultry day.

A night in the
Canoes at Farkham

Spent the night very comfortably in my canoe, Spelman choosing to sleep ~~on~~ the ground under his canoe tent. At daybreak heard Wilson's Thrushes, Dove-birds, Song Sparrows, an Oriole, a Tanager, and many other common species. A Great-Crested Flycatcher was calling in the oak woods opposite the point as we were eating breakfast.

Birds at
daybreak.

At 11 A. M. packed the canoes and started down river under sail. Swamp Sparrows in full song - the bottom bushes all the way from the bay to Heather bridge. I must have heard for a day in this distance.

Put out a spoon and caught a bass of about a pound in sight but released him again.

In some woods just below Heather bridge a Partridge drummed once very near the river as we were passing. I have not heard one before this month. An Indigo Bird also sang a few times in these woods.

Ruffed Grouse
drums.

King birds are so numerous as usual - along the river but Swallows are exceedingly scarce. The weather both yesterday & to-day was favorable for them to fill the meadows but yesterday on going from Bales Hill to Farkham I saw only two Barn Swallows, two Bank Swallows, and then a few White-bellies, to-day on our return only two White-bellies & one Barn Swallow besides three or four Martins on both days.

Song Birds

Scarcely any
Swallows.

A Solitary Vireo was in full song in the trees near the river just above Heald's bridge as we passed; also Purple Finch and Least Flycatcher.

Solitary Vireo
singing in the
willows

A Night Hawk flying highest & perching near the house at home. Brunched on Egg Nests & Central town at 4 P. M.

1892 Mass.

June 20 Concord -- Clear and warm with high, gusty N.W. wind.

Ball's Hill

Yesterday I heard a Chipping Sparrow sing, the first for some time. This morning one in the trees near our house sang at frequent intervals and with full vigor during the entire morning up to 11 A.M. when I started for Ball's Hill.

I sailed down and saw nothing worthy noting on the way. Soon after reaching my home I lunched and then started for a walk. I had gone only a few rods to the eastward of my home when I saw a large brown bird coming across the river flying low over the water. At first I took it for a female Marsh Hawk but as it passed within 20 yds. of me and skinned around the eastern base of the hill I saw that it was a Short-eared Owl. A little beyond where I lost sight of it I heard a Song Sparrow chirping anxiously and on reaching the spot, started the Owl from a cluster of birches where it cannot have perched at least 15 ft. above the ground. It was soon lost to sight behind the trees. I have one of these Owls flying over the Great Meadows in May last.

Short-eared
Owl

Visited the Red-eyed Vireo's nest & found three eggs; Vireo's Nest no bird seen or heard near. The female Grackles was sitting on her nest at 2 P.M. and the male singing near my cabin at 4 P.M. so it seems that they do not divide the day into "watchers" as I had thought possible.

Grackles
singing

While I was looking at the Vireo's nest I heard a bird chirping anxiously in the bushes on

1892. Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 20 Concord. - The opposite (north) side of the little pond behind the hill, near which I was standing and presently a Canadian Warbler appeared and scolded me vigorously, showing unmistakable anxiety for either eggs or young. It looked like a male, indeed was certainly a male as far as I could make out. Why have I heard no singing if these Warblers have been breeding in my swamp this year? The last one I noted there was on June 1st. The place where I saw this bird is not one 80 yds. from the big swamp where they used to breed (1886-87).

At about 4 P.M. the Brown Thrasher whom young left the nest near my cabin on the 16th or 17th of this month and who has been silent since the 13th began singing again and harassed me for ten minutes or more so I sat in my cabin writing these notes. I wonder if his mate is preparing another nest.

Brown Thrasher
resumes singing
after a silence
of 7 days.

A Robin has a nest near the extremity of a small branch of a young oak west 20 ft. from my door. I first saw it the 15th when it appeared to be finished. The bird was sitting on the 16th & 17th & again to-day. She flew off every time the door was opened or any one appeared within sight in any direction.

A nervous
Robin

On the 17th or never has disturbed her 20 times at least. She always returned to the nest the moment the danger disappeared. This bird is doubtless the same individual who had a nest

1892 Mass.

June 20 Concord. - in a small pine on the north side of the hill and whose first brood of young has winged from ^{a nervous} Robin. My reason for thinking this is that these whole family moved around to the leafy oaks near my cabin where they have since remained. I have not seen the young, however, for several days. The old male was singing near the cabin on the evening of the 17th - the first after the storm. But I have not heard him since. I suppose he is taking care of the young. I examined the nest late this afternoon & found that it contained three eggs, the same number which composed the first set.

Started for home at 5 P.M. The wind was strong against me at first but it soon died away. Robins, Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers & many other common birds singing freely.

This morning on my way down river I saw Snapping & Painted Tortoises in about equal numbers on the banks of the trees & bushes but seldom (I think none) both on the same perch. ^{Turtles}

Grass Finches seem to have become wholly silent within the last three or four days.

1892 Mass.

CONCORD, MASS., 1892.

June 21 Concord. Clear & hot with strong W. wind. Ther. 90° at noon

Ball's Hill

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10.30 a. m. Sailing down before a strong wind. Common birds singing freely. I hear one Bartram's Rail calling out in rather fresh tone. Brown Grackles have been very numerous along the river for a week or more. At first I saw only old birds but latterly there have been many young also. Yesterday I started fifteen or twenty in one place among bottom bushes. The spread drew away among the Robins & Red wings.

Brown Grackles

There is a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's nest in a leaning brick on the river just above Hunt's Pond. I saw it first on the 18th when the bird was sitting as she was on the 20th & again this morning. On two of these occasions her mate was sitting in the nest. The nest is fully 30 ft. above the water and is nearly as large & substantial looking as a Blue Jay's.

Nest of

Yellow-billed Cuckoo

Made the sounds of my place just after lunch. At 1.30 P. M. the male Grosbeak was on the nest in the young oak. At a little after 3 P. M. I heard him singing near the river and on visiting the nest again at 4 P. M. I found the female sitting. I must watch this nest more closely.

Nest of

Rose br. Grosbeak

My Red-eye's nest held 3 eggs (the same number as yesterday) but no bird at 1.30 P. M. At 4 P. M. the female (I suppose it was) was on. This is the first time I have caught her sitting since the 17th when I started her from the empty nest.

Nest of

Red-eyed Vireo

Lot birds were singing freely in my haup and a Flicker across the river.

1892
June 21
(No 2)

Mass.

Concord. - 5 P. M. See Davis's Hill - Sitting in my canoe ^{in the shade} writing these lines the sun having sunk behind the tops of the pines to the W. Great sulphurous, white clouds floating in a pale blue sky. The foliage of the white ^{in my canoe} maples along the river & the edges of the meadows tossing in the wind looking thin & dishevelled & showing the whitish under surfaces of the leaves. About the canoe the water is covered thickly with the floating leaves of the pond lily, floating heart, *Najas* & the long-leaved *Polygonum*. Further inshore is the erect stems of *Pandanus* each bearing at its top the single large, lance-shaped, oily green leaf. They form a fine belt of green along the margin of the placid stream. Still further in, marking the beginning of the real land, are young maples, willows, alders and birches overgrown with grasses and green briars with here & there a tuft of common ferns and one large cluster of wild roses in full bloom. Behind ^{above} this lower wall of diversified but generally tender green foliage rise the scrub pines & tall old oaks for which the hill is famous.

A Pine Warbler is singing in the pines, a Cherry, Cat-bird, Chestnut-sided Warbler and Maryland Yellowthroat in the thickets near the water. From across the river come the rich gurgle-see or pee-dle-ee of the Red-wing and further off rises the tinkling chirrup of the Bobolinks. Now I hear a Robin singing and next a Grosbeak. A Wood Pewee gives a low, sad pee-ee among the pines. Now a Black-billed Cuckoo in the extreme distance & a Song Sparrow near at hand.

The fine bass voice of the Bull Frog rolls out over the water from his reedy couch at frequent intervals.

It gave after
noon on the
river (written
in my canoe)

Song of the
Red-wing

1892 Mass.

June 21
(No 3)

Concord.. and the Green Frog answers with a ting, ting on his one light harp strings.

The brown is now dying fast, the sun basks lower in the west and the meadows are flooded with a tender light. The grass and trees where the sunlight strikes are strongly yellowish, a warm greenish yellow, the river now nearly calm is nearly the color of the sky but whiter & more brimished.

Swifts come about me skimming close over the river. Now a Barn Swallow, a rare bird here at this season, joins them. Red eyes are singing in the line of old oaks on the eastern edge of the meadows. There are mysterious flashings & quivering sounds among the reeds near me, probably made by fish or frogs, and a Woodchuck rambling about on the hillside in search of his supper rustles the dry leaves loudly. The air over the water is alive with Dragon flies of varied form & coloring. One of the commonest species is wholly of a rich plum color.

One flew appeared yesterday & to-day among me wherever I go whether by land or water.

A Crow passes overhead pursued by an irate Red-wing who celebrates the big chase unmercifully. The Red-wing is fully as brave & enterprising in chasing Hawks, Crows, Grackles away from his nest as is the King bird.

5.45 P.M. The buzz nearly all gone. A full chorus of Bull Frogs makes the shores ring & drowns the singing of the birds. The latter, however, are not singing as freely as they were an hour ago.

The River at

Red wing

Chase by a

Crow

1892 Mass

June 21
(1894)

Concord. 7.15 P.M. - passing through the "Holt". The sun is just twinkling out of sight, the breeze has died. On the S.W. horizon rises a great cloud its outlines resembling those of a mountain one end breaking down abruptly in a precipice with receding gray brow, the whole cloud tinged salmon & colors of roses and strongly luminous as if the sun were shining through it from beyond.

Robins, Redwings, Song Sparrows, Bobolinks (2), Yellow Warblers (2), an Oriole, Black-billed Cuckoo, Meadowlark, Maryland Yellow-throat & Field Sparrows singing, a Bluebird warbling very softly & sweetly (the song seems to me much finer now than in early spring), Kingbirds twittering, Sandpipers part-singing. Hawk swooshes and one Barn Swallow darting about among the dragon flies close about and around me. Now a Song-billed Mistle-warbler, the first I have heard, sings in the meadow just ^{to} south of the head of the Holt. Muskrats cut their silvery furrows across the burnished surface of the sluggish stream. I press two of them closely & force them to give up the masses of green herbage which they are bearing to their nests. One had proved to be made of wholly of the stalks of the marsh reed, the other of a short, wiry grass that grows along the banks.

Black frogs trumpet and Green Frogs thrum all around me. Now I hear the incessant buzz of the bee. The Canary grass along the banks forms a gray-green wall higher than a man's head in places. At the swimming place I hear two Savanna Sparrows.

1892. Mass.

June 22 Concord. Clear with floating cloud masses, the forenoon
 dead calm and very hot, the afternoon cooler owing
 to a rather strong W. wind. I might as
 Boat Hill
 with Mr. Fuller

Left the Buttricks at 10 a.m. with Mr. S. R. Fuller
 talking to the canoe. Paddled to Balls Bluff where
 we opened my cabin and spent most of the day
 taking a walk over my grounds in the afternoon.

After supper embarked in the canoe and paddled
 and sailed down river nearly to Currier's bridge. The
 evening was delightful with peculiarly soft, frequent
 air wafted over the meadows from the woods to the
 westward. Along the borders of these woods the
 Wilson's Thrushes were singing in the twilight as
 we passed, about one bird to every two or three
 hundred yards. We must have heard a dozen or more
 in all. There were also Oven-birds mounting above the
 trees & singing and I heard two Hooded Mewers, Robins
 Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers & Red-wings singing freely.
 Mosquitoes were very numerous & annoying after dark
 even in wind river.

Evening paddle
 on the river

Wilson's Thrushes
 singing in the
 twilight

I put out a open bait as I sailed & caught two
 large perch & a small pickerel all of which I
 returned to the water.

It was dark night when we landed on our return
 & the Bull Frogs were holding high carnival in front of the kitchen
 of my cabin. I listened for Rails or other marsh (Corvus japonicus
 no?)
 birds but heard nothing. Three hours later (at precisely
 11 P.M.), however, I happened to step out just before
 going to bed & at once heard the squeaking "crows"
 of one mysterious "Kitchen" (Corvus japonicus?)
 listening from the marsh on the opposite side of

1892 June 22

June 22

(No 2)

Concord. The river. On going down to the shore and stepping out on the mudspit at my Conding I could hear the preliminary kik kik kik distinctly and then, after a slight pause, the terminal, merry little quea rising from the marsh like a cheer. At times the sound was drowned by the bellowing of the innumerable Bull Frogs, but others were less muffled by the wind, then it would come to my ears with startling distinctness. The bird appeared to be usually where the breast bottom was lost walk (the latter, by the way, has been within about or about since the 16th) and on a very near the thicket of bottom bushes already described in my journal. I heard him (the "Kicker") a few times after I went to bed and suppose he kept up his song through the night.

Whippoorwill
the "Kicker"

Visited the Grosbeak's nest at 12.15 P.M. and again at 4 P.M. The female was sitting on both occasions. The Vireo was also sitting at 4 P.M.

Swainson's

nest

Red eye's nest

During the walk about my grounds with L. I saw a Carolina Dove. I have not heard his species coo for several days now. Expected to hear Whippoorwill this evening along the wooded ridge below Davis's hill but did not. No Thrasher or jay at hand.

1892 Mass.

Jun 23 Concord. - Early morning clear. Most of day cloudy with showers.

Did not awake until 7 a.m. when the birds were still singing well. Among others I heard two Thrashers (in full song up to 9 a.m.) one near my cabin, the other in the woods on the opposite side of the river. I now begin to think that they may have second nests.

Brown Thrashers
still singing

Visited the Grosbeak's nest at 9.45 a.m. and found the female sitting.

Grosbeak
nest

At 10.15 started for the Bullheads' with Father.

Birds singing well but no more Thrashers heard.

After a shower in the early afternoon a Grassquit began singing in the fields in front of the house and kept it up for half an hour or more.

Bluebirds are still working freely, as are Robins & Chipping Sparrows.

24-29 On the 24th I went to Cambridge and thence, on the 25th, to Milton. At the latter place I heard, on the 26th, in an extensive swamp north-east of Blue Hill, no less than three Canadian Warblers singing. Near the Haywards's house I saw a Great Crested Flycatcher taking food to its young.

Canadian
Warblers at
Milton

Returned to Cambridge on the 28th. That evening a little before sunset I saw a pair of Hummingbirds in my garden feeding together at the honeysuckles. The male rose and dived down over the female several times in succession when she had settled on one of the grapevines (See Syst. notes).

Hummers
in Cambridge

Returned to Concord on the evening of the 29th.

1892. Mass.
June Concord

1. *Sialia sialis*. - June 1² - 2¹ - 6¹ - 7¹ - 12¹ - 13¹ - 14¹ - 15² - 16¹ - 17¹
18¹ - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22² - 23²
2. *Merula migratoria*. - June 1² - 2⁴ - 3² - 4 - 5⁴ - 6⁴ - 7 - 8⁴ - 12² - 13⁴
14² - 15² - 16² - 17² - 18⁴ - 19⁴ - 20⁴ - 21⁴ - 22² - 23² - 29²
3. *Turdus fuscescens*. - June 1² - 2² - 3⁴ - 6³ - 7² - 8¹ - 12¹ - 15² - 16²
17² - 18⁴ - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22² - 23²
4. *Turdus mustelinus*. - June 11¹
5. *Parus atricapillus*. - June 1⁽²⁾ - 6¹ - 17¹ - 19² - 23²
6. *Harporhynchus rufus*. - June 1¹ - 2² - 3⁴ - 4⁴ - 5² - 6² - 7² - 8²
12² - 13¹ - 14¹ - 15² - 17² - 20² - 23² (May) - 29¹
7. *Galoscopus carolinensis*. - June 1² - 2⁴ - 3² - 4² - 5⁴ - 6² - 7² - 8²
12² - 13² - 15² - 16² - 17² - 18⁴ - 19⁴ - 20² - 21² - 22² - 23²
8. *Setophaga ruticilla*. - June 1² - 2¹ - 3¹ - 4² - 12² - 18² - 23²
9. *Sylvia canadensis*. - June 1² - 20² (May)
- ✓ 10. *Geothlypis trichas*. - June 1² - 2² - 3⁴ - 4² - 5² - 6² - 7² - 8² - 12²
13² - 15² - 16⁴ - 17² - 18⁴ - 19⁴ - 20⁴ - 21⁴ - 22⁴ - 23²
- ✓ 11. *Sciurus aurocapillus*. - June 1² - 2² - 3² - 5² - 6² - 7² - 8² - 14¹
15² - 16² - 17¹ - 18¹ - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22²
12. *Dendroica virens*. - June 1² - 8¹ - 17¹ - 21² - 22²
13. *Dendroica virens*. - June 1¹ - 2² - 3² - 6¹ - 7² - 12² - 15¹ - 17¹
18¹ - 19² - 22²
14. *Dendroica pennsylvanica*. - June 1² - 2² - 3⁴ - 4² - 6² - 7² - 12²
15² - 17² - 18² - 19⁴ - 21² - 22²
- ✓ 15. *Dendroica aestiva*. - June 1² - 2² - 3² - 6² - 6⁴ - 7² - 8² - 12² - 15²
16² - 17² - 19² - 20² - 21² - 22² - 23² - 30²

1892. Mass
June Concord.

(copied)

16. *Helminthophila ruficapilla*. - June 1² 2³ 9³
17. *Miniotilta varia*. - June 1² 2³ 3² 6¹ 7¹ 17² 18² 19² 21¹ 22²
18. *Vireo solitarius*. - June 6¹ (Sat. 12). 19¹ (Sat. 19)
19. *Vireo flavifrons*. - June 2³ 3¹ 4² 5¹ 12¹ 13³ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹
18¹ 19¹ 22¹ 23¹ 30¹
20. *Vireo gilvus*. - June 1¹ 2² 4¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 12¹ 13¹ 16¹ 18¹
19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 30¹
21. *Vireo olivaceus*. - June 1² 2² 3² 5² 6² 7² 8² 12¹ 15¹ 16²
17² 18² 19² 20² 21² 22² 23²
22. *Ampelis cedrorum*. - June 1¹ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 12¹ 14¹ 15¹
16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 22¹
23. *Chiricola riparia*. - June 1¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 15¹ 16¹ 18¹ 19¹
20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹
24. *Tachycineta bicolor*. - June 1¹ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 5¹ 8¹ 14¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹
19¹ 20¹ 29¹
25. *Chelidon erythrops*. - June 1¹ 2¹ 3¹ 4¹ 6¹ 18¹ 22¹ 23¹
26. *Petrochelidon lunifrons*. - June 3¹ 4¹ 7¹ 19¹
27. *Progne subis*. - June 2¹ 4¹ 6¹ 7¹ 12¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹
28. *Parus cristatus*. - June 1¹ 3¹ 4¹ 6¹ 9¹ 12¹ 15¹ 17¹
18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹
29. *Passerina cyanea*. - June 9¹ 19¹
30. *Habia ludoviciana*. - June 1¹ 2¹ 4¹ 5¹ 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 12¹ 15¹
16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹

1892 Mass
June Concord

- 31 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 7th 9th 15th 18th 19th
22nd (last 41)
- 32 *Melospiza georgiana*. - June 1st 3rd 4th 18th 19th 20th 21st
22nd 23rd
- 33 *Melospiza fasciata*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 12th 13th
15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 29th 30th
- 34 *Spizella pusilla*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 6th 7th 15th 17th 18th 19th
20th 21st 22nd
- 35 *Spizella socialis*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 6th 7th 14th 16th 19th 20th 21st
22nd 23rd 29th
- 36 *Ammodramus passerinus*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th
12th 13th 14th 21st (last 41)
- 37 *Ammodramus herstoni*. - June 1st 2nd
- 38 *Ammodramus saxatilis*. - June 2nd 5th 6th 12th 18th 19th 21st
30th
- 39 *Poocetes gramineus*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 12th
14th 16th 17th 23rd 29th
- 40 *Spinus tristis*. - June 2nd 8th 15th 16th 18th 19th 20th 21st
- 41 *Carpodacus purpureus*. - June 2nd 7th 13th 16th 18th 19th 20th
29th
- 42 *Luscalus cinereus*. - June 12th 13th 15th 16th 18th 19th 20th 21st
22nd
- 43 *Icterus galbula*. - June 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 12th 13th 14th
15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 30th
- 44 *Sturnella magna*. - June 1st 2nd 5th 6th 7th 8th 12th 15th 18th
20th 21st 23rd
- 45 *Molothrus ater*. - June 1st 5th 6th 8th 15th 21st 23rd

1892 Mass.
June Concord

46. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3¹⁰ 4¹⁰ 5¹⁵ 6³⁰ 7³⁰ 8²⁵ 12 13²⁰
15²⁰ 16³⁰ 17³⁰ 18³⁰ 19²⁰ 20²⁰ 21²⁰ 22²⁰ 23²⁰

47. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 5^c 6³ 7³ 8³ 12^c
13³ 15³ 16³ 18³ 19³ 20³ 21⁵ 22³ 23³

48. *Corvus americanus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 12^c 13^c 15^c
16^c 17^c 18²⁰ 20 21 22 23

49. *Cyanocitta cristata*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 8^c 15^c 17^c
18^c 19^c 20^c 21 22^c

50. *Empidonax minimus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 8^c 12^c
13^c 14^c 15^c 18^c 19^c 20^c 22^c 23^c 30^c

51. *Contopus virens*. - June 1^c 4^c 6^c 7^c 12^c 18^c 19^c 21^c 22^c
29^c

52. *Sayornis phoebe*. - June 1^c 4^c 7^c 8^c 18^c 19²

53. *Zyanus tyannus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 8^c 12^c 13^c 15^c
16^c 17^c 18¹⁵ 19^c 20^c 21^c 22^c 23^c

54. *Chaetura pelagica*. - June 1^c 2²⁵ 3¹⁰ 4²⁰ 5²⁰ 6²⁰ 7²⁰ 8¹⁵ 12^c 13^c
14¹⁵ 16¹⁵ 17¹⁵ 18¹⁵ 19¹⁵ 20¹⁵ 21¹⁵ 22¹⁵ 23¹⁵ 29¹⁵

55. *Anthostomus vociferans*. - June 3¹ 18²

56. *Colaptes auratus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 8^c 12^c 13^c
14^c 15^c 16^c 17^c 18^c 19^c 20^c 21^c 22^c 30^c

57. *Dryobates pubescens*. - June 2^c 7^c 8^c 12^c 14^c 15^c 18^c 19^c

58. *Ceryle alcyon*. - June 6^c 7^c 8^c 13^c 15^c 18^c 22^c

59. *Coccyzus americanus*. - June 1^c 4^c 5^c 7^c 8^c 12^c 14^c 15^c
16^c 17^c 18^c 19^c 20^c 21^c 22^c 23^c

60. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*. - June 1^c 2^c 3^c 4^c 5^c 6^c 7^c 8^c
12^c 14^c 17^c 18^c 19^c 20^c 22^c 23^c

1892 Mass
June Concord

61. Buteo lineatus. June 1¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 15*
62. Bonasa umbellus. - June 17¹/₂ (one, 12.4)
63. Salix virginiana. June 1¹/₂ 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6²/₂ 7²/₂ 15* 16¹/₂
17¹/₂ 18²/₂ 19²/₂ 20²/₂ 23¹/₂
64. Lernaeidra macrura. June 1¹/₂ 3¹/₂ 4²/₂ 6²/₂ 7¹/₂ 13²/₂ 15¹/₂ 22¹/₂
65. Potamo Carolina June 1¹/₂ 2¹/₂ 3¹/₂ 4¹/₂ 5¹/₂ 6¹/₂
7¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂ 17¹/₂ 18¹/₂ 21¹/₂
66. Botaurus viridis June 1¹/₂ 3²/₂ 5¹/₂ 6²/₂ 7¹/₂ 8¹/₂
67. Nyctorhiza g. vivax June 1¹/₂ 3¹/₂ 8¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 22²/₂
68. Dryobates villosus. June 4¹/₂ 8¹/₂ (one, 12.4)
69. Cistothorus felleris. - June 4¹/₂
70. Aix sponsa. June 3²/₂ 13²/₂ 16²/₂
71. Ardea virescens. - June 4¹/₂ 6¹/₂ 7¹/₂ 19¹/₂ 21¹/₂ 23¹/₂
72. Actitis macularia. June 1¹/₂ 2¹/₂ 3¹/₂ 4²/₂ 5¹/₂ 6²/₂ 7²/₂ 8²/₂ 13²/₂ 15²/₂
16²/₂ 17²/₂ 19²/₂ 20²/₂ 21²/₂ 22²/₂ 23²/₂
73. Buteo borealis. - June 2¹/₂ (one, 12.4)
74. Rallus virginianus. - June 8¹/₂
75. Anadetta erythra. June 13¹/₂ 15¹/₂ 16¹/₂

1892 Mass.
June Concord

- 76 Trochilus colubris June 16¹² 18¹²
- 77 Myiarchus cinerascens June 18¹² 19¹²
- 78 Circus hudsonius - June 18¹²
- 79 Chordeiles pictus - June 19¹² ^{to June 19¹² at Concord; 18¹² at Concord}
- 80 Asio accipitrinus - June 20¹² (at Concord)
- 81 Cistothorus palustris June 24¹² ^{at Concord}
- 82 Poasa jamaicensis (?) "Killer" - June 22¹² (at Concord, 10¹² at Concord)

1892

Mass.

Concord, Mass. 1892.

July 1

Concord. Cloudy with rain during the entire evening.
Bright W. wind in P.M.

At 7 A.M. I looked at the Orioles nest in the elm in front of the house and saw at least one and I think two young birds sitting within its mouth. Two others were in the top of a neighbouring apple tree where the male parent visited them occasionally with food. I did not once see him go to the nest either yesterday or to-day ~~but~~ did the female parent visit the young in the apple tree. Last evening she went to the nest with food after it had become nearly dark & then flew off again. She was gone over just 15 minutes yesterday evening. One of the young spent yesterday afternoon on a twig two feet or more from the nest but as twilight deepened it clambered back into the nest.

Young Orioles

Birds were singing rather freely about the house all the forenoon. Robins, a Chipping, Song Sparrows, a Yellow-throated & Warbling Vireo, and a Cat Bird. I also heard a Flicker "chop" once and an Oriole & Black-billed Cuckoo. A Savanna Sparrow has taken the place of the Yellow-wary in Mrs. Hedges's field & sings there at all hours.

Birds still in song

On June 23 a boy broke off a large rotten stump in the yard by our landing. It broke at the entrance hole of a Flicker's nest exposing to a heavy downy which came later in the day five young about as big as Bluebirds but perfectly naked & still blind. I watched the nest for some time but no old birds came to it & I concluded that they had deserted it. To-day I found the young alive & feathered in fact nearly of full size.

Flicker's nest

Young Flickers in nest

1893.

Mass.

July 1
(No 2.)

^{upper mandibles}
Concord. Their ~~bills~~ ^{upper mandibles} are still tipped with the white, porcelain-like spurs which enabled them to chip their way out of the egg. When does this fall off? ~~When~~ ^{if} I shall try to stamp or make a scratching sound, as if the parent birds' claws, on the back the young burst forth at once into a chorus of hungry cries which they keep up for a minute or more. On June 23rd when the young were hatched and blind and probably not more than three or four days old this noise was low and hissing; now it is so loud as to be distinctly audible 30 yds. away and reminds me forcibly of the clatter of a sewing machine. There have been several long, cold and very heavy rain storms since this stamp was broken off. One was on the afternoon of the 23rd when I found the young Woodpeckers wet & shivering with cold.

3 P. M. Sailing slowly down river past Hunt's Pond. It is cloudy with light rain & a soft S.W. wind. Song Sparrows, Red-wings, Bobolinks and a Least Flycatcher singing freely. Now a Meadow Lark in the distance! The Cuckoos are much more silent than ^{they were} a week ago but I heard two of each species. Yellow Warblers are lapsing into the bushes, warbling summer song. I hear them make an odd way to Bull's Hill, a small mound. The Bobolinks still sing the full June song and they sing freely, at least now in this soft rain. Now a Robin sings and two Cedar Birds fly over seeing softly. A Flicker laughs in the distance and one, very near me, in a cypress over the water, answers and then calls wick-up, wick-up with great distinctness. Young Red-wings flutter up from the reeds and button bushes as I pass, then young King Birds ~~stand~~ ^{stand} nearly ready to fly. Starched next

* On taking out one of them, July 3rd I find that the tip of the bill is shorter, shorter & that the white is nearly a patch of color under the corner of the bill a few days in this coming. The young have hatched on the 23rd all fine. Young Woodpeckers, (probably) birds in the past when they

An afternoon on the river (written in my canoe)

Afternoon on the river.

1892. Mass.

July 1
(no 3)

Concord. in their nest clamoring for food and I hear the calling of young Orioles in one of the vine wreathes.

Suddenly the pip, pip of Red Crossbills comes to my ear and looking up I see seven of these birds flying high in a compact flock. It is more than a month since I have noted any here.

Return of
Red Crossbills

I reach Doolin's Hill and hear young Crows cawing in feeble, flat tones among the pitch pines. There are also two Towhees calling and some Chickadees near the river.

As I am listening to them there is a sudden crash and heavy fluttering within a few yards of me on the right and a Wood Duck bursts through the foliage of the button bushes and comes out almost in my face then skims off down river just above the water its wings emitting a light, silvery whistle. It must have started up two others just below Doolin's bend and wheeled back with them for the next instant I see three of these ducks flying up Holden's brook. They all look plain Grayish Brown as I get the light on their sides but they may be drakes in summer plumage.

Wood Ducks

I see what are doubtless the same three birds later, (as I come up the river in the evening twilight) flying down stream over the Beaver-dam rapids. They have haunted this stretch of river for several weeks.

Now a Muskrat passing me sculling his way swiftly up stream.

Muskrat

Beaver Dam Rapids.—A Maryland Yellow-throat and a House Sparrow singing near the stream; a Vireo, a Red-eye, and an Oven-bird on Holden's hill; Bobolinks in the distance. The singing of Song Sparrows has been incessant along the whole course of the river.

1892 Mass.

July 1
(not)

Concord. Ball's Hill. With the past three days there has increased been a marked increase in the number of Swallows along number of the river. I must have seen at least thirty on my way Swallows down this afternoon and now ^{on} the broad expanse of water opposite the hill there are nearly as many were skimming in many lines low over the river or meadow. The majority are Bank Swallows, with a good many House Swallows & a few White-bellies. There are a dozen or more Swifts with them and a Martin or two. No young Swallows out yet. Flickers, Vireos, Cat-birds, Red-wings, Maryland Yellow-throats and Yellow Warblers are singing as of was the hill. Now a Carolina Wren begins cooing in the pines above Cooing of my cabin; 'cick, coo; hoo, hoo, hoo with always a marked Carolina Wren pattern after the second note. The voice is singularly impressive and solemn and low and sweet thrilling my senses like the note of some sacral cathedral bell. I would go further to listen to the cooing of one of them Wrens than for any other sound which I ~~can~~ ^{can} be heard in New England.

4.30 P.M. I walk around behind the hill and visit Vireo's nest the Vireo and Grosbeak's nests. The bird is sitting on the former and when I started he off flits through the foliage uttering a note or two of the usual song but only one or two notes at a time. Can it be that the female sings thus or is this bird the male. I Does the ♂
Redeye bit?
examine the eggs and find that they look very dark and are evidently near hatching.

On approaching the Grosbeak's nest I see a fluffy, Grosbeak's
whitish object just visible above its edge. Which I nest
am looking at it the female parent suddenly appears and discovering me sits up a fraction outery, uttering

1892.

Mass.

July 1

(no 5)

Concord. at first the usual cluck then changing this to a loud, explosive cry not unlike the pip of an excited Robin and at times giving these cries so rapidly & incessantly as to run them together into a sort of prolonged scream. I left the nest at once but the mother bird pursued me a long distance through the woods evidently calling down all manner of male chicks on my innocent head.

Grosbeak & young

In the swamp behind the mill than Veris, a Catbird, a Maryland Yellow-throat and a Towhee were all singing steadily. I also heard the warbling summer song of Minstrel and the evening of a Dove. A brood of young Chickadees came about me as I entered the patch pine on Benson's knoll.

The sun had set and the western sky was glorious with rose and salmon-tinted clouds where I started up river and sailed to and beyond the Beacon dam rapid. Veris, Red-caps and Cat-birds were singing in Holden's woods, two Marsh Wrens in the meadow grass. Every now and then an Oven-bird mounted above the trees and gave the flight song. I heard two Virginia Rails but no sound from the "Hickies". Swallows & Swifts were mingling with bats in a crazy dance over the shining pathway of the river.

Scanning

As I approached the head of the rapids I was surprised Red-wings to hear a large number of Red-wings singing in one flocking to that producing the muddy effect so often heard in early song & singing spring. Presently I discovered that they were all in in muddy a small patch of tall (Canary) grass & sweet flags just above the island. This must be an incipient roost! There were at least a dozen old males but I saw no females nor young.

1892.

Mass.

July 2

Concord. Morning clear & still with fresh, bracing air. Clouds gathering in P.M.

After breakfast I rode in the farm wagon to above Cyrus Clark's walking back and taking a few photographs by the way. Field Sparrows & Grass Finches singing. Also a Black-billed Cuckoo. An bird feeding young in the trees.

At 11 a.m. I started for Ball's Hill. On opening my boat-house I was surprised to discover a great heap Musk rats of water-soaked vegetation (largely bladderwort & not with placed on the flooring just inside the door and built up young in about the form of one of my canoes to the height of a boat house foot or more. Near the center of this heap was a deep, circular hollow as smooth and symmetrical as the cup of a Robin's nest and about as large as the interior of a Crow's nest. This was very neatly lined with fine green grass, perfectly fresh, looking wet, and all of the same kind. A brown object slipped out of this hollow as I threw back the door and passed in a hurried, shrinking attitude on the floor behind. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I made out this animal to be a large Musk rat and on examining the nest I found in the bottom of the hollow six baby Musk rats, blind, perfectly naked, with absolutely smooth tails, and skin of an uniform ^{above, reddish flesh color below,} soft mouse color. They were about as large as full grown Field Mice but, perfectly helpless lying cuddled together in a mass and writhing incessantly like so many big grubs just unearthed. The mother quickly disappeared, probably through a hole in the floor. There must have been

1892 Mass.

July 2
(No 2)

Concord. at least a bushel of material heaped up to Muskrat nest with four this nest. I am sure that none of it was there young yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock when I took one of the canoes but on my return yesterday evening it was too dark to see anything in the house. I am in doubt as to whether these young were born in the boat house last night or merely taken there by the mother from some hole in the bank flooded by the recent rise (only a few inches) of the river.

Visited this nest this evening at 7 o'clock. The mother Muskrat was, looking precisely like a great, brown, hairy bird. Soon after I opened the door she rose on her feet and I could see that the young were nursing, ~~each~~ ^{when} three of them clung to her teats ~~as~~ she finally scuttled off and two of them then fell from her belly through a crack in the floor into the water. The third dropped on the boards & I put him back into the nest.

The same thing happened again on the 3rd at about 12.30 noon when the mother Muskrat took off all her young but one, clinging to her teats. One dropped off just outside the nest, another fell through a crack into the water and one or two remained attached to her when she stopped in the back part of the boat house where, to my surprise, another adult Muskrat which I took to be her mate was found crouching under a canoe. Mr. Tolson crawled in past both Muskrats passing within three feet of them without disturbing them. Two young clung to the mother's teats. I do not yet know whether she recovers those that fell into the water. [No, all three dropped perished.]

To Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 2.
(No 3)

Concord. Sailed nearly the whole of the way to Ball's Hill being nothing of particular interest. Swallows less numerous than yesterday. I hear more Black-bellied Cuckoos than Yellow-bills now.

At 4 P.M. visited the Red-eyed Vireo's nest and found Red-eyed Vireo two of the young hatched, the third egg very dark but egg hatch not, so far as I could see, clipped. Curiously enough the parent bird was not sitting and did not appear while I was at the nest.

The Grosbeak's nest was empty and deserted. I pulled it down and found a few tufts of grayish down clinging to the lining. Probably the young have flown* since yesterday but a tragedy is not, of course, impossible. I wish now that I had examined it before this. On the ground directly beneath it I found half of the shell of one of the eggs showing that the bird usually pitched it over the edge of the nest when the young hatched.

Young Grosbeaks
have nest

Walked across my land to see Davis's hill. On its South slope among the scattering young growth of oaks in the sandy opening where the Partridges dust in the autumn I flushed a Carolina Dove directly under foot. In fact I nearly stepped on it. It went out from under a bunch of leaves. At first I supposed it was an old bird with a nest on the ground but on approaching it within a few yards, as it sat perched on a low branch of an oak looking at me with calm curiosity, I saw distinctly that it was a young bird barely able to fly well. The light edging of the feathers of the body & wings gave the plumage a pretty ^{scaled or} squamose appearance.

Young Dove

* As I pulled through the brush near the nest on July 2nd one of the old birds appeared and began to chirp, answering me in a way that the young was near.

1892.

Mass.

July 4

Concord. Clear and cool with high N.W. wind; a fine, bracing day such as we have oftentimes in autumn.

Started for Ball's Hill at 11 A.M. On opening my boat house family of I found the Muskrat on the nest. She soon started off dragging, young Muskrat as I could see distinctly, only two young attached to her tails and leaving but one in the nest. Hence I fear that three of the young have been lost through the cracks in the floor.

This is not certain, however, for when I returned from Ball's Hill at 6 P.M. to-day the three remaining young were gone and the nest dismantled the entire lining and much of the coarse outer material having been removed. At first I supposed that the entire family had left the boat house but I soon discovered a new nest in the back part just to one side of the bow of the launch canoe. In this nest the parent "Rat" had doubtless taken her young. In fact I could just make out the curve of her furry back rising above the nest. The missing three young may also be with her.

When I started out my Rob-Roy canoe this morning I was surprised to find huddled together on the floor beneath its "waist" four more Muskrats about half grown and well furred. They moved about uneasily as the canoe grated and scraped over them but none of them attempted to escape from the house and after the canoe was out all quickly quieted down and allowed me to look at them as long as I chose. They were unmistakably young of this season and doubtless offspring of the same parents as the latter about which I have just been writing. The latter have not changed in any way that I can detect since I first saw them excepting that they now show indications of a slight ridge on the dorsal line of the tail. I cannot think that I could have overlooked this at first.

To Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 4.
(No. 2)

Concord. Getting a reefed sail I sped quickly down river towards Ball's Hill. The high wind discouraged (or drowned), the singing of birds and I heard very few except Song Sparrows, Red-wings, and Bobolinks.

At 3 P.M. I walked to Davis's Hill. As I was passing Carolina Doves under a single, scraggy pitch pine which stands by the ~~water~~ road just beyond my brook and at the southern base of the hill a Carolina Dove started from a branch directly over my head and fluttered noisily and clumsily off through the trees.

Looking up I at once saw the nest which was of the usual slight construction and placed on a horizontal branch among radiating dead twigs about 15 ft. from the main trunk and 10 ft. above the ground. I had to climb the tree to see into the

nest ~~where I found that it~~ ^{which} contained two eggs ~~which~~ looked slightly incubated. There can be little doubt I think that this is a second laying by the parents of the young bird which I saw yesterday for the latter was in the same place of woods, in fact not 40 yds. from this nest, and there has been but one pair of old Doves on this part of my land this season. A ♂ cooed a few times near my cabin to-day.

Visiting the Red-eyed Vireo's nest I found it empty and deserted but in no way torn or dismounted. I suppose the Jays discovered and plundered it. I am sorry now that I did not visit it yesterday. Its history in brief is as follows:

History of nest
of Red-eyed Vireo

June 17. just finished and empty but bird sitting.

" 18. 9.15 A.M. One egg. Bird absent at first. Returned before I left nest & huddled but did not go on.

" 20. 2 P.M. Three eggs, no bird on or near nest. ^{colored, 8(?) sitting}

" 21. 1.30 P.M. no bird, 4 P.M. bird sitting. July 1. eggs very dark.

July 2. 4 P.M. Two eggs hatched. Bird sitting (I think the ♂).

" 4. nest empty & evidently plundered.

1892 Mass.July 4
(No. 3)

Concord. As I was on my way homeward late this afternoon I heard Kingfishers rattling in several different places at once among the maples at Dabkin's brood. Presently I saw one, a young bird evidently just from the nest, sitting on a branch directly above me cocking up its little stub tail and erecting and lowering its slight crest precisely in the manner of the old bird. Its rattle also was ~~at~~ very much more interestingly variable than that of an adult Kingfisher. In fact it sounded a little weaker and was rather shorter. These young Kingfishers (there were at least two or three of them here) were raised in a nest in a small sand bank on the N. W. slope of Dabkin's hill. As I sailed down the river this morning I heard them rattling in the pitch pine woods about midway between the river and the sand bank and also saw the old Kingfisher fly back from the river carrying a fish in her bill and disappear among the pines whence the rattling came. Hence I conclude that these young came to the river for the first time this afternoon. They were very clumsy & feeble on the wing and seemed able to fly only a few rods at a time. They showed little fear of me and I could only make them fly by splashing water at them with my paddle.

On my way back to and from Dabkin's hill I heard in Young of
a group of white oaks by Hunt's Landing several young birds Yellow-th. Vireos
which uttered at short, regular intervals a curious sound resembling slightly (or perhaps only suggesting) a short, harsh sneeze. They proved to be Yellow throated Vireos. When the parent came to feed one of them I at once recognized the resemblance between her scolding te-hey and the notes of the young just described.
Grass Finches singing freely this day through.

1892.

July 5

Mass.

Concord. Another fine, cool day with light S. wind, and deep blue sky sprinkled with white cumulus clouds.

Two young Orioles left the nest in the elm in front of the
Butcher's on the 1st inst but at least one of them had still
clung to it as late as the forenoon of the 3rd. They were
all out yesterday but one remained in the tree last evening.
This morning two were calling in one elm on the opposite
side of the road and both parents were busily engaged in
supplying them with food. The father went to the orchard,
but the mother, so long as I watched her, regularly flew
down into the tall, current English grass in Mr. Hughes's field
where, after pecking on a weed head for a moment, she hopped
down to the ground and was of course lost to view. As she came
flying back I was struck by the tone of mingled anxiety &
interrogation of her low call. "Where? where?" she seemed to
say. "Here we are" (Here we are falling inflection*) both
young would promptly answer and then, as she alighted
near them, would repeat and extend this to: "Here we are
ma-ma, here we are, ma-ma". It really required
almost no imagination to fit those words to the calls
in question and now that they have occurred to me
the calling of young Orioles will no longer be to my
ears, as it always has been, a disagreeable sound.

On May 16th I first saw the pair of Orioles in the elm where this house has been successfully reared. The male was probably ~~about~~ the house before this but if so I failed to distinguish him from migrating birds. On the 16th, about noon, he came into the elm with his mate and flying to the exact spot where the nest was afterwards built clinging with feet wide apart between the pendulous twigs for a minute or more uttering a low, continuous chattering

Board of
Young Artists

#1 A week later ^{when} this call came
had become louder and sweeter &
often bore a strong resemblance to
the whistle of the Great Horned
the form being almost identical.

History of
Phivle's nest.

1892 Mass.

July 5
(No 2)

Conrad - evidently begging the female to come and he select a peculiarly favorable nesting site he found, but she meanwhile was feeding busily in another part of the tree and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. Then of four days later, however, I saw her weaving the first strands in among the twigs. The nest was not finished until May 30th.

Several Rose-breasted Grosbeaks ~~saw~~ in the cherry tree by the house this afternoon and one, an old bird, sang a little in subdued tones. They were eating cherries. Grosbeaks
eating cherries

The Flickers in the nest by the landing are fully feathered and on the point of flying, I should say. I examined them all carefully this afternoon and could see little ^{or no} difference in them, certainly not enough to warrant the separation of the sexes by plumage. ~~about~~ ^{in fact} they all looked exactly like males for in all the black ~~markings~~ ^{markings} was very pronounced. They even in respect to the "mustache" which is now about equally black and conspicuous with them all, although a few days ago it was comparatively pale & indistinct with two birds which I then took to be females. I should not now venture to attempt any separation of the sexes in this brood by their present external characters. Up to within a few days (it succeeded ^{last} on the 3rd) it was easy enough to start all these young clamoring for food by rattling or scratching the bark on the outside of the stump but either they have learned to detect the imposition or they have become wiser they & ~~silence~~ ^{silence} of the latter I think is the real explanation) for both yesterday and to-day I tried in vain to elicit any sound from them. ~~Since the day~~ ^{Since the day} ~~when~~ ^{when} I was working on my canoe under the tree ~~then~~ ^{then} for

1892 Mass.

July 5
(No 3)

Concord - nearly two hours making scarcely any noise, ^{Brood of} however. During this time I did not hear a sound from young Flickers. The young Woodpeckers came once when their parent came into the tree ~~and~~ and, seeing me probably, called anxiously a number of times using the long Cough but giving it in soft, low tones. To this the young responded with a subdued chatter. The parent bird did not go to the nest and soon flew off.

The young have not as yet climbed to the top of the cavity. They sit or rather squat in the bottom, tails in, breasts against the walls, bills pointing upwards filling the space with a mass of mottled black, brown & drab plumage, above which, ~~presenting~~ ^{presenting} upwards, rise the five long bills each tipped with white as already described. Their glistering dark eyes are also conspicuous and they wink frequently. ~~as one watches them.~~ I took out one to-day when it struggled violently and set up a loud, shrill screaming. I could see ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~hatched egg among them.~~ The nest now has a rank, foul smell but the plumage of the young is clean and perfectly free from vermin. ~~Each~~ ^{Each} young bird still has the ivory white ^{conspicuous} mark on the tip of the upper mandible and also a ^{whitish} glandular excrescence on each side of the lower mandible at its base. This excrescence is flattened and about as large as O.

Evening walk up Estabrook road.

1892. Mass

July 5
(no 4)

Concord. After tea this evening I took a walk up the Estabrook road to Clark's and beyond through Dutton's lane to the swamp where the brook crosses the pasture. The weather was cool with a puff of East wind every now and then. The sunset was glorious and unusually prolonged and varied with great clouds piled up in the west changing constantly in color, form and arrangement. There was almost if not quite as much and as vigorous bird singing as one would hear of one early June evening: Robins, Cat Birds, Song Sparrows, Black-billed Cuckoos, Least Flycatchers, Bluebirds—all these in full song, and everywhere throughout the close-cropped pastures rose the tender, soothing chant of the Grass Finches. In Dutton's lane I heard a Nashville Warbler in full song, the only instance which I remember of July singing in this part of New England the Nashville being one of the first of our birds to become silent. A Thrasher also sang fully near this lane for ten minutes or more and in the swamp I heard a Chestnut-sided Warbler and a hooded Merganser besides a Maryland Yellow-throat and the flight songs of several Oven-birds.

Birds sing
freely.Sings singing
Nashville War.Thrasher in
full song.

Twilight was deepening into night when I turned back and entered the large pasture just beyond Clark's but the Grass Finches (two of them) were still singing there. Approaching within 20 yds. of one which I could see dimly ~~about~~ sitting on a large boulder I lay down on the turf and listened until it ceased. One must be very near this bird to get the best effect of its song. I know of no other sound in nature which so rests and soothes ~~my~~ me. It is like the touch of a soft hand and steals through all the senses quickening

Song of the
Grass Finches.

1892 Mass

July 5
(No 5)

Concord - the nerves and bringing peace and rest.

After my bird had finished singing he joined his mate on the ground within a few yards of me where both crouched about for several minutes among the short thin grass very close and then raising their heads to look at me. May Heaven keep them from the villainous black cat which I found in, and drove from, this pasture house where I entered it this evening.

Just before the Grass Finches ceased singing a Whippoorwill began in the woods beyond Dutcher's. I heard it at frequent intervals but the song was very brief, from ten to fifteen "whippoorwills" early. It became silent after dark.

Whippoorwill

It is worthy of remark that our birds sing most freely and gaily at all hours of the day on very warm ^{days} early in the season - at least up to the middle of June - and later in cool weather.

Birds sing
most freely in
cool weather
at this season

The singing during the past two days and especially this evening has been perhaps remarkable for this season but I have noted the same thing - in the marked effect of a change to cooler weather in the early summer - in former years.

1892 Mass.

July 6

Concord. A fine day, clear, warm in the sun, cool in the shade, wind light from E. to S.W.

Spent most of the day at my boat-house watching *Phellina* nest. Some changes in the fittings of a canoe and, during the latter part of the afternoon, watching the *Phellina*'s nest. The bird was shy and suspicious at first but soon became sufficiently accustomed to my presence to feed her young in the thump while I was sitting in my canoe within ten feet of the bow of the boat and not over fifteen feet from the nest. I should add, however, that I was practically sheltered by my canoe and under which I sat raising one side just enough to peep out. When I took down the tent and sat wholly exposed to the bird's view I was unable to feed her young although she several times walked her way timidly to the thump & then fled in a panic. I shall reserve my notes on the feeding of the young until I see it again to-morrow for there are one or two points about which I am not yet quite clear.

There were four half grown Muskrat rats in my boat house to day & one crawling into the back part. I distinctly saw the old female "sitting" on her new nest when I left her undisturbed. An hour or two later I heard one of her young calling fully and incessantly as if hungry. Muskrat rats in my boat house

Birds have been busy about our house and at the river all day. I have heard all the common species which haunt the neighborhood except the Bobolinks which seems to have stopped singing within a day or two. May cutting has only just begun owing to protracted foul weather. I think the young Bobolinks have escaped probably safe. May cutting cuts. Young Bobolinks

Evening walk up Estabrook road.

1892

Mass.

July 6

(no 2)

Concord. - After tea I started for a walk taking the Estabrook road. As I turned the corner just beyond Burnell I passed nearly under a Meadow Lark which was sitting ^{Meadow Lark} on the topmost spray of a grey birch calling *piäp, piäp, piä-piä-piä* the last three notes ringing out like the blast of a trumpet. At each utterance of this cry the bill was opened abnormally wide, the tips of the closed wings twitched nervously and the tail spread wide showing the white lateral feathers. The bird evidently had young in the tall grass just over the wall.

Reaching the pasture just beyond Clark's I turned in through the bars and sat down on a large boulder to watch the sunset which passed unusually fine and picturesque.

On my arrival two Larks and a Meadow Lark were whistling in the meadow to the westward and Grass Finches chanting in every direction far and near while a Song Sparrow, Chipping and Robin were heard at intervals. Presently a Phoebe descended from Dutton's house took an extended song flight ^{Song of the Phoebe} then after returning to the earth sang in the usual manner for some time. The notes of this bird's song have in strangely mixed degree both a sweet and a hoarse quality. Next a Yellow-winged Sparrow gave the spattering madly long in the distance and then sang at regular intervals the normal *zee-e-e-e*. Then came several Tree Toads bellowing apparently in this along the edge of the meadow. Both Larks stopped whistling about 20 minutes after sunset when the light is still good and before any of the other birds become silent. I hear no Robins in this pasture although they have been singing freely and well through the day at the Backsticks.

1892 Mon.

July 6
(No 3)Concord. - The following notes were jotted down on the spot: Birds singing at evening

7.44 Twilight deepening. Pewee, Song Sparrow, Robins and Grass Finches the only birds singing now.

7.47. Only the Grass Finches now; their chanting very solemn and impressive in the still, sweet evening air.

7.50. One Field Sparrow (not heard before). Grass Finches still singing.

7.53. Cat. bird sings a few notes then stops. Pewee chirps.

7.55. One Grass Finch over.

7.56. Robin begins singing steadily.

7.57. " still singing. Grass Finch sings over.

7.57½ " silent. Grass Finch sings.

7.58. A Robin in a bush behind me utters a loud outcry and turning I see a Long-eared Owl, a Long-eared Owl

smallish bird, evidently a male, flying rather heavily its legs hanging down & bearing something in its claws. It follows the line of trees along Dutton's Lane keeping just above them and I watch it for half a mile or more until it is lost to sight against a group of pines near Bow Meadows. The flight is straight and labored, the wing-beats nearly incessant with only an occasional interval of pausing. The bird looks much like a Short-eared Owl but the flight is heavier & more direct.

8.00. Bay-wing (Grass Finch) sings over for the last time and is interrupted by a Chipping Sparrow who starts off with 35 repetitions of his note and after a silence of half a minute repeats it 54 times. The twilight is fast deepening into night.

Early in the evening I saw a Green Heron start from the woods beyond Dutton's and fly out of sight towards the west.

1892. Mass.

July 7

Concord. - Clear with floating cloud masses and light E. to S. wind. Much cooler a day as yesterday but warmer.

Spent the entire forenoon at the Buttericks' landing watching Musk rats the brood of young Killers and the Muskrats. There in my boat house were four of the latter in my boat house under my canoe and ~~one~~ fifth beneath the boat house in the water. I drew out the canoe without disturbing them and then crawled in. When I was within about four feet of them three scuttled across the house and plunged down through a crack between the boards into the water. The fourth remained perfectly still and presently began to scratch his head with his hind paw. I cautiously thrust out a long straw head of one and assisted. He started and showed his teeth for a moment turning on the straw as if to bite it but soon quitted down again when, dropping the straw, I substituted my forefinger and, of course, ^{now} worked to much better advantage. At first giving the back of the head a thorough scratching, ~~next~~ taking the sides of the neck and finally stroking the back down to the tail. It was difficult to realize that I was actually handling a ~~wild~~ and perfectly free Muskrat for after the first slight show of resentment no further could have been gotten and more confiding. In a little while the eyes began to close and the animal gradually sank down on one side and was soon apparently fast asleep.

Meanwhile the other three Muskrats had returned and were sitting in a group on the floor some four or five feet away. So I turned my attention to them. They evidently regarded me with some distrust for whenever I advanced my hand ~~towards them~~ they would scuttle to the nearest crack and prepare to take to the

1892

July 7
Wed

Mass.

Concord. - water. Seeing this I sat still and watched ^{four} ~~them~~ muskrats for nearly half an hour. They were evidently drowsy and somewhat annoyed by the glaring light (it was near noon of a sunny day) which came in through the open doors for they blinked continuously and often closed their eyes ^{for several minutes at a time}. Very now and then one would ^{by a slow and gently} go to sleep without sitting in the usual crouching posture or on his side, curled up like a cat; but his slumbers were sure to be soon interrupted by one of the others who would creep up to him and nuzzle the end of his tail playfully when the sleeper would of course awake and retaliate by an equally good natured nip or perhaps would ^{terminate} ~~him~~ ^{between both fore paws} when the two would roll over and one in great glee waving their long tails about. These gambols were less animated and more clumsy than those of kittens and resembled most those of young Bears. A favorite occupation seemed to be biting at real or imaginary fleas, the muskrat sometimes operating on his own person but usually on that of one of his companions. Once two went to work most vigorously on a third which, sitting directly between them, seemed to enjoy their attentions exceedingly. At length all three went to sleep huddled close together on the floor, heads and bodies intermingled together, presenting the appearance of a great mound of fur. There was some growling & sniffing at first but soon all were sound asleep. I moved a little and made a slight noise when all sprang up and scattered in great alarm, but after getting a good look at me became quickly reassured and prepared for another nap to which I left them. Then four (a fine) muskrats were

1892 Mass.

July 7
(no 3)

Concord, - all of about the same size and perhaps Young
two-thirds grown. At this age they are evidently social, muscular
gentle, playful, confident creatures but I fear also somewhat
thriftless and phlegmatic as compared with the young
of most of our wild mammals. It is worthy of remark
that they have made the usual stools ^{at least} wherever they are
in the habit of sitting and that in no instance have
I seen one remain for more than a few moments on
the bare floor. The stools are composed of small quantities
of aquatic plants, chiefly bladderwort, carelessly arranged
in a circle. They are invariably kept dripping wet. The
question arises at once do they use the purpose of
cushions or that of sponges - to keep the occupant of
the seat agreeably moist and cool?

Yesterday when I crawled into the house I distinctly
saw the large mother muskrat on her new nest under
the bow of my canoe and later I heard at least
one of the young of her last litter calling in feeble
tones. To-day the nest was deserted and empty but
one of the young, still naked, blind, and apparently
no larger than when I saw it first, lay dead on
the floor outside the skin. The mother was not
in or under the house while I was there.

The half grown young make frequent excursions
from the house at all hours of the day sometimes
going to & from a hole in the neighboring bank,
keeping under water the entire distance, at others
showing themselves boldly and swimming across
& up the river. They have killed large numbers
of muskels on the barrels which float the house.
Concerning the young Woodchucks I will mention as follows:

History of Flicker's nest.

1892 Mass.July 7
(no 4)

Concord. Late in May I noticed for the first time a Flicker's hole—then apparently nearly completed—in a very rotten stump covered externally with gray lichens and a species of woody fungus and forming one of seven upright, diverging stems, the remaining six still living, and all evidently sprouts from the same roots; the tree being an ancient white maple which stands on the edge of the vine within a few yards of my boat-house. The trunk of a tall elm rises through and spreads its top above the maple. When I first saw the Flicker's hole there were two other inhabited nests in this old stump, a Downy Woodpecker's near the top and, a little lower down, an old hole of the same species then ^{occupied} ~~inhabited~~ by a pair of Bluebirds. The Flicker's nest was still lower down—about ten feet above the ground.

The Bluebirds first, and shortly afterwards the Downy Woodpeckers, reared and took away their young after which a pair of House Sparrows ~~then~~ entered into possession of the hole which the Downies had just vacated. Scarcely had the female Sparrow laid her eggs when a boy attempting to climb ^{the stump} ~~the Flicker's nest~~ broke it off squarely at the ~~stump's~~ ^{extreme} base of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{tree} for two weeks or more previous to this I had daily started one or other of the Flickers from the nest as I passed it on the way to my boat-house but beyond the fact that their hearing was so keen that, tread as softly as I might, I could never quite reach the tree without alarming them and that during this period (when, as will presently appear, incubation must have ^{been} constantly going on) they were frequently at work pecking at the inside of the

History of Flicker's nest

1892 Mass.

July 7
(No 5)

Concord. - thanks I learned but little of their domestic economy.

^{accident to the} The ^{happened} ~~thump was broken off on~~ June 23rd at about noon. An hour or two later I climbed the tree and looked down into the Flicker's nest which was now entirely open at the top. In the bottom lay five young of about the size of a bluebellied House Sparrow and perfectly naked. Their eyes were tightly closed and I judged them to be at that time not more than a week old. They were writhing and shivering perceptibly the air being cool and damp at the time. I watched the nest for nearly an hour but no old bird came to it. and before I left the place a cold rain storm began and lasted through the following night. Hence when I left Concord the next morning I supposed that the young Flickers had been deserted by their parents and would speedily die.

But ~~after my return~~, on the morning of July 1st when I next visited the nest, ~~I found~~ ^{to be} all five young proved ^{more than} ~~to be~~ ^{alive and vigorous.} In fact they had ^{scarcely} ~~scarcely~~ doubled in size and were now well feathered on the head and body while the quills and tail feathers were sprouting. The eyes of course were now open. ~~With~~ ^{With} all the upper mandibles ~~it~~ ^{each} was broadly tipped with ivory white. This ^{conspicuous} ~~white~~ ^{mark} looked ^{so} exactly like the hardened, spear-like process which enables young birds of many (?) species to chip their way out of the shell and which they often wear on their bills for several days after hatching that it was not until I had taken several of these Flickers from the nests and passing my finger along the bill

History of Flicker's nest

1892

July 7
(no 7)

Mass.

Concord. The male Flicker was at first very much afraid of me and would not go to the nest which I was near. But he gradually became accustomed to my presence and when I covered myself partially by means of a small canvas tent he would visit the nest when I was sitting in the canoe almost directly beneath it. Thus I watched the operation of feeding the young from a distance of not over 15 feet. It was performed as follows:

The parent bird returning after an absence of from eighteen or twenty to fifty minutes would first alight in the upper part of the maple among the foliage. If everything was quiet below he would quickly descend and perch on the edge of the hole sometimes alighting there but often striking against the trunk, down and running up. If he saw or heard anything to arouse his suspicions he would ~~approach~~ ^{on the contrary} ~~approach~~ ^{approach} the nest slowly and with great caution taking short flights or scrambling backwards down the ~~side of~~ ^{keeping behind it} maple trunk, ~~occasionally peeping out or down at me,~~ ^{peeping out at frequent intervals,} and frequently uttering a few disconnected notes of the usual laugh, giving them slowly and somewhat disconnectedly in peculiarly soft, unvaried tone. He also uttered a cry which I do not remember to have heard before, a low, anxious wai or wai-a, a note of enquiry seemingly for it was invariably and instantly answered by a burst of laughter from the young. Occasionally this wai cry would be given several times in succession and then ^{directly} ~~then~~ ^{into} the laughing call. At the first rattle of their parents' claws on the outer surface of the stump the young would appear at

History of Flicker's nest.

1892. Mass.

July 7
(no 8)

Conced the top of their burrow and ^{the} five pink-lined mouths would be opened wide, all clamoring loudly for food. Standing on the edge of the hole the parent would select one—usually the nearest I thought—and bending forward and down would drive his bill to its base into the gaping mouth which instantly closed tightly around it. When the head and bill of the parent were worked up and down with great rapidity for from one to one and one half seconds (timed with a stop watch) the young meanwhile holding on desperately and apparently ^{never} once losing its grasp, although its ^{parent's} head was jerked up and down most violently. The first or entering downward thrust of the parent's bill looked like a vicious stab the bird apparently striking with all his force as if with the design of piercing his offspring to the vitals. The subsequent up and down motion was invariably rapid and regular and resembled the bill movement of a Woodpecker while "drumming". It also suggested the stroke of a piston.

It was always accompanied by a marked, ~~and~~ ^{and apparently} equally rapid ^{or} corresponding twitching of the tail and hinder parts of the body and a slighter movement of the wings.

As already stated the contact of bills lasted from one minute to a minute and a quarter. At its termination the parent would suddenly resume an erect position and look keenly around at the same time opening and shutting his bill, running out his tongue and working the upper portion of the throat slightly. This action puzzled me at first. It looked as if the bird were ^{at first} tasting and afterwards

History of *Blackbird* nest.

1892. Mass.

July 7.
No 91

Concord swallowing something which it had obtained from the mouth of the young. After watching it closely many times I finally came to the conclusion that it was for the purpose of regaining small particles of food which, falling to lodge in the throat of the young, were drawn out adhering to the parent's bill. On one occasion I distinctly saw the old bird while thus taking drop a nub off something from the tip of the bill and then bending forward pick it up from the tip of the throat and swallow it. The object thus dropped and recovered looked like a large black ant.

If interrupted during this process of ~~swallowing~~ pumping food down the throat of ~~its offspring~~ ^{a young bird} as the parent occasionally ^{was} by some ^{mother} ~~old~~ ^{often} ~~bird~~ ^{bird} which I made the ^{old} ~~bird~~ would ^{often} ~~bird~~ find the same youngsters twice or even three in succession but this never happened when the first period of contact was of normal length.

After resting and taking for a moment the parent would again bend forward and regard his offspring attentively for a brief space apparently hesitating which one to take next. The choice made the operation just described would be exactly repeated. Four young were usually fed at each visit but sometimes only three and once but one. When the number was less than four I think the bird took some alarm and starting off thought it not worth while to return. In no instance were more than four young fed. Whether the fifth was ^{desired} ~~desired~~ first or not at the next visit I had no means of determining.

History of Flicker's nest.

1892. Mass.

July 7
(No 10)

Concord. - The time which the old bird spent at the nest rarely exceeded half a minute. On leaving it he always flew straight off over the open fields to a distance of at least a quarter of a mile beyond which I lost sight of him behind some trees. His return was with equal regularity made by way of an orchard (which extends down to the landing from the neighboring hillside) and so ^{stealthily} ~~secretly~~ that I rarely saw him until he came into the tree and sometimes not until he appeared at the opening ^{to} ~~of~~ the nest. His bill was always closed up to the moment of contact with that of the first young selected and I could detect no enlargement of the throat or other evidence that his mouth contained food. In fact it was clear enough that ^{he} swallowed all the food which he obtained during these trips and afterwards regurgitated it to the young by a process of regurgitation. What this food consisted of I can only conjecture for I did not succeed in finding any of it in the nest or attached to the bills of the young. I could not bring myself to kill one of the latter and settle the point in that way.

On the morning of the 6th I found the young for the first time clinging to the walls of their cell about midway between the bottom & top. Later in the day they showed their heads at the opening when the parent came to feed them and on the 7th they spent much of their time peeping out over the rim ~~and~~ with evident curiosity and interest and two climbed quite outside at one time. When a boat appeared on the river was any further away.

History of Flicker's nest.

1892. Mass.

July 7
(no 11)

Concord they would all instantly and silently slip back out of sight. On the 7th and frequently afterwards I heard them tapping on the interior of the old shell.

At six o'clock on the evening of the 9th I looked into the nest and counted all five of the young. They seemed to ^{be} fully grown and perfectly feathered. All were colored precisely alike as far as I could see and every one had the black moustache as extensive, deeply-colored and conspicuous as in the typical adult male of this species. The white marks on the end of the bill had been diminishing for several days before this and on this evening I noticed that in two or three birds it had almost wholly disappeared while in the others it was now confined to the extreme tip of the bill.

Four of the young had left the nest when I inspected it at 11 A.M. July 10th. The fifth bird was still in the nest at 5 P.M. of the 10th but he had left it at 3 P.M. next day (11th) and was sitting on one of the upper branches of the tree, calling *pe-uk*. This cry was regularly answered from the orchard behind and from at least two places across the river. Evidently the young were not already ~~fully~~ ^{somewhat} feathered. Their cries were fresher than those of an old bird but otherwise similar.

The nest was left in a terribly foul state the bottom being a disgusting mass of muddy excrement alive with wriggling worms. I do not think that the Flicker ever removes the excrement of its young. These young, however, managed to keep very clean and all, as far as I could discover, were perfectly free from vermin.

History of *Merula migratoria*

1892 Mass.

July 7 Concord. The following are my condensed notes on the
(No 12) visits of the old bird to the young:

July 6

- 3.13 P.M. ♂ parent comes and feeds young. He tips down
5 times in all. I cannot see young.
3.32 " ♂ arrives, tips down 7 times but most of
these contacts very brief.
3.55 " ♂ arrives, feeds young four times. Young still hidden
4.20 " ♂ " sees me & flies away.
4.40 " " Returns and feeds 4 young once each
5.04 " " " " " " " "
5.21 " " " " " " " "
6.00 " " " " " " / " takes alarm & leaves

July 7

- 7.32 A.M. ♂ arrives at nest & feeds 4 young.
9.55 " " ♂ " " " " " "
10.25 " " ♂ " " " " " "

On his next return at about 11 A.M. I am sitting in my
boat directly under the nest. He remains in ^{there} until 12.20
calling & flitting or climbing about, not daring to come to nest.
Finally he flies away & I leave also.

[A further record in this journal under date July 9 (1.4)]

Evening walk to Dutton's.

1892. Mass.July 7
(no 13)

Concord. After tea I walked to Clark's and turned into the pasture just beyond. The evening similar to the last two but warmer, the breeze again refresh. I sat down on a rock for a few moments to listen to the birds. Song Sparrows, Grass Finches, Meadow Larks and Indigo Buntings, a Grosbeak fitfully, a Field Sparrow once giving the exquisite, varied hummer song. A Phoebe mounts over Dutton's and sings in wing but the song is short & listless. I hear the rattle of distant mowing machines in two directions.

Next past Dutton's following the old lane down to the edge of the swamp. A Towhee and Chestnut-sided Warbler in full song near the bars by the swamp edge, a Hooded Merganser in distance. Now a Maryland Yellow-throat and Oven Bird sing. Next a Cat Bird after a parade of low, muffled notes burst out in full and vigorous singing. A Cuckoo gives the warbling hummer song and a Maryland Yellow-throat the flight song. Two Swifts dash past just over the tops of the birches. Now a Tanager sings just on the border of our shot. Tree Toads are calling and Green Frogs lunging in the swamp. No Robins nor Red-eyed Vireos here. The air of the swamp is cool and damp. A Bat is darting to and fro along the lane and innumerable white moths flickering about among the foliage of the trees & bushes.

Next to the "new pasture" where I again sat myself on a rock. Thrashers, Robins and Cat Birds scolding or calling but only one bird sings a Field Sparrow at 7.50. There are Green Frog voices near; from a swampy hollow & Tree Toads from the woods. Now (7.55) the Whip-poor-will starts singing near Dutton's. A few fire flies flit across the pasture & I hear hummer crickets.

As I am walking back along the road near the large white oak I hear a low, plaintive cry (yip) which seems to come now from in front now from behind me. After

Hairy Thrasher

1892

Mass.

July 7

(no 14)

Concord... walking hurriedly but shakily back and forth
I at length see something which looks very like a reed hopping
along in the middle of the road at my feet. It proves to
be a young Thrush scarce half grown and unable to fly.
As I pick it up it jumps more loudly and the parent bird
appears and flutters about in great distress calling tan, tan
and uttering a scolding che-a-a-a. I do not hear the phew
which my birds with young at Ball's Hill gave so often.

As I pass Clark's two Whippoorwills are singing, one in
the fields to the W. the other in an orchard very near me.
The latter ceases and immediately afterwards I hear a
low zip repeated a number of times and answered by
another bird in the back part of the orchard. Is this
a call of the Whippoorwill. I do not remember ever
hearing it before.

Whippoorwill

Evening walk to Dutton's Pratt's.

1892. Mass.

July 8

Concord. Clear and warm, clouds gathering in the west late in the afternoon. Light E, S. E., & S. W. winds.

Spent the day in or near the house writing most of the time. After tea started for my usual evening walk. The western sky was black with ominous-looking clouds and there was no color in the sunset but the sky cleared by 8 and the moon rose a little later and flooded the woods and fields with soft light.

Opposite the Burwells' a Meadow Lark anxious about her young - one of which I afterwards started from a nearby mown field & which could fly well - called tehääp, tehääp-äp-pi-i-i, tehääp-äp-pi, or tehääp-äp-pi-pi occasionally chattering (t-t-t-t-t-t-i-i). These calls were similar to those noted on the 6th but are more carefully & correctly rendered here.

Meadow Lark
with young

As I walked along the quiet country road & down through the hollow across Duby's brook I heard Meadow Larks, Song Sparrows, Grass Finches, Yellow Warblers & Chipping's in full song. I also saw a young Cow-bird but could not get a good sight at the proper season.

Grass Finches, Song Sparrow, a Field Sparrow and a Robin were singing in or near Sunset Pasture. I did not pass there as usual but keeping on past the big oak took the old wood path through the "Common lot." A Towhee was singing steadily among some birches on the right and a Wood Thrush in the distance near Rhodora Pool. A White Blue Jay flitted on before me. The lanes were heavily embowered in foliage and the light there was dim & rather gloomy. In fact I felt a distinct sense of relief when I emerged into the open pine woods in the back part of the Pratt farm. As I entered these pines

1892

Mass.

July 8

No 2)

Concord. - a Hood Masher was singing in the trees and I sat down to listen. Presently he came into a tree nearly over me and then a second bird began singing behind me while a few moments later a third started up on my right. I have not heard such a concert since those Hummers for years and, I think, never before in Mass. How they made the woods ring and echo with their solemn chords. The bell-like notes quivered and trembled in the still air and showered down from the pine foliage like rain drops when the wind shakes the trees. It was most impressive and thrilled me as deeply as has ever the music of a cathedral choir. - Now and then a bird would stop singing and utter a sharp challenging whit-wit-wit-wit-wit or give a low rolling call very like that of our Tree Toad. A Black-bellied Cuckoo also sang in the pines and a Creeper (*Merula*) in the oaks beyond. When I came out into Pratt's field the light was fading fast and only a Cat-bird and Robin were singing. Their notes sounded irregularly flat and commonplace after the Hood Mashers one of which I could still hear in the distance. As I passed out of the field into Pratt's lane a Field Sparrow sang over. Tree Toads calling every where to - right apparently in the trees.

Concord, Mass.

Hood Mashers

1892 Mass.

July 9

Ball's Hill.

Concord. Forenoon clear with light S.W. wind. Afternoon cloudy with a few dashes of rain. Cool but damp.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. Sailing down in my canoe. Red-wings, Song Sparrows and Yellow Warblers were singing freely and I heard one Bobolink in full song, one Field Sparrow, three Yellow-billed Cuckoos, a Cat-bird and a Vireo.

A Song-billed Marsh Wren was singing near the Hotel and two Short-bills in the tall Canary grass on the North side of the Beaver dam rapid. These Short-bills are new comers to the meadow. I stopped to listen to them (on my return) and noted their songs on the spot as follows: Chieep, chieep, ee chieep, chee-chee-chee-chee or chieep, chieep, ee-chee chee-chee-chee chee or chieep, chieep, chee-r-r-r-r-r (the termination a trill much like the Swamp Sparrows but less sustained).

Song of the
Short-billed
Marsh Wren

Both birds gave all these variations.

There were no Grackles along the river to day and I have seen none there for nearly two weeks. Probably they left when the supply of birds eggs ran out.

Grackles leave
river.

Hill roses and elder bloom still line the banks in places. The rose mallows plants are now conspicuous but not of course in bloom as yet.

At Ball's Hill I examined the Robin's nest by my cabin door and found that it held young about half grown but without feathers.

Robin's nest


In the Swamp behind the hill a Thrasher, Towhee and Grosbeak were singing vigorously and steadily.

This is the only Thrasher that I have heard in full song for several days. Can it have a second nest?

Thrasher in
full song

Probably the cool, cloudy weather tempted it to raise up its voice again. The Grosbeak certainly does not back down.

1892. Mass.July 9
(no 2)

Concord. Visiting the Carolina Dove's nest in the pine
by the brook at Davis's hill I found the bird on
and approached within a few yards of her but did
not frighten her off. She sat absolutely motionless with
tail closed and raised, head held high and neck
strongly arched thus . Her large dark eye was
fixed on me and did not once wink while I was
looking at her through my glass (two or three minutes).

Nest of
Carolina Dove.

Wilson's Thrushes were singing freely both in my
swamp and on Holder's hill.

Bank Swallows have appeared on the river with their
young since I last went down stream. I counted no
less than seven broods to-day with 3, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, and
5 young respectively. The young of each brood were perched
within a few feet or inches of each other usually on the
leafy branch of a maple or willow low over the water but
sometimes on a dead branch. The parents (both sexes) were
feeding them largely if not wholly with ~~young~~ small insects.

Young Bank
Swallows.

When the parent bird approached the latter would open
its mouth wide and chatter loudly at the same time
quivering its wings. It usually received the insect in the
tip of its bill and swallowed it at once. The parent
never seemed to hesitate in its choice of the young
bird which it afterwards fed but flew directly to
one or other of the fluffy little group. Once I saw
an old Swallow feed the same young bird three
times in succession although four other young were
huddled together not four feet off.

Bank Swallows were present in about the usual
numbers and I saw no young birds among them.
A Green Heron stalked from the bushes at Hunt's Pond.

1892.

July 9
(no 3)Mass.

Concord. Young Kingfishers, very tame, and still with noticeably short tails and crests, were scattered all along the river. Of course I saw the same birds many times but there must have been four or five of them in all. The parent birds did not seem to be attending them and I was thinking about this and wondering when and how the young begin to catch fish when one of them fluttered feebly out over the water and rising clumsily for a moment down down in the usual manner but just before he reached the surface he turned upward again. Thus my question was at least partially answered.

Young King-
fishers.

Musk Tortoises (the small snapping turtles) were out on the branches of trees and bushes over the water in considerable numbers to-day but I saw no Painted Tortoises. In a sandy, open field on my land, where Tortoises came out numerous to long in May I found to-day a large number of egg shells by the side of a hole which a Skunk had evidently dug. The Skunk must have been smart to detect the presence of these eggs four or five inches under ground.

Reached the Buttricks at 3 P.M. and spent nearly three hours sitting in my canoe watching the Flicker's nest. It was raining part of the time. This is my record. 3-4 P.M. No old bird. Young impatient looking out of hole and pecking at the trunk within.

Flicker's nest

4.10. ♂ parent comes into tree and laughs. Young all over show themselves and two of them climb quite inside the nest and sit erect on the top of the stump talking pe-uk exactly like an

1892. Mass.

July 9
(no 4.)

Concord - old bird. After a moment or two of this the father appears at the nest and feeds three young in plain sight of me. I notice no near points.

4.50 ♂ parent returns and Coughs in the tree but does not go to nest.

5.00. He arrives at the nest silently so that the catering of the young is my first warning of his presence. Three young only are fed this time.

5.21. ♂ comes again silently. I see only two young fed but a third may have been attended to before I looked up. It is raining and the young are all out of sight within the hole during the feeding process.

6.00 P.M. ♂ comes just as I am leaving and brings me 'flies away.

I may as well complete the history of this nest here. On July 10 I visited the nest at 11 A.M. and found only one young bird within. I looked for the others in all the neighboring trees but could not find any of them. An old Flicker was calling at intervals on the other side of the river. At 5 P.M. the single young bird was still in the nest. He seemed to be fully feathered and in full health and vigor.

I next visited the nest at 3 P.M. on the 11th and found it empty. It was exceedingly foul the bottom being covered with a mass of mud and highly offensive excrement which was also with small writhing worms.

Several young of the 11th ^{small} young Flickers, doubtless the scattered members of this brood, were calling on both sides of the river, one being in the leafy top of the maple by the landing. All gave a false see uh.

1892. Mass.

To Fairhaven Bay.

July 10 Concord. Clear and very warm with light N. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I walked out along the Estabrook Road to beyond Mrs. Merrill's. An Indigo Bird singing in bushes along a wall in Mr. Dwyer's field and a Yellow-winged Sparrow in a field toward Merriam's corner.

The Meadow Larks were still in the field just beyond the Mole of the Merrill's, flying nervously about alighting on the tops of the bushes by the roadside. I noted the cries of the female thus: Yee or yäuf; yee-ee and peee, ee-pi-pee the last having a fine warbled ring like a high call. There is a warbled resemblance in the quality of voice to that of the European Starling. The song I rendered thus: Green-tree; green-ting; or green-ting-teen. Meadow Lark

A brood of Grosbeaks haunt our cherry tree now and are feeding on the fruit. Both parents are with them. The old male occasionally gives a stretch or two of his spring song especially in the early morning. The call of the young is hee. One of the parties, the old female, as I believe, although I did not determine this.

Brood of
Rose br. Grosbeaks
Calls of
young &
parent.

definitely - got into some trouble with a Robin this morning and made a great outcry, beginning with a Robin-like peep, peep, peep and running this into a loud and rather shrill scream pe-pe-pe-pe-pe-pe.

This is the call which the mother bird at Bald's Hill gave when she found me at her nest when the young were about to leave it. It is evidently given only under great excitement.

Nuthatches are now heard in or near the elms in front of the house or among the trees by the river every morning and evening.

Other Carolina

Robins, Chipping & Mocking Birds still singing freely. The Gold

1892. Mass.July 10
(No 2.)

Concord. has been steadily through the entire season thus far not even stopping when, some three weeks ago, its young left the nest. Of late the male seems to spend most of his time alone in the elms or apple trees about the house while the female and young women together through the entire orchard and doubtless beyond.

Working Wives

There are young Orioles constantly about the house but whether they belong to the brood reared in our elm or not I cannot of course determine. They do not often give the hee - we - ee call now.

Young Orioles

Spelman came up from Cambridge by the morning train and at 11 a.m. I started up river with him taking the Rensselaer boat and using the paddles only. We paddled directly to Fairhaven landing at Lee's Cliff to lunch and after spending an hour there under the shade of a pine starting back at 2.15 P.M. The sun was very warm but there was a refreshing breeze in most places and we did not suffer at all.

Soon after starting the "Brag" we heard a Hawk screaming among the pines on Lee's hill. The tone of its voice at once recalled to my mind that of the Red-tailed Hawk which frequented this hill in the summers of 1886 and 1887 but I think the form of the cry was different. The present bird regularly uttered three cries in succession*, the first rather low and subdued in tone the second and third rising and shrill with an indescribably wild, free ring. They were exceedingly like the beginning of the Duck Hawk's scream but there were never more than three. After we landed the bird appeared and sailed over us

Scream of
Red-tailed
Hawk

* These cries were wholly unlike the wailing cry which the Red-tail commonly uttered.

1892. Mass.

July 10
(No 3)

Concord, in circles for several minutes coming within gunshot at times. It was a Red-tailed Hawk, a male, I should say, and was in the "immature" plumage having the center tail grayish crossed by numerous narrow dark bars. It was undoubtedly balding for it showed great anxiety at one passer. I saw two other Red-tails to day, one near the Clamshell hill, the other this morning in the meadow beyond Mr. Burdell's.

Red-tailed Hawk

While we were at Lee's Cliff I also saw a male Cooper's Hawk. He came out of the pines behind the Cliff and scaling, on set wings, shot off over the Bay and beyond with almost the velocity of a meteor.

Cooper's Hawk

Small birds were not singing at all freely to day but we heard representations of most of the common species. A Cat-bird at Lee's Cliff sang delightfully most of the time that we were there coming into a low pair directly over us. Its song was exceptionally good being almost wholly free from the usual grating, smothering or choking sounds which were it so sadly and composed ^{chiefly} of smooth, full liquid notes. Although it lacked the power and vigor of the song of the Brown Thrasher it was equal if not superior to it in every other respect. I do not think that I ever before heard Cat-bird singing which equaled this.

Song of
Cat Bird

Bobolinks are remarkably inconspicuous now. We heard a few chinking and now and then one sang a few notes but we did not once hear the full song. Savannah Sparrows were heard in two places.

Bobolinks

Singing

In the evening at about 9 P.M. the ~~most typical~~ ^{most typical} thing we were hearing just now I heard a Screech Owl whining in the old orchard.

Screech Owl

whining

1892 Mass.

Evening walk to "Sunset Pasture".

July 11 Concord. Clear, nearly dead calm all day & very hot. Therm. 90° at noon. Evening sultry & oppressive.

Spent the day about the house waiting. Visited the Flicker's nest at 3 P.M. and found it empty. The young birds were calling on both sides of the river. One, the last to leave I suppose, was perched on a large limb near the top of the elm on the west. He probably climbed there.

Flicker's nest

After tea walked to Clark's and spent nearly an hour sitting on the boulder in Sunset Pasture. The western sky was cloudless and coppery red after the sun set.

Birds sang lustily and intermittently this evening but I heard nearly all the species which frequent this locality - Robins, Grass Finches, Song, Field and Chipping Sparrows, a Yellow-winged Sparrow (Squabbling Song), a Grosbeak (in full song), a Maryland Yellow-throat, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Oven-bird, an Indigo Bird, King Birds (flight song), a Black-bellied Cuckoo, and a Quail. Blue Jays were screaming at intervals.

Like Flicker
at evening

Robins were singing on my arrival but they soon ceased and I heard none after sunset. As the others had heard me I waited at least 15 minutes after sunset when they began & whistled for some time in the blue-white note.

all singing
to

At 7.45 a Song Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Chipping, Grass Finch and Quail were singing and a King Bird twittering. At 7.50 a Wood Thrush came into the orchard near Clark's and sang for about 10 minutes.

At 7.53 the first Whippoorwill sang.

The last Song Sparrow sang at 7.57½, the last Field Sparrow at 7.59 while the White a Grass Finch closed the concert of diurnal birds at 7.59½.

Tree Toads singing everywhere after dark. Heard the first Shining grasshopper this evening.

Tree Toads,
grasshopper

1892 Mass.

July 12

Concord.. Another clear, hot day. Therm. rose to 75°. Little air.

In the early morning a brood of young Grosbeaks with their father spent nearly an hour in our elms. The old bird sang brief notes of his song. The young called hæw, pie-ee and pie-ör. They sat ~~still~~ for minutes at a time nearly motionless among the foliage & were hard to see.

Young Grosbeaks

A Yellow-billed Cuckoo also appeared followed by a single young which sat for some time on a stone wall (where the parent fed it) calling cö-cö-cö or caw-caw-caw, more or less than three notes at a time, the tone very like that of the adult bird and perfectly diagnostic of the species. This youngster cocked his little tail in the same peculiar, automaton-like way as the old bird.

Young Cuckoo

In the afternoon I sat under the elms for an hour or more. The air was hot, even in the shade, and the sun burned like fire. All around the horizon lay a bank of bluish haze like smoke. Birds were not apparently much affected by this extreme heat. Song Sparrows, Vireos, Grass Finches, and Robins singing. Swifts and Swallows flying rather high, among the former were even Barn Swallows keeping near one another in a loose flock. The chirking of Bobolinks heard at intervals overhead and two of the birds seen flying high. A Carolina Dove which looked like a young bird and which is the first I have seen this year anywhere ^{outside} ~~anywhere~~ in the Ball's Hill region and in Concord, flew slowly ^{over} ~~past~~ the cornfield in front of the house at about 5 P.M.

Birds not
much
affected by
extreme heat

Carolina Dove

Took a drive in the evening to Fifty Acre Meadows via the road past Brooks's and back by the "Stock farm". Two Hood Thrushes singing in the maple grove next the Parker lot. A little south of the stock farm a large Owl, which I took to be Bubo virginianus, came flying past in the twilight over the meadows.

Great horned
Owl

Evening on the Assabet.

1892. Mass.

July 13 Concord. Still hotter, therm. said to have reached 102° in the village. Here it did not exceed 98° .

I spent the day in the house writing but immediately after tea started up river in my canoe. The evening was cloudy and very sultry with some a breath of air. Thunder rattled and lightning flashed in the distant but nothing came of it.

The wild rice along the river has headed out and Red-wings were feeding on it at the mouth of Mill Brook. Roost of Red-wings
On reaching Egg Rock I saw them in greater numbers still flying into and from the tall canopy grass on the island at the confluence of the Sudbury and Assabet. They were evidently going to roost. After watching them for several minutes I struck the flat of my paddle on the water making a noise which in the still damp air sounded nearly as loud as a gun. Instantly a perfect cloud of Black-birds rose - like a puff of black smoke - and circled over me. There must have been fully 200, the majority young uttering the cha-cha note as they flew. I am not sure that I saw any old males there but there were heard in the Mill Brook gathering.

Some thirty or more Barn Swallows were flying over the water above the rock and dashing in and out among the black willows on the opposite side of the river. Barn Swallows
At first I supposed that they were going to roost in these willows but only two or three - and these evidently young birds - alighted and before I left the spot they began to disappear.

Turning into the Assabet I paddled slowly past the hemlocks, where a Wood Pewee was singing, and on reaching the Swamp beyond the next bend look-

Evening on the Assabet.

1892.

July 13
(No 2)

Mass.

Concord. in the paddles and lightly a cigar floated slowly back with the sluggish current. The air was singularly oppressive and ~~the~~ birds were singing. Two Veeries tried to start a concert in the swamp but soon gave it up. A Song Sparrow sang a few times and a Robin began hesitatingly and then stopped. I could hear the Wood Pewee in the hummocks after all the others had ceased and when it had become nearly dark. There were no Bull Frogs along this stretch of river but I heard them below Egg Rock. The Green Frog was numerous and noisy everywhere.

Bull Frog
" "

Scarcely five minutes, both in the early twilight and after night closed in, I heard, at different points along the Assabet, a sound as of something falling through the leaves and branches of the swamp oaks. This sound was almost precisely like, and quite as loud as, that of large nuts falling and the final thump when they strike the ground was perfectly distinct. Of course no nuts can be dropping now! There are many Gray Squirrels in these trees. Do they work after dark?

Mysterious
sounds.

A Whippoorwill was singing in the distance, towards the town I thought, as I passed Red Bridge on my way home.

Whippoorwill

Young Grosbeaks still come to the elms in front of the house, usually two or three with an old male bird which they follow closely, teasing him for food. The call note of the young varies considerably. I noted one variation to-day as teer-i

Young Grosbeak

To Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 14

Concord. - Still another intensely hot day with now and then a puff of refreshing N. E. breeze during the forenoon. Afternoon ~~with~~ dead calm, the sky filled with great cumulous clouds and the sunset the finest we have had this year. The muttering of distant thunder was frequent during the entire day but no rain came until 9 P. M. when there was a light shower.

To Ball's Hill at 11 A. M. Now and then I called for a few hundred yards but the paddler accomplished most of the distance. Robins, Red-eyed Vireos and Song Sparrows were singing freely and I heard a Field Sparrow on Dalton's Hill and a Cat Bird at Bussey's landing.

Bobolinks have apparently relapsed into rather silent since Bobolinks for the autumn call-note which is now constantly heard flocking in the air overhead and which to my ear is distinctly pink, not chink as usually rendered. I saw one flock of two of these birds, this morning, circling over a field of oats and early in the afternoon upwards of forty feeding on the heads of wild grasses in Holden's meadow. There were several old males (apparently in unchanged breeding dress) among them but the majority appeared to be females and young. They must have been unusually successful in rearing their broods this year for continuous bad weather late in June prevented the farmers from cutting any grass to speak of until after July 4th.

Song Sparrows are singing still at all hours of the day and as freely and vigorously as at any time earlier in the season.

Song Sparrows

1892 Mass.

July 14
(no 2.)

Concord. On my way down river I saw several
Spotted Sandpipers perching on dead branches of
willows or alders over the water. This habit is not of
course peculiar to any season but I think it is
much more prevalent now than in spring and
that most of them perched are young of this year.

Spotted Sandpiper
perching on
trees.

A Red-tailed Hawk flying from tree to tree as I
advanced in my canoe uttered, each time it took
wing, a low choking cry apparently a modification
of the neighing note but only slightly resembling the
latter.

Red-tailed Hawk

During my last trip down river I noticed what I
took to be a bunch of drift wood clinging to the
extreme end of a half-dead branch of a willow which
extended out over the river, scarce two feet above the
water. This morning, to my ^{astonishment} ~~surprise~~, I found that this
it had developed into a neatly finished nest on which
a King Bird was sitting ^{on one fresh egg}. Both nest and bird were
absurdly conspicuous ~~objects~~ and I was not surprised
when passing the spot on my return, late in the
afternoon, I found the nest empty and the bird
gone. Yet what could have taken the egg? Certainly not
a Squirrel, probably not a Jay and there are no Grackles
along the river now. I am inclined to suspect that
a Cuckoo was the thief. (I afterwards found the egg in my
canoe! In some mysterious way I must have shaken it out of the nest.)

King Bird's
nest

Both species of Cuckoos are now nearly silent. I
heard only one bird to-day, a Black-bill. Does
not this lapsing into silence at this season indicate

Cuckoos.

1892
July 14
(No 3)

Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord. that the birds well known notes really constitute a song despite the fact that they are uttered by both sexes, as well as, in modified form, by the young? I think the Black-bill Vireo (or Cello) a little later in the season than the Yellow-bill.

Barn Swallows were numerous along the river to-day but most of them were flying and I think the young are now getting their own living for I saw only three or four single birds perched, but that this was the case in the morning but at evening, a little before sunset, fully thirty were assembled in one tree, a black willow opposite the hammering place. There used to be a roost in this tree years ago (1886 or 87) and I think that the birds which I saw there to night were preparing to go to roost although I was unable to watch them long enough to settle the point.

Barn Swallows

I see Bank Swallows in about the same numbers as during the past month but no young birds have appeared yet and there is no indication of flocking on the part of the old.

Bank Swallows

A flock of fully 40 Barn Swallows passed over the Buttricks house this evening some time after sunset. They were rather high up and were moving towards the S.W. So far as I could make out there was not a single swallow of any other species with them. I do not think that they were migrating. Probably it was merely a flight to the roost. By the way where & how do Barn Swallows roost? Investigate this!

Barn Swallows
flocking

1892
July 14
(No 4)

Mass.

Concord. For more than a week Robins have been most busy during the day time—especially in the afternoon—and sparingly—or not at all—in the early morning and after sundown. I do not as yet see any indications of a roost in this neighborhood. There were no Robins flying into the Birch Swamp on the Sabbath last evening and I ^{have} seen none passing over any of the places where I have been at sunset of late. In fact I am quite certain that the birds of this neighborhood are still roosting high in the trees near their nests. They come in great numbers every day to a cherry tree behind the house. Some of them take the cherries off in their bills, perhaps to distant nests with young, others swallow them whole although they (the cherries) are of large size.

Robins not roosting yet

Red-eyed Vireos were strangely silent during June although I ~~have~~ as many as usual. But now I hear them singing everywhere.

Red-eyed Vireos

Meadow now makes a fine show along the river. Bones and Eupatorium is out in a few places. The white water lilies are past their prime although still abundant.

I see the small Snapping & Musk Turtles out in great numbers on the branches of trees & bushes during the hot hours of the day but the Painted Turtles do not now leave the water until a little before sunset. The large Mud Turtles never crawl out to bask in the sun so far as I can learn. I see one or two daily in the water thrusting their heads out warily & then sticking out of sight.

Turtles

* I suppose they are on a feeding break; apparently hungry. This was on July 21st.

1892. Mass.

July 14
(1895)

Concord. At about noon to-day as I was approaching the Woodchuck Ball's Hill landing a animal started out from the edge of the lily pads some distance in advance of me and headed attempts to directly across the river - lane about 100 yds. under the river At first I took it for a Muskrat but the head looked large and was carried a little higher while as I approached nearer I could see a large dark eye showing conspicuously. The creature now perceived me for the first time and turned back although it had nearly reached the middle of the open water. I overhauled it quickly and found that it was a Woodchuck apparently of this season's birth but well grown. When I came up with it it turned on me and floating quietly on the surface awaited what it must have thought to be certain death with the calm fortitude so characteristic of its race. The large, ~~dark~~ ^{fair} eyes met mine unflinchingly. Their expression was at once honest and fearless with nothing of the sullen desperation which gleams in the eyes of ^{the} ~~the~~ cornered Wolf or Fox nor of the piteous plea for mercy so unimitatable in the eyes of the Deer or Rabbit when it is forced to face its pursuers. Brave, self reliant creature! I had no trampled clover fields nor ravaged bean patches to avenge and I would not have harmed it for worlds. But I did tease it a little with my paddle chiefly to try if I could make it dive. It would not do this although once I pushed it quite under water. It met the paddle blade with open mouth showing its teeth threateningly and clashing them loudly but to my surprise it did not once seize the wood or apparently try to do this. When I drew off it slowly drew ashore and stood there dripping revealing more slender, graceful

1892.

July 14
No 6)

Concord, Mass. U.S.A.

Concord... nothing than I had supposed any Woodchuck could possess. In fact with its fur thoroughly wet down it presented quite as symmetrical a form as that of a Gray Squirrel. After regarding me calmly for a few moments longer it plunged into the bushes and disappeared.

Mr. Britchick tells me that he has never before heard of an instance of a Woodchuck tottering to water. Had this one crossed the river without interruption he would have landed in a marsh covered with water to the depth of several inches and two hundred yards or more in width. What brought he there?

The Robin's nest near my cabin door was empty but the old birds came about and scolded me so I concluded that the young of this their second brood had been safely reared. [I saw the young next day, both tails, fields on the wing]

The Swamp behind the hill was fairly alive with birds when I entered it at about 4 P.M. The high bush in blueberry swamp. Blueberries which are beginning to ripen probably attracted some species. Song Sparrows, Vireos, a Maryland Yellow Throat, a Towhee & a Cat Bird were in full song, several Grosbeaks and Thrashers silent. Presently a Canadian Warbler began chirping and soon showed himself. Like the individual seen late in June this was an adult in high plumage (now badly worn). Canadian Warbler

Beyond the swamp along the pine clad slopes next the meadow I heard a Chickadee, 2 Robins, 2 Song Sparrows, a Vireo, a Red-eye, a Cat Bird, a Pine Warbler, a Black & white Creeper, all singing more or less freely.

1892. Mass.

July 14
(No 7)

Concord - The chief object of my visit to Balls Hill today ^{to see} ~~to see~~ ^{the} ~~nest~~ ^{nest} was to see how the Carolina Dove's nest was progressing. When I reached it at about 4 P.M. the female was sitting, her head turned in a direction just opposite to that on my last visit and lowered so that the throat rested on the rim of the nest, ~~and~~ the crown ^{being about} level with the back. This made her very much less conspicuous than on the former occasion. The change of attitude was perhaps due to the presence of some jays which were uttering various low chattering and gasping sounds in the trees overhead and whose keen eyes the Dove may well have wished to ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{hide} ~~hide~~. I stopped directly under the nest, my head not more than four feet below it. For a moment the Dove did not so much as wink; then she suddenly started and flitting nimbly and daintily through bare down foliage, hitting against dead twigs and plunging through branches of haws, descended in a half circle to the ground when, in the middle of a little opening within 15 yds of where I was standing, she rolled over and over and spun around and around beating her wings ~~fast~~ like a Partridge in its death flurry and making a precisely similar sound. A Thrasher, attracted by the commotion, darted through the undergrowth and alighting within six inches of the Dove regarded her with evident wonder and concern and a Flicker came into a tree overhead and peeped curiously down through the leaves uttering a low woe-e-e-woe of inquiry or sympathy. After groveling thus for a minute or more the Dove started off along the ground alternately flitting and walking. I did not follow her and she did not return while I was near the nest. As a imitation of the behavior

July 14
(1888)

Concord - of a badly-wounded or rather dying bird I have never seen anything to equal the performance just described. It was not accompanied by any vocal sounds whatever. Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with it is the fact that the nest about which all this fuss was made was in a tree and the eggs still incubated! When I looked at them a few minutes later I noticed for the first time that one was fully a third larger than the other. The "small" egg looked transparent and infertile but the larger egg was dark colored and evidently near hatching. After descending to the ground I drove away the Jays and left the place.

Another object of my trip to-day was to look for the nests of the Short-billed Marsh Wrens but the weather was too hot and the greater part of the belt of canopy grass where the two birds were singing last week had been cut. Both birds, however, were singing still in the usual position and I heard two others of whose presence I had no previous knowledge singing in the meadow opposite (to the east of) Pad Island. The songs of the latter came faintly but quite distinctly to my ears as I was walking over Benson's knoll although the intermediate distance is fully 300 yards! The air, however, was absolutely still at the time.

Short-billed
Marsh Wrens

The song flight of the King Bird puzzles me. I see it much oftener now than I did in June. During the intense heat of this afternoon the birds were going up very little while & during & plunging in their eccentric way.

Song flight
of King birds

1892.

July 15

To Ball's Hill.

Although 90° was the highest reached by our thermometer to-day the weather was kinder to us than on any previous day of this remarkable "heated term" for the air was laden with moisture & hence was more oppressive. A breeze from the S.W. gave some relief in the afternoon.

I spent the day in the house but at 5 P.M. started for Ball's Hill, sailing amide of the way. A Saw-whet was singing in Carr's meadow & a Goldfinch in full song on the neighboring pasture. This is actually the only Goldfinch that I have heard singing since early June. The bird is comparatively scarce in this region at this season. Song Sparrows singing freely still.

Saw-whet
Goldfinch

Meadow Sweet and Button Bush just coming into flower.

The broods of young Barn Swallows have not all hatched young up or joined other broods (I saw no less than four broods) ~~near the river~~ along the river this evening, the members of each sitting close together on a willow or maple branch over the water. Perhaps these are broods that have just come from the west. I saw both parents feed the young of one brood.

Only one Short-billed Marsh Wren singing at the Beaver dam Rapid. Its song this evening was quite regularly cheep, cheep, chee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee the only variation being in the ending which sometimes had the ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee quality.

Short-billed
Marsh Wren

The small Snapping Turtles out in numbers this afternoon.

1892 Mass.

Concord, Massachusetts.

July 15 Concord. Visiting the Carolina Dove's nest at 6 P.M. I Dove's nest
(No 2) found the female sitting facing N. as on my first visit
(July 11th) her head redded. This confirms my
conclusion that the cranking or flattened attitude which
she presented yesterday was due to the presence of jays
in the trees above her. There were no jays near the place
this evening.

The Dove started from her nest just as I stopped
under it and fluttered downward through the branches
much as she did yesterday but on this occasion
she did not repeat the wounded bird performance but
on reaching the ground merely alighted and stood erect
and motionless looking at me. When I moved forward
she rose and flew out of sight among the trees. Can
it be that finding yesterday that ^{as} her wiles failed to
deceive and lead me away from the nest ^{yesterday} she judged
it useless to repeat them to-day or is she getting
to trust me since she finds that I do not molest
either her or her eggs? I must investigate this further.

Climbing to the nest this evening I found in the place
of the larger egg a young bird, ^{the bird of} ~~the~~ body was of a
light yellowish or dull flesh color, ^{that of} ~~the~~ the head darker. It
seemed to be sparsely covered with short hair like down but
of this I could not make sure for the light was poor
at the time. It was of about the size of a plucked
Kinglet (*Parus*).

As this nest contained its complement of two eggs
when I first found it July 4 and as the parent
was then sitting it appears that the period of
incubation is at least 11 days. I think it exceeds
this time for the larger egg looked somewhat incubated on the 4th.

To Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 16

Concord. The hot weather has at length ended. There was a light shower at daylight and immediately after it the wind came from the N.W. and gradually increased to half a gale which lasted all day cooling off the heated air slowly.

I started for Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. under perfect sail. The high wind had driven the birds to Hutter and I saw but few and heard only Song Sparrows singing. As I was passing Hunt's Landing a pair of adult Red-tailed Hawks started from the same tree, a talk alone, and soared upwards, balancing and on the wind. The ♂ bore something in his claws which looked like a half-developed snake.

Red-tailed Hawks

At the Holt a Cooper's Hawk shot past skimming down wind with great swiftness, yet a Red-wing pursued and actually overtook him giving him a succession of vicious pecks on the head and finally forcing him to turn Hutter in a tree.

Red-wing
overtakes
Cooper's Hawk

I have seen Carolina Doves frequently of late (as well as Carolina Doves as occasionally in May & June) at the base of Dedlow's Pond where they perhaps go to drink as they can usually on the low mud at the waters edge. ^{July 14} A pair rose from this mud yesterday & took to the firs where the nest could be seen. Yesterday three started all together and alighted in the same tree. I think one was a young bird.

As I came out of the woods near Benson's Landing this afternoon (at 5.30) a Pittman passed flying ^{low} down over the channel of the river and finally dropping into the east of picket wood on the edge of the meadow opposite my landing. I have not noted this species before since it stopped feeding (very abruptly) in early June.

1892 Mass.July 16
(No 2)

Concord.. It is doubtless the rule that birds which sing regularly and freely during now near two broods in a season. Such are the Robin, Bluebird, Song Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Chipping, Field Sparrow, Grass Finch, Towhee, Pine Warbler, and Carolina Wren. All these certainly rear two broods. I am doubtful about the Catbird and Veery, both of which are still singing well. Obvious exceptions to the rule are the Yellow-throated and Woodwing Vireos which certainly do not breed twice but which sing later into the summer. A male of the latter species which brought off its young successfully, later in June and then left them to the care of the mother has thus far been singing continuously, since his arrival in early May, in the trees about the house. I heard him least often at the time when he was assisting the female in the care of the young, just from the west, but ~~then~~ he has not been wholly silent for a day this season and he is now singing as freely as he was in early June.

Citation of
bird singing

Woodline Vireo

The Red-eyed Vireo breeds very irregularly and I have often found nests with fresh eggs in July but this is probably due to the fact that the first nests are nearly certain to be plundered by Jays or Squirrels. On the whole I do not think that this bird habitually if ever rears two broods in a season in this State. Nevertheless it regularly sings later into the summer than does almost any other bird.

Red-eyed
Vireo

1892.

July 16

(No 3)

Mass

Concord. At 3 P.M. I visited the Dove's nest again. The Dove's nest female was on, facing N., her head raised decidedly above the line of the back but not so high as on the 9th. I stood nearly under the nest for three minutes (by my watch). During this time the Dove did not wink once while I was forced to close and open my eyes just thirty six times! At length I stretched my hand slowly, up towards the nest and the bird started off. She descended flew in her usual manner ~~flecting~~ ^{flecting} noisily through the foliage and descending in a half circle but when ~~at~~ ^{within} about four feet of the ground she alighted abruptly on the branch of an oak where she sat looking at me quizzically for a moment and then, taking wing again, disappeared among the trees. My theory that, having tried the wounded bird performance and found it futile or unnecessary, she has ~~etc~~ now abandoned it gathers increased probability.

I was mistaken in supposing the runt egg to be infertile for it has hatched. The young bird ~~is~~ at least a third smaller than the one which hatched first. I was also mistaken in regard to the color of the skin of the young. The light was good to day and having my glass with me (I cannot get nearer ^{within} 15 ft. of the nest) I saw distinctly that in both young the skin of the entire body and head is of a dark purplish brown. This ~~bird being nearly naked~~ ^{shows conspicuously on the} the head which is nearly or quite naked ~~the~~ ^{the} body is covered elsewhere is nearly partially covered by a rather dense coat of hair like down of a pale straw color. The younger bird had the down still wet and plastered to the skin in places. The egg shells have been removed from the nest and I could not find them under it

Evening in Drutton's Swamp

1892.

Nov.

July 16
(No 4)

Concord. I returned to the Buttricks' in time for tea and as soon as it was disposed of started out again for a walk up the Estabrook road. The evening was delightful, the air brilliantly clear and so cool that a heavy coat was not uncomfortable. Robins were singing more freely and vigorously than at any time within the past week but I heard fewer small birds than usual. The Grass Finches and Song Sparrows were among those numbers which seem to have been partially silenced by the change of weather.

Turning into Drutton's Lane I followed it to the alder swamp by the brook and then diverging to the right entered a long narrow meadow bordered on every side by woods which presented a gracefully curved outline of solid foliage. The meadow had near its center a thicket of bushes and young maples but one more of its extent there was only the tall, wiry grass with here and there a stalk of rice rearing its creamy white head high above the rest. A more retired a beautiful spot than this it would be difficult to find in all Concord.

Twilight was falling when I entered it but many birds were still singing. Then Wood Thrushes, a Maryland Yellow-throat a Thrasher, a Towhee, a Cat bird and at intervals, a Black-birded Cuckoo. "The Cat bird sang for three minutes, and one of the Wood Thrushes for fourteen minutes, after the first Haffner's began. The last song of the Wood Thrush was heard at precisely 8.01 when it was nearly dark. There were two Haffner's, both in the woods on the ridge near Popple Meadows. The number of repetitions of their notes varied from three to twenty-five. They did not seem to me about as much as usual.

The Chestnut-sided Warbler which sang regularly a week ago was silent this evening.

Wood Thrushes

Haffner's

1892.

July 16
(Wed)

Concord, Massachusetts.

Mass

Concord.—A Chipping Sparrow which has passed the entire season in our orchard and which during May and June sang in the usual manner began some two weeks ago splitting his song into three sections, thus..... The result has pleased him so much that he now divides it into four four to seven sets of notes with a slight but very marked interval between. I remember a Junco at Mt. Watatic which did the same thing

Old song
Chipping

The Young Orioles still give the heer - we - are call but less and less frequently as the season advances. I watched an old female of this species eat cherries yesterday. She operated on them in a deliberate, somewhat fastidious manner piercing the skin with her sharp bill and then slowly tasting and swallowing the juice and perhaps some of the pulp also. In no instance ~~was~~ the cherry removed from the stem. This was in marked contrast to the behavior of the greedy Robins about here, the Robins first plucking the cherry and then swallowing it whole without even difficulty.

Young Orioles

Camping trip up Sudbury River.

1892

July 17

Clear, with N. W. wind in A. M. changing to S. W. in P. M.
Rather cool, a fine breezy day.

At 4 P. M. I started up river alone in my "Pete" main
canoe taking my tent and camping outfit. The wind
had just before hauled into the S. W. so that I had
no chance to fish until I reached Chen ~~shall~~ ^{shall} ~~Hill~~.
A Red-shouldered Hawk was soaring over the French
farm and a Marsh Hawk beating Huttons meadows.
Both were adult males.

I heard few birds until I passed Heath's Bridge
between which and Fairhaven I noted Robins, Red-eyes,
Towhees (3), Song Sparrows, Black-throated Green Warblers,
a Bluebird, a Junco, a Savanna Sparrow, a Quail
and a Red-winged Blackbird, ~~the~~ all singing freely.

Land at Lee's Cliff and drove my canoe out of
water and into the grassy opening at the foot of
the cliff. Here I made the following list notes:

7.30 P. M. A Pine Warbler and Solitary Vireo singing
in the woods on the cliff, a Chestnut-sided Warbler
(only a few times) in the alders near me, Song and Swamp
Sparrows along the edge of the meadows.

7.51 Best Swamp Sparrow. A Cat Bird & busy with ^{singing} the
busy chorus the concert of diurnal birds.

8.00 First Whiffpoorwill.

8.05 No Frogs as yet. I hear only crickets and an
occasional Whiffpoorwill now.

9.00 Bull and Green Frog begin and sing at intervals
as long as I am awake.

At 8.30 a large & more brilliant meteor shot across
the Bay from S. E. to N. W., apparently very low down.

I could hear the splash of dozens of Blasted fishes as it
fell.

Birds singing
at Lee's Cliff
at Concord.

Meteor shot
fish.

1892. Mass.

July 18

Concord - Forenoon absolutely cloudless the air clear and sparkling but the sun warm. Wind S.W. rising to a stiff breeze and bringing many clouds in the afternoon.

Service at
Lee's Cliff.

Robins were singing at daybreak. They were closely followed by Swamp Sparrows and next by a Cat Bird.

I arose just as the sun was appearing over the hills to the east. It was one of those brilliant mornings which seem too perfect to be real, and indeed, when I looked out over the bay, I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake for in place of the water was what seemed to be a level plain of spotless snow. It was of course fog lying close to the water and nowhere encroaching on the shore where this was meadow. A little later when then a light air started from the south the misty effect was heightened for the fog began drifting across the bay just as ~~thick~~ the drifting snow does. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful.

Just before sunrise there was a grand chorus of Red-eyes rolling all around the wooded shores. It seemed as if dozens were singing at once; and ~~there~~ ^{were} ~~seemed~~ to be no other bird voices at this time. ~~Just~~ a little later I heard Robins, Vireos, a Cat Bird, a Pine, Chestnut-sided, and Black-throated Green Warbler, a Black & white Cuckoo, a Chickadee, a

Solitary Vireo, Swamp, Song and Chipping Sparrows, & a Field Sparrow. ~~As for~~ the species just named were concerned the singing was quite equal to that of early June but I missed the voice of the Cow-bird and Tanager and there was only one Red-wing singing. I suppose the last-named species was not really present in any numbers.

1892 Mass.

July 1st Concord. After a hurried breakfast I spent an hour
No 2) strolling through the woods along the neighboring hillside.
In the pines I saw a small mixed flock (the first
I have noted this summer), consisting of two Red eyes
two Creepers (Minutella), two Pine Siskins, one Yellow
and one Black-throated Green Warbler and several
Chickadees. A Hood Plover was hanging in some tall
I visited the Hopping clover and found it still
alive although much injured by "beating."

When I returned to the landing the Cat Bird
was in full song. He is a rare performer, quite the
best I have ever heard and nearly equal to a
Mockingbird.

Cat Bird

At 8 A. M. I canoed the canon and alternately
faddling and sailing reached Partridge Brook in about
an hour and hunched there sitting in my canoe
at the foot of the Shire. A Marsh Hawk perched
by several Water Red-wings skinned just one. Robins
were chinking (or tinkling) in the meadow - at least
fifty of them. Only Song & Swamp Sparrows singing.
The large hill to the S. E. has been recently burned
over and many trees are dead or dying. I found
them to-day upwards of fifty canoe bushes of false
hew. Looked for the round broad leaved but saw only
two plants. Found celandine on the north slope - a good
bed of it.

Partridge Brook

At 1 P. M. set sail and started back making my
quick turn to Fairhaven. Then Red-tailed Hawks
were soaring in company over the meadow above
Lee's Bridge, a pair sight. One was a Red-tailed bird,
the other two ^{juv.} dark brown above & evidently young.

Red-tailed Hawks

1892

Mass.

July 18

(no 3)

Concord. - One of those Red-tails, a young bird, Alouatta uttered a prolonged, whining wee-e-ow-we-ow very like the scream of a kitten. I heard the same sound in the pines at Lion's Cliff but saw no bird there. This cry is I think a modification of the call of the adult when anxious about its nest.

Red-tailed
Hawks

The flight song of the Swamp Sparrow is ta-wee, ta-wee, ta-wee, ta-wee the additional notes being at the beginning - a prelude as it were. I heard the ordinary song last night at about ten o'clock.

Flight song of
Swamp Sparrow

The white water lilies have not passed their prime. I once saw a finer display than they made this morning around the shores of the bog and along the river above. Some of the indentations or little coves were white with them. The pickered weed is also about at its best now.

The singing of some species of birds ends very abruptly. One day you hear the usual number, the next not one and after several more days have passed it suddenly dawns on you that the bird has ceased singing for the season. The Yellow Warbler is a good example of this class. I heard three males on the 14th but not one has sung within my hearing since. I think that an abrupt cessation of singing is perhaps the rule with our Minioptillidae and that most of the Fringillidae and Petrochelidon "drop out" gradually (that is as individuals)

bird songs

Heard my first Cicada to day. in oak woods. What first Cicada a heart-suggesting sound!

Evening walk to Sunset Pasture

1892 Mass.

July 18
(No 4)

Concord. I reached home at 6 P. M. finding all the way from Fairhaven and meeting no adventures worth recording on the way.

After tea I walked up the Estabrook road to Clock's pasture where I smoked a cigar and watched the sun set and darkness fall, sitting on my favorite boulder near the middle of the field.

The evening was calm and peaceful but the life and sparkle of the morning were gone and in their place a dull apathy possessed all nature. The influences which would make a change are often subtle but in this case they were apparently a bank of gray clouds rising in the west and the presence of much smoky haze in the atmosphere.

There were intervals, sometimes of a minute or more in length, when not a bird sang. Then I would hear, one after another, Robins, Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Chipping, Grass Finches, Meadow Larks, Towhees, and occasionally a Black-billed Cuckoo. At 7.40, when the light was fading fast, a Towhee sang a few times and just five minutes later the first Whippoorwill began. Five minutes after this Grass Finches and Field Sparrows were still singing. One of the former closed the diurnal concert at 7.53.

There came no fire birds to night and I heard none last evening at Fairhaven. Have they ceased?

Fire birds cease singing.

Soon after leaving the house this evening I saw a Goldfinch singing or wing. It flew very slowly on a perfectly level plane the wings beating deep and regular. The bird looked nearly double its real size.

Goldfinch singing or wing

1892

Mass.

July 18

No 5)

Concord. I now see many broods of young King birds accompanied by their parents sitting on bushes along the river & usually call out one the other. The young are more active and animated than most birds of their age and already show much of the irritable quarrelsome disposition so characteristic of their species. The parents are feeding them largely on dragon flies and I see them chasing them incessantly not always with success for the dragon fly is a good dodger and King birds' stock of patience small. A bird to day pursued a dragon fly upwards to a height of more than a hundred feet and after snuffing at it vainly four or five times in quick succession gave up the chase in evident great disgust & sailed ^{down} back to its disappointed brood which were sitting in a bottom bush.

King birds

Evening at Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 19 Concord. Morning sunny but hazy; afternoon cloudy threatening rain which did not come, the sky finally clearing before dusk. Strong W. wind all day. Weather cool.

Spent most of day in the house writing but late in the afternoon started for Ball's Hill having a glorious sail down in my derrick canoe. On reaching my cabin I left my things there and walked to Benson's by way of the river path returning past Davis's Hill and through my swamp. At 6 P.M. I had tea in my cabin and at 7.30 started for home, paddling most of the way.

The high wind had its usual effect on the birds and I saw but few and heard fewer still until near sunset when the wind abated and many began singing.

Birds singing
at & after
sunset

I heard Robins, a Bluebird and a Field Sparrow near Benson's; a Black-throated Green Warbler in the pine above the glacial hollow; and at 7 P.M., as I stood on the shore in front of my cabin, Robins, a Veery, an Ovenbird (flight song), a Short-billed Marsh Wren, Maryland Yellowthroat, Song and Swamp Sparrows, a Rose-breasted Grosbeak (singing continuously and with great vigor & spirit) a Quail and one Red-winged Blackbird. Most of these were on the opposite (Bedford) side of the river.

Rose-breasted
Grosbeak

Visited the Dove's nest at 5.30 P.M. Female on. When started Dove's nest she fluttered downward in a half circle as usual but alighted on a branch ^{12 feet} above the ground and did not repeat the wounded bird performance. After sitting quietly for a moment she rose and flew off through the trees. Young of apparently equal size & about as large as Bluebirds, three shoulders and wings covered with sprouting feathers of

1892 Mass.

July 19
(no 2)

Concord, a bluish-ashy color but no trace of any red feathers elsewhere the back being still clothed with the yellowish down which was also sparsely scattered on the head and neck. Eyes open to-day. These young sit perfectly motionless.

As I approached the Crane Dam Rapids a little after sunset I again heard the Red-wings singing in their roost among the tall grass. It was a most perfect reproduction of the early spring concerts and I repeatedly got the "Wild Geese" effect, described by Bolles. At least a dozen males, all old birds, were thus engaged. As I drew near I could hear a multitude of birds fluttering and talking to one another among the reeds. Others were continually arriving, usually in flocks of from ten or four to seven or eight, never more than a dozen or fifteen. They came from every direction and as a rule flew at a great height (300 to 500 or even 1000 feet) until they were directly above the roost when, setting their wings, they shot down almost perpendicularly and with great swiftness, each bird acting independently of its companions during its descent and many describing the most beautiful curves, while others simply dropped as straight, nearly, as so many falling stones. There was no preliminary cackling to reconnoiter the ground. Then a yard or two above the grass the wings were beaten forcibly to check the speed and the bird disappeared into the grass.

Roost of
Red-wings

After the flight had nearly ceased I struck the water with my paddle and instantly, with a perfect roar of wings, at least hundreds of birds rose into the air. Only a few returned the greater number breaking

1892. Mass.July 19
(No 3)

Concord... up into flocks of from fifty to one hundred birds each and seeking other resting places. As on the 15th there were Barn and Bank Swallows flying about our throats but I saw none actually alight there.

The Barn Swallow feeds its young on wing the two birds meeting in the air and rising straight up several six or eight feet face to face until the bills finally come together one or both uttering the tsa note rapidly the while. I saw this to night shortly after sunset when the two birds engaged were fully 300 ft. above the earth.

Barn Swallows
feeding young
on wing

Where do the Bank Swallows take their young? The large colony on Dalton's Hill is dwindling fast yet the number of birds which frequent the river meadows is also decreasing and I have not as yet seen a single young bird. Of course it is possible that no young have been reared in this Bank but most of the holes have certainly not been molested by man.

Where are the
young Bank
Swallows?

As I was looking down river this afternoon a Bittern rose from the pickered weed on the margin of the water uttering, as it flew off, a series of short, hoarse sounds (œ-œ-œ or æ-æ-æ).

Flight note
of the Bittern.

The pickered weed (Pontederica) is by far the most beautiful flowering plant along the borders of this river, where almost everywhere it forms a broad border between the belt of lily pads and the meadow grass.

Pickered weed.

1892. Mass.

July 19
(No 4)

Concord. -- By far the most interesting of this days
experience remains to be told. I was paddling
past the swimming place on my way home keeping
the middle of the river (here about 200 ft. wide) when
a long, narrow belt of wind-ruffled water was still
faintly colored by the light in the western sky
when a small, ^{long,} dusky form shot directly ~~for~~ across
my bows, then turned short about and started back
towards the south shore. I whirled the canoe around
and followed but although I exerted myself to the
utmost I did not at first seem to gain much on
the mysterious little creature which skinned over,
rather than cleft through, the water at a rate
of speed which amazed me. Indeed I thought at
first it must be a crippled ^{bird}. But but there was
no flapping of wings and very little "wabble". The pace
told on it at length and just as had almost
gained the shore I got sufficiently near to deal it
a hurried blow with the paddle when instantly to
my nostrils came the unmistakable foetid odor of
a Weasel. It proved to belong to one smaller species
as I made out to my entire satisfaction a moment
later when, after recovering partially from my blow,
it climbed out on a lily pad and faced me at
barely arm's length. I teased it a little to see if
if it could be made to drive which it ~~could not~~ do
and then left it to make the best of its way to
land which it accomplished with much noisy
flashing before I was out of hearing. Poor thing! I was
sorry to have used it so roughly but there was no
other way of finding out what it was.

A Weasel
driving the
river at night

Evening walk to Bow Meadow.

1892 Mass.

July 20 Concord. - A brilliantly clear day, rather cool, with N. wind.

I did not go out to-day until after tea when I started for a walk up the Estabrook road.

Keeping on past Clark's I turned into Dutton's lane & followed it through to Bow Meadow. For the first part of the way - i.e. in the open country - I heard *Birds singing* Robins, Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Meadow Larks at evening, and indeed but their singing here was much less vigorous and general than it has been heretofore. The swamp beyond Dutton's was without a single songster of any kind and at Bow Meadow I heard only five birds, a Hooded Merganser, Black-throated Green Warbler, Oven Bird, ^(Ordinary song) Black-bellied Cuckoo and Red-shouldered Hawk.

In Clark's woods, which I did not reach until 7.15 when the light was getting dim under the arches of the ground old trees, there Hooded Merganser, an Oven Bird, a Black-burnian Warbler, a Grosbeak *D. blackburnii* (in full song), a Tanager, a Black-bellied Cuckoo and a Hooded Merganser were heard. The Oven Bird gave the flight song. The Black-burnian sang twice - in the top of a tall white pine. All the others sang vigorously and persistently.

The concert of Hooded Mergansers was simply the finest that I ever listened to. There were three of them close about me at one time and they fairly made the woods ring. With this species as with the Hermit there is much individual variation in quality of voice and variety and ease of execution and, as it happened, all three of the birds in Clark's

Concert by
Hooded Merganser

Black's woods at sunset.

1892. Mass.

July 20
(No. 2)

Concord woods this evening were particularly good Concord of
Wood Thrush
performers while one was preeminently fine. On the
other hand a bird singing in the hemlocks on the
opposite (eastern) side of the adjoining swamp and
a voice so effectually "veiled" that I was actually
unaware of his presence until I came nearly under the
tree in which he was sitting. Indeed the odd medley
of low, whirry notes, catered squeals and chucks, and
thin, feeble whistles, not one note of which was either
musical or pleasing, was wholly inaudible at a distance
of fifty yards. It was not ~~altogether~~ over singing. In the
contrary the poor bird was quite evidently exerting
himself to the utmost as if striving to outdo his
rivals in the woods across the swamp. Was he
conscious of the lamentable failure or, like certain
human singers equally devoid of musical ability, did
he delude himself with the belief that he was really
producing melodious sounds? It occurred to me that
possibly he might be deaf and like deaf mutes;
one sure of one's incapability able of appreciating or
correcting the painful discords of his voice.
Certainly the case was one of the worst extremes
of its kind that has ever come under my notice.

Black's woods evidently form about the center of
distribution of a colony of Wood Thrushes larger than
I have hitherto found in any part of Middlesex
County. I heard in all to eight or less than seven
singers and there are to my certain knowledge nearly
as many more to the east of the Eastbrook road.
Indeed I have little doubt that upwards of twenty
could be heard in this region on a bright evening by a

Estabrook Road at evening

1892 Mass.

July 20 Concord. rapid walker who was familiar with the ground.
(no 3)

After leaving Clark's woods I struck directly across country to the Estabrook road in which ^{I took my} ~~stand~~ ^{stand} on the crest of a knoll with a maple swamp behind me and a tract of about fifty acres of rough, rocky land cleared two or three years ago and now growing up ~~to~~ ^{with} ~~fronts~~ ^{of} densely covered with oak and walnut ~~fronts~~ eight or ten feet in height stretching away towards the sunset.

The air was cool and there was no wind. I could Hood Thrushes hear Hood Thrushes in every direction and now and then a Tanager or Cat bird. All these species were singing at 7.45 when the first Whippoorwill began and one of the Hood Thrushes ^{continued} ~~then~~ just twelve minutes later closing the concert of day birds at 7.57.

As I walked slowly homeward after dark I frequently heard their rustling or jumping in the dry leaves and occasionally a fluttering as of a bird's wings in the foliage of the oaks which overarched the road. The latter sound proved to be made by large moths probably of several species although all that I saw looked exactly alike. One alighted on the under side of a leaf almost within reach of my hand and I opened and shut its broad wings slowly. It, as well as all the others, seemed to be of a light creamy color which appeared at times to have a luminous quality although this was probably an illusion.

Hood Thrushes
at night

Estabrook Road at evening

1892. Mass.

July 20
(No 4)

Concord. Occasionally a Bat darted past within a few feet or even inches of my head and was almost instantly lost to sight in the gloom. Fireflies in small numbers flashed their tiny lights along the edges of hazel copses or in and out among the foliage of the oaks. The only sounds now were those of the Wrens Night Hawks among the barks, the fine shrill squeaking of Bats, the feeble chirping of numerous crickets and now & then the notes of a distant Whippoorwill. Some Green Frogs were tunging in Rhodora Pool but the calling season of the Tree Toads is over. I have not heard one for five weeks five weeks a week or more.

My experience with the Whippoorwill to night taught Whippoorwill me some new things about them. As I stood on the knoll in the Estabrook road two came down about me uttering an emphatic ^{note} ~~call~~ which, within a distance of 20 or 30 yds., sounded like quiff, quiff off, was distinctly quiff. This was apparently a call note used by both sexes for these birds were almost certainly a pair. They ~~were~~ ^{very} ~~often~~ moved their positions frequently as I could tell by their calls apparently taking short flights from place to place among the Spruces but were ever showing themselves against the light in the western sky. The male sang very few minutes, often very near me. As a rule he uttered the quiff or quiff from one to five times in quick succession first before the song began but this was not invariably the case. I heard the well-known chuckling call whenever the bird was within 50 or 60 yards. It resembles rust closely the chuck of the

1892 Mass.

July 20
(1895)

Concord. Chipmunk (Tamias Floridanus) and to night at least Whippoorwill was not once given until the song was well under way usually beginning with the 5th utterance of the whippoorwill and invariably coming in exactly at the end of the first syllable (thus: whip(cluck)(poorwill) and not as has been stated by writers between the calls. It did not seem to interrupt in the least the continuity of the whole utterance (whippoorwill) but rather appeared to be given simultaneously with the close of the first syllable and ^{perhaps} the beginning of the second. Indeed it was difficult to believe that the cluck and whippoorwill were both uttered by the same bird the effect being decidedly that of one bird singing and another near it clucking a sort of accompaniment. There can be no doubt, however, that one individual did produce the two sounds. After the clucking began it always accompanied each utterance to the end of that period of singing.

It would be difficult to improve on the popular and long-established rendering of the song of A. vociferans. Whether the sound comes from afar or from within a few rods the bird says "whippoorwill" with almost perfect distinctness emphasizing the first and last syllables strongly. The song can be heard nearly, if not quite, a mile away when the air is still and damp as is usually the case in a summer evening. When there is no moon the bird sings but little if at all after the sunset light has wholly faded in the West. As twilight deepens the Whippoorwill come out of the woods and sing in orchards & on stone walls near barns. They wander over wide areas in this way.

To Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

July 21

Concord. Cloudless and rather warm with light variable winds and intervals of beautiful calm.

Started for Ball's Hill at 9 A.M. intending to spend the day writing in my cabin but on reaching Benson's Landing I learned that a smoke which I had seen one hour before the Buttricks' came from a wood fire that some careless campers had started on Davis's Hill. Accordingly I kept ^{at} the latter place which proved indeed to be all in a blaze. Benson and Peter with their ~~Wass~~ ^{Wass} soon joined me and after a hard fight of one or two hours we got the flames under control. I had no idea that a fire could run so at this season. I saw a fire once in all our lives but the damage, aside from the temporary disfigurement of these beautiful woods, was trifling most of the time being too large to sustain any real injury.

Thinking it wise to watch the place lest the fire should start up again I spent the remainder of the day there returning to the Buttricks' in time for tea.

Along the river to-day I saw a Phoebe, two Kingfishers, and two Green Herons (one of the last a young bird) and heard singing Red-eyed Vireos, a Yellow-throated Vireo, several Maryland Yellow-throats, two Meadow Larks, two Red-wings, an Indigo Bird (near Hunt's Pond, a new locality) three Short-billed Marsh Wrens and a Wood Pewee besides many Song and small Swamp Sparrows and two Black-billed Cuckoos. I also ^(at 9.30 A.M. close of evening at the falling) heard a Virginia Rail utter the pig note several times - a late date for this cry.

Virginia Rail

1892 Mass.July 21
(No 2)

Concord. - I had supposed that one Large Mud Tortoise were crawled out of the water merely for the sake of basking in the sun and Mrs. Beechell has been strongly of this opinion. But on our visitation for to-day I saw one that would have weighed 15 to 20 lbs. stretched out flat asleep on a raft made of old railroad sleepers ~~which was~~ floating in the river just above Hunt's Pond. I paddled silently towards it hoping to get near enough to take a photograph but a little snuffling or Muck Tortoise which lay near it gave the alarm by tumbling into the water where its big companion promptly followed ~~it going in~~ with a small rush which reminded me of that of a startled Alligator.

Mud Tortoise

The [♀] Carolina Dove was on her nest when I visited it at 3 P.M. to-day although the young one now so large (fully or half grown) that the parent bird had great difficulty in covering them and appeared to be standing rather than sitting on the nest. They (the young) were to-day feathered on the back as well as wings the only visible down being on the head. As on former occasions they sat crouched in the nest facing in opposite directions and keeping perfectly motionless. The parent acted as usual taking a short covering downed flight from the nest, alighting on a bush, then rising & disappearing. I sat down under a pine about 20 yds. from the nest & waited half-an-hour. At the end of the first 10 minutes the parent returned but seeing me flew away without alighting & I did not again come full. While I was watching the nest a Sharp-shinned Hawk passed on a level

Dove's nest

Evening walk to Bow Meadow

1892

Mass.

July 21
(No 3)

Concord... with and scarce ten feet from it, gliding swiftly and silently on set wings. It must have either seen me or failed to discover the young birds. To what fearful dangers are not these helpless little creatures exposed! No wonder they cover motionless on their rude platform of interlaced twigs.

Starting a little before seven o'clock this evening I took the walk to Bow Meadow and back by Clark's woods and the Estabrook road with Tolman. From the Bethrick's to Bow Meadow we heard scarce half a dozen bird songs in all (those of Song Sparrows & Robins) and for many minutes at a time the woods & fields around us were perfectly silent. But in Clark's woods the concert of Wood Thrushes was even finer than last night's for on this occasion there were four birds singing there at once. There was also a Tanager in full song but nothing else. The singing season is evidently fast drawing to a close.

In the hemlocks across the Brook the Thrush with the "wild" voice was again striving to make the most of his "one talent".

We all were heard before reaching the road just nine Wood Thrushes.

The first Whippoorwill song began at 7.35 and two birds sang after this at frequent intervals but both ceased before it became dark.

Tolman took a net with him and attempted to catch some of the large moths which frequented the oaks along the road but failed although on two occasions. I think that they are mostly the *Polyphemus* moth.

Whippoorwill

To Ball's Hill

1892. Mass.

July 22 Concord. - Cloudless and very warm with strong S.W. wind.

George Carroll came to-day and with him I drove to Ball's Hill at 9.30 a.m. There were many little things to be attended to at my cabin where I spent the entire day.

Song Sparrows and Swamp Sparrows were singing freely but I heard almost nothing else except an occasional Robin and a few Red-eyed Vireos. In the forenoon a Virginia Rail called *Ki-ki* at frequent intervals in the marsh across the river.

Song Sparrows

Virginia Rail

The flying notes of the Cicada are now a frequent sound in the oak woods but these insects do not seem to be as numerous about Concord as they are in Cambridge.

River trip to North Billerica

1892 Mass.

July 23

Concord. Still hotter, with cloudless sky and soon a breath of wind from sunrise to sunset.

I spent the entire morning in the house writing. The Warbling Vireo sang freely at intervals in the elms and I also heard Song Sparrows, Red-eyes and occasionally on Meadows Lark, while the Chipping with the ^{light} song was rarely silent for more than a few minutes. On a Great Flycatcher burst out into a long series of chirps. I have not heard the last in full song since the 8th.

Warbling Vireo

Meadow Lark

Great Flycatcher

Spelman came from Cambridge at 3 P.M. and shortly packing the canoe we started down river. The heat was almost overpowering and the glare of the sun on the calm water made my head swim. We heard few birds except Song & Swamp Sparrows and a Short-billed Marsh Wren or two. Near Hunt's Pond I saw a young Yellow-billed Cuckoo sitting in a bush over the water.

After landing at Bull's Hill to fill our jugs with fresh water we kept on past Davis's where the stumps were still smoking to Coburn's Bridge and beyond. The river is broad, straight, deep and very clear of weeds for four or five miles below Bull's Hill. At mile or less above Jug Island it narrows again and is very beautiful with high ~~shores~~ heavily wooded with fine old trees.

A little before sunset we landed on the right bank about half a mile below Jug Island and taking the canoes out of water to the upper edge of the narrow strip of meadow prepared our beds and shelter tents for the night and then sat down to eat supper. The country behind us was green and largely under

River trip to North Billerica

1892 Mass.

July 23
(No 2)

Concord. cultivation but there was an extensive pine
wood a hundred yards above and scattered groves all
along the water's edge. On the opposite side of the river
directly facing us a long narrow ridge covered with a
dense young growth of oaks, maples and birches rose
steeply from the water's edge to a height of probably
150 feet. From this ridge now came faintly the
songs of a Hood Merganser, two Hermit Thrushes, two
Vireos and several Red-eyed Vireos. Only Song Sparrows,
a Swamp Sparrow and a Robin sang near us. We
could just hear a Wood Pewee in the pines up river.
This was at 7.25.

Hermit Thrush

At 7.37 two Whippoorwills began singing on the
high ridge and kept it up at intervals until
darkness fell after which we did not hear a note
from either until near day light next morning.

Whippoorwill

At 9 P.M. we heard the fall note of a Grosbeak
many times repeated. The bird seemed to be
flying about at a considerable height and the
sound of its calling finally died away in the
distance to the S. Was this bird starting on migration?
A Spotted Sandpiper came flying about us at about
the same time & also went off over the fields to
the S. or S.E.

Grosbeak flying
at night

Spotted Sandpiper

A Polyphemus moth visited us later and after darkening
moderately about one fire for a minute or two finally
plunged directly into the flames & fell fluttering into
the grass.
No Owls or other night birds, after dark.

River trip to N. Billerica

1892 Mass.

July 24 Concord. The hot wave continues to brood over the land but there was a fine S. W. breeze to-day and in the afternoon a dense, high-floating haze which to some extent intercepted the finer glare of the Sun.

At daybreak the Whippoorwill were both singing and when we were a little after sunrise the Hermit Thrushes and our very little tawny Red-eyed Vireos were at their stations on the ridge opposite our camp. In the groves or thickets along the river we heard at this time

Song & Swamp Sparrows, our Yellow-throated and our Solitary Vireos, a Black-billed Cuckoo, King birds and a Cowbird. A Robin also passed close by us as we were eating breakfast.

At 9 A.M. when the sun was very hot and the breeze not as yet fairly started a Hummingbird with ^{*Setoia pelagica*} ~~(*Myiodynastes*)~~ appeared in a bed of Jackman weed in front of our camp and visited flowers after flowers precisely in the manner of its avian namesake, displaying first its creamy white throat and then the dull green thorax and chestnut-banded hind body as it turned towards or from us.

At 9.30 we struck camp and sailed down river past the old Flom fields to within two miles of the dam at N. Billerica. Some distance below this point I heard two more Hermit Thrushes, singing in mixed pine & oak woods on the north bank.

The return to Concord was an uncomfortable struggle with the double-headed paddles against the strong head wind. We lunched on a pretty wooded head at a mile below Carleton Bridge. At Davis's Mill we landed again & put out the fire which was spreading fast.

Evening walk to Clark's woods

1892. Mass.

July 25

Concord. The hottest day thus far in a phenomenally hot summer. At noon, with the sun wholly obscured by ~~clouds~~ clouds, the thermometer hung on the north side of our house stood at 102° Foh! The sun shone dimly through dense haze much of the day.

At noon I walked over the farm to note the effect of this extreme heat on the birds. To my surprise they were apparently not in the least depressed by it. Indeed I heard more singing than for a week past at the corresponding hours. A Robin, two Chipping Sparrows, a Song Sparrow, a Grass Finch, a Warbling Vireo and a Lark were singing throatily and Yellow Warblers (at least two birds) were fairly thrum for many days, while a Meadow Lark whistled at intervals. Martins and Barn Swallows were flying about as they fly.

Birds not
affected by
extreme heat

After tea I staked for the Estabrook woods. As I walked slowly along past Buscilli's, through the hollow beyond, and up the slope to Clark's I heard two Song Sparrows, a Robin, a Grass Finch, a Yellow-rumped Sparrow and a Lark - just six birds in a distance of nearly a mile! Beyond Drutton's the woods along the Estabrook road were absolutely silent save for an occasional chirp or twitter in the dense foliage near at hand, and I did not hear another bird sing until I reached Clark's woods, where, on my arrival at 7.20, two Hooded Mergansers were turning their flutes in low tones, a Wood Pewee was warbling in the hemlocks under which I seated myself. A few minutes later a Black-bellied Cuckoo sang

Evening in Clark's woods.

1892. Mass.

July 25 Concord. Several times.

(No. 2)

I had begun to fear that the Wood Thrushes were going to disappoint me (about 7.30) that two which, up to this time, had been apparently merely rehearsing burst suddenly into full song. In a moment others took up the strain until five were singing at once. My companion, unimpressed in such matters, insisted that there were at least a dozen, a delusion natural enough under the circumstances for these birds, as is their habit at such times, kept flitting restlessly from place to place so that in the course of a minute or two their notes did actually come from at least a dozen different points. The effect was impressive beyond my powers of description. I have heard nothing to equal it before even in these woods for not only were the singers more numerous this evening than on previous occasions but at the height of their concert they literally had the whole field to themselves not a single note of any other species of bird being heard for the space of two minutes or more.

The first Whippoorwill song was 7.35. I heard it only a few times after this.

As I was walking home after darkness had fairly set in a Warbler of some species passed over hissing. This is the first migrant that I have heard at night with the possible exception of the Grosbeak at North Bellersia on the evening of the 23rd.

Warbler hissing

1892. Mass.

July 26 Concord. A duplicate of yesterday, quite as hot but with more breeze.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. During most of the way. Just above the swimming place I passed three broods of young Martins (5, 4 and 2 birds respectively) which were sitting ^{the separate} on dead branches of tall elms and maples over the river. This habit in the young Martins of invariably choosing a high perch distinguishes them from the young of other swallows. The parents were flying about & taking food to the young. Once I saw a young bird fed on wing the parent meeting and rising with it after the manner of the Barn Swallow. The young were very noisy uttering, especially when on wing, a loud, rather musical peep.

Between the two landings I heard, on my way down river, only five species of birds (i.e. singing) viz. Robins, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, ~~and~~ Field Sparrows and several Short-billed Marsh Wrens; but on my return up river late in the afternoon I added to this list the Yellow Warbler (three individuals), Red-winged Blackbird (three, Meadow Lark one), Red-eyed Vireo, and Indigo Bird.

At Davis's Hill, where I spent several hours fighting the fire which had again started & was spreading fast, a Catbird, Pine Warbler, Black-throated Green Warbler, Towhee, Wood Pewee, and several Song Sparrows were singing early in the afternoon when the temperature was probably at as high a point as it reached during the day. The Catbird was not in good voice but all the others sang freely. I heard a second Wood Pewee on Ball's Hill.

1892 Mass.

July 26
(Wed)

Mass.

Concord. The young Carolina Doves had grown marvellously by Dove's nest since my last visit. The larger of the two (there was a marked difference in size) was indeed nearly fully grown and feathered with a tail at least two inches in length. The other bird still had the head bare of feathers and tufted with yellowish down. They were sitting side by side to-day both facing the same way. The mother for the first time was not at the nest (she could not very well have covered so large young) but I stalked both her and the male parent from adjacent trees near at hand.

Concluding eagerly as well as I could under a spreading pine I scouted the nest for one or two hours hoping to see the young fed but the mother bird appeared only once and then apparently discovered me for after pecking for a moment on a dead pine she flew away and did not again return.

The young still sit perfectly motionless. During the whole time that I was watching them to-day neither moved in the least as far as I could detect.

Robins were singing rather freely at sunset this evening and I heard one Grass Finch and several Song Sparrows. Green Frogs make most of the nocturnal sounds along the river now but the Bull Frog has not wholly ceased bellowing and last evening I heard the hummer buzz of a Toad, the first for a week or more. The Tree Toads are now wholly silent.

Tree Frogs

Bull Frogs

Hummer

% Ball's Hill

1892 Mass.

July 27 Concord. Another cloudless day of intense heat but with a dryer and hence less oppressive atmosphere. Wind N. to N.W., varying greatly in force, at times dying quite away.

I spent the entire morning in the house writing but at 2 P.M. hearing that the fire at Davis's Hill had broken out again badly and that the fire department of Concord had, at this "clever" hour, been sent down to try to suppress it I took one of my carriages and started down river. On reaching the hill I found that the fire had, since yesterday, spread over practically the whole unburned portion. The flames had been exaggerated & smothered by throwing sand over the leaves and the two men left as watchmen had no difficulty in suppressing them when, as happened every little while, they blazed up again but smoke was rising from a hundred different places where the fire was smoldering beneath the surface, eating its way slowly but relentlessly deep into the ground and doubtless undermining and destroying the roots of most of the fine old trees for which these woods are, or perhaps I should more say have been, famous. I dug down about several of the largest pines and found not only the superficial mat of needles & leaf would but even the sandy loam beneath a glowing mass of fire while the roots as large, ^{around} as my leg were reduced, externally at least, to charcoal. In many places this subterranean fire had excavated pits several feet in diameter and from one to four feet in depth while in others what looked like solid ground was completely undermined for yards giving way beneath the feet

Fire at
Davis's Hill

1892

Mass.

July 27
(No 2.)

Concord. The slightest pressure of the foot. A pint-full of water poured into such a cavity had little effect other than making the furnace beneath hiss angrily for a moment and send up a cloud of steam instead of smoke.

There was but one attractive feature connected with this deplorable fire and that was the smoke which had a rich, resinous, almost fruity aroma more pleasing to the nostrils than the choicest incense.

It seemed the epitome of a century's growth, the fragrance of the hundred ^{or more} summers that have passed since these giant trees were young, gathered, season after season, from the south wind, from the breath of the white aspen and alder that grow in the neighboring swamp, from the white water lilies that float on the river, or from the thousands of myriad wild flowers that deck the neighboring adjacent fields and woods and stored carefully away by provident Nature in the deep mat of fallen leaves, ~~had been~~ ^{to be} at length released by the subtle agency of fire and disseminated to the four quarters of the earth. I could detect this smell this smoke distinctly at the Buttricks' after my return in the evening although the wind was apparently unfavorable to its progress in that direction. It must have been uplifted westward by some upper current of air and then had descended again.

The absence of rain for so many weeks is fast bringing on a ^{severe} lower drought. The smaller trees & shrubs are wilting and the grass turning brown.

1892 Mass.

July 27
(no 3)

Concord. The singing season is wearing fast. The falling off being appreciable from day to day and very marked from week to week. Along the river this afternoon I heard only Robins, Song and Swamp Sparrows, Yellow Warblers, one Grass Finch, two Merlins, two Red-wings, two Short-billed Marsh Wrens, and a Phoebe. The last was singing only listlessly and at intervals - in the trees in front of my cabin. I believe that it is the same bird which I had there in the early spring and which, failing to secure a mate, finally left me.

The woods behind Ball's Hill were exactly silent to-day save for the songs of a Robin and Pine Warbler.

I saw Robins in small flocks in my Humberg Swamp and among the maples at the foot of Holden's Hill. At the latter place they seemed to be collecting to roost (a little before sunset).

As I came up river the air was filled with Red-wings and Barn Swallows flying about in every direction as if assembling from distant points to pass the night. The Red-wings' roost at Beaver Dam Rapids has been broken up by the cutting of the grass.

Numbers of Purple Martins again spent the day in the tall trees near the swimming place. The bands seen there yesterday were united into one flock to-day. I counted ^{birds} ten in one tree all young-birds. The flock took wing & went off to the S.W. as I was passing on my way home.

Decline of
bird singing.

Robins

Red-wings' roost

Purple Martins

Morning walk.

1892 Mass.

July 28

Concord. Still another intensely hot day, the sun shining brightly through haze, the air oppressively still and humid.

Immediately after breakfast I started for a short walk. Robins, Red eyes, Chippies, Yellow Warblers and a ~~meadow lark~~ singing rather lustily. As I was passing the Burdell's the calls of Martins attracted my attention and looking to the eastward I saw a flock of about a dozen of these birds flying in circles at a height of several hundred feet over the vineyard on the Mearns's farm. They seemed to be excited about something and the cause was soon explained when a small Hawk which looked exactly like Falco columbarius suddenly appeared directly among them, coming from I know not where. For a moment or two it sailed about with them as if it meant them no harm but merely wished to join the flock. None of the Martins attempted to elude, so far as I could see, to avoid it but all continued their slow, easy, circling flight. Perhaps they were too frightened or bewildered to attempt to escape or more probably the majority were young birds unaware of the fearful risk they were running as they brushed past the strange bird in their midst. The latter, secure of his prey, doubtless found a certain savage pleasure in prolonging the moment of his triumph as a Cat plays with his mouse or bird before ending its sufferings. But at length there was a sudden dash, the flock was scattered in every direction, and a single Martin closely pursued by the Hawk disappeared behind a cluster of trees. The next instant I heard

Young Martin

chased by a Hawk.

1892. Mass.

July 28 Concord. The screams of the poor victim, at first loud,
(no 2) then fainter, and finally, after a moment of silence,
coming again in feeble, despairing tones as the
unfortunate creature drew its last breath in the
grasp of the sharp and relentless talons.

As on several former occasions when I have seen
a Hawk catch a smaller bird and ^{con}stantly to its
expiring cries I was ~~moved~~ ^{deep} by ^{its} fury and fiercer
wrath to an extent surprising on the part of one who,
like myself, has killed thousands of birds without
suffering more than an occasional slight qualm.
But there is something peculiarly moving and pitious
in the voice of a bird when in the clutch of a
Hawk a quality of mingled pain and apprehension
which the grasp of the human hand seldom or
never elicits.

The identity of the Hawk just mentioned passes
me. The bird was almost certainly a Falco but
I have never seen Columbarius here at this season
while Speurmus would scarcely attack so large a
bird as a Martin. As I was ~~without~~ ^{without} my glass
at the time the chase and capture occurred at a
distance of fully six hundred yards and I had
no glass with me I could only judge by form,
and size and flight.

The Grass Finches have nearly ceased singing but
Song Sparrows and Chipping keep on with unabated
vigor.

In Ball's Hill.

1892 Mass.

July 29 Concord. Morning sultry with clear sky & no wind.
A cool S. E. breeze in P. M. with showers threatening.
A fine display of lightning in the evening and rain,
the first for weeks, from 9 o'clock to 11.

E. H. Forbush came to see me this morning and I took him down river for the day, landing him the open canoe while I used the "Stiller Motor".

It was oppressively hot during the entire forenoon and birds were very quiet. Indeed I heard only three species on our way to Ball's Hill; there were Robins, Song Sparrows and a Field Sparrow. On our return (at 5-6 P. M.) a few Yellow Warblers, three Red-wings, and a Meadow Lark were added to the list.

The Martins were again assembled in the clasp & snaphs near the swimming place. They were all together and I counted twenty most of which looked like young. It is singular what keeps them in this place. I saw only three leave down the stream.

Young Martins

The Dove's nest was empty at 2 P. M. to-day. There was only a few stray feathers in the nest but the interstices between the sticks were filled, the bottom of the nest paved, and the ground beneath over a space of five or six square yards thickly sprinkled with dried dung in the form of pellets which closely resembled those of the Domestic Pigeon. I found one of the egg shells - or at least the shell of a Dove's egg - under a oak about 50 yards from the nest.

Dove's nest.

1896. Mass.

July 29
(no 2)

Concord. whether I concluded it had been taken Doris' nest
by the parent when the young hatched.

My last visit to this nest was at about 5 o'clock
on the afternoon of July 27th. The young were then
sitting crunched in their usual instinctive fashion on
the platform of sticks, which they almost completely covered
for one bird was fully grown and feathered and the
other nearly so, the difference in size between the two
being much less than it was a week ago. As there
were no signs to-day of anything wrong having occurred
at or near the nest I infer that these young left
it in peace & safety ^{either} yesterday or this
morning. I did not see either of the parent birds on
the 27th and to-day I could find only one dove
on my entire premises, an old male which I saw
flying into the woods on Davis Hill where probably,
the young were in hiding.

I found this nest July 4th when it contained the
complement of two eggs. These (at a distance of 15 ft.)
looked slightly incubated. One was nearly a third
larger than the other. The larger egg hatched on
the 15th, the smaller on the following day. It
follows that the period of incubation with this
species is at least 11 days and that the young
remain in the nest only 13 or 14 days.

The musk rats have been absent from my boat house
most of the time during the past week perhaps
because of the heat. This morning, however, I found
one of them crouching under a cause and in Mr. F's
presence stretched its back & played with its curled tail.

Musk rats in
boat house

1892 Mass.

July 30 Concord. Cooler weather at last, the sky filled with drifting clouds, the wind N. to N. E.

The Warbling Vireos still sing in one clump, freely and vigorously in the early morning, at intervals during the entire day. This afternoon I saw his mate in their tree and with her one of the young in nearly perfect autumn plumage, very yellow beneath & along the sides. Yet still making the same monotonous plaint which the young just from the nest utter. This eye led me to follow up and examine the bird with my glass for I at first supposed that a second brood had just appeared. I am now firmly convinced that this pair have had no second nest. The female parent looked very faded and ragged.

Warbling Vireo

A pair of White-bellied Nuthatches visit their clump every morning with great regularity arriving at about 9 A.M. and spending most of the forenoon. The male to-day gave the what-what-what call twice.

Nuthatches

Robins, Song Sparrows, Chaffins, Red-eyed and Warbling Vireos are the only birds which still sing freely and vigorously near the house. I ~~hear~~ hear the Meadow Larks at morning and evening and Yellowthroats more or less at all hours but the last named species sings only in low, guttural tones. The Black-bellied Cuckoos are noisy at times but I hear them less and less often each day. The Yellow-bellied Cuckoos are either wholly silent or departed. I heard a Black-bellied cooing (coo-coo) to-day for the first time in woods.

Birds cease singing

Evening in Clark's woods.

1892. Mass.

July 30 Concord. At 7 P. M. I started with Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Hubbard for Clark's woods. The evening was delightful; clear, still, and cool enough to walk with one's coat on. It is fast becoming an easy matter to note the birds one hears. Between our house and the beginning of the solid woods beyond Dutton's, a distance of fully a mile, there were just six; a Robin, a Song Sparrow, a Grass Finch, a Black-billed Cuckoo, and two Quail. The Grass Finch sang only once.

Birds singing
in evening

Beyond Dutton's we walked for half a mile more, most of the way through ~~deciduous~~ woods, without hearing so much as a chirp. Actually there was not a single bird singing in this whole belt of woodland. But after we had turned into the wood path to the left and followed it a few hundred yards we heard a Towhee in full song in an opening and a Tanager singing at frequent intervals in the top of an oak.

Tanager

As we neared the crest of the ridge some of the higher notes of the Wood Thrush became audible but these proved to be only one of three birds singing in the valley below where we reached it at 7.20 and sat down under the hemlocks on the edge of the swamp.

Wood Thrushes

Later two others joined in and ^{before} at 7.30 ^{a fourth} were singing but one was afar off and none of them sang steadily or with much spirit.

The Whippoorwill began at 7.28, two of them, both coming very near us and flitting from place to place among the trees. They apparently sang

Whippoorwill

1892. Mass.

July 30 (No 2) Concord. usually if not invariably from elevated perches ^{usually} on the branches of the oaks but we did not even get as much as a glimpse of either bird.

The Chattering was distinctly audible at 40 or 50 yds. Mr. Hubbard thought at first that it came in between the "strippermills" but he finally agreed with me that ^{usually} it was uttered simultaneously with the first syllable. There were occasional exceptions to this, however, for sometimes it was unmistakably given just before the first syllable and once or twice thought it was repeated twice at the end of the last "strippermill". Mr. H. thought that it sounded as if the bird tapped his bill against a log!

At one time as we were sitting very still, none of us having spoken for several minutes, some animal, probably a Fox, approached through the hemlock making a good deal of snuffling and croaking of dry bones but these sounds soon ceased.

As we were passing back over the wooded ridge a Screech Owl began whistling within fifty yards or less on our left. It was probably perched on one of the dead trees along the edge of the neighboring upland land. The locality is a mile or more from any farm.

Screech Owl

Autumnal or Tree Crickets were singing in several places along the Estabrook road after darkness set in and there was loud and general zing and chirping of the various nocturnal hoppers and Ground Crickets. This is evidently the exact period of change from

Tree Crickets

1892 Mass

July 30
(no 3,

Concord. The period of general bird singing to those of the insects. Of course there have been crickets for two months or more and a few grasshoppers for several weeks but they have not made themselves really conspicuous, locally (or rather insidiously), before this evening. I have heard the tree crickets tuning their instruments for nearly a week past.

The Chipping Sparrow with the split song continues to sing the day through in the apple tree by the river. He sits sedately on the same branch facing the same way and seems to be wholly indifferent to conditions of heat or cold.

Chipping Sparrow

This evening I saw a pair of Chippies in action on the ground in the middle of the road. This would indicate very late nesting.

July 31 Sunday. Still cooler with east wind and a heavy rain-storm from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Spent most of the day in the house but at 3 P.M. started up river with Forbush in the canoe. He had intended to camp for the night at Foxborough but the weather changed our plans and we merely paddled up the Assabet for a mile or so and then back and up the Sudbury to Wachusetta bridge where I left him and walked to the station to take the train.

Up Assabet

It was raining very hard during all the time we were out & we saw few birds; two Spotted Sandpeeps, a Bittern, and about 100 Redwings, with a few Red-wings & Bobolinks & a flock of Grackles.

1892 Mass.
July Concord

1. Sialia sialis. July 2¹/₂. 3¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 5²/₂. 6¹/₂. 11¹/₂. 13¹/₂. 14¹/₂. 16²/₂. 17²/₂.
19¹/₂. 20¹/₂. 21¹/₂. 22¹/₂. 23¹/₂. 24¹/₂. 25¹/₂. 27²/₂. 28²/₂. 29¹/₂.
2. Murela migratoria. July 1³/₂. 2²/₂. 3²/₂. 4²/₂. 5²/₂. 6²/₂. 7⁴/₂. 8²/₂. 9⁴/₂. 10²/₂.
11²/₂. 12²/₂. 13²/₂. 14²/₂. 15⁴/₂. 16⁴/₂. 17⁴/₂. 18⁴/₂. 19⁴/₂. 20⁴/₂. 21⁴/₂. 22²/₂. 23²/₂. 24²/₂. 25²/₂. 26²/₂. 27⁵/₂. 28⁵/₂. 29³/₂. 30³/₂.
3. Turdus fuscus. July 1²/₂. 2²/₂. 3⁴/₂. 9²/₂. 13²/₂. 15²/₂. 16¹/₂. 17¹/₂.
19²/₂. 23²/₂.
4. Parus atricapillus. July 1¹/₂. 14¹/₂. 16¹/₂. 18²/₂. 26¹/₂.
5. Harpesichthys rufus. July 1¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 5¹/₂. 6¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 8¹/₂. 9¹/₂. 14²/₂. 19²/₂. 26¹/₂.
28²/₂.
6. Galoscopus carolinensis. July 1³/₂. 2¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 5¹/₂. 6¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 8¹/₂. 9¹/₂. 10¹/₂.
14¹/₂. 15¹/₂. 16¹/₂. 17¹/₂. 18¹/₂. 19¹/₂. 20¹/₂. 21¹/₂. 22¹/₂. 23¹/₂. 24¹/₂. 27¹/₂. 29¹/₂. 30¹/₂.
7. Scothopha ruficollis. July 1²/₂.
8. Geothlypis trichas. July 1⁴/₂. 2²/₂. 4²/₂. 5¹/₂. 6¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 9²/₂. 10¹/₂. 11¹/₂. 14²/₂.
15²/₂. 16²/₂. 17²/₂. 18²/₂. 19²/₂. 21²/₂. 26²/₂.
9. Scimus urocapillus. July 1³/₂. 2²/₂. 3¹/₂. 4⁵/₂. 7¹/₂. 11²/₂. 16²/₂. 19¹/₂.
20²/₂.
10. Dendroica virens. July 2¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 12²/₂. 14²/₂. 17¹/₂. 18¹/₂. 21²/₂. 22²/₂.
24²/₂. 26²/₂. 27¹/₂. 29¹/₂.
11. Dendroica virens. July 1¹/₂. 2¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 5¹/₂. 16¹/₂. 17²/₂. 19¹/₂. 20¹/₂. 24¹/₂.
26¹/₂.
12. Dendroica pensilvanica. July 1¹/₂. 4¹/₂. 5¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 11¹/₂. 17¹/₂. 18¹/₂.
13. Dendroica aestiva. July 1³/₂. 3¹/₂. 4²/₂. 5²/₂. 6²/₂. 7¹/₂. 8¹/₂. 9²/₂. 10²/₂. 11²/₂.
12²/₂. 13²/₂. 14²/₂. 18¹/₂. 19¹/₂. 20¹/₂. 21¹/₂. 23¹/₂. 25¹/₂. 26¹/₂. 27¹/₂. 28¹/₂. 29¹/₂. 30¹/₂. 31¹/₂.
14. Minutella cinerea. July 1²/₂. 5¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 8¹/₂. 11¹/₂. 14¹/₂. 15²/₂. 18¹/₂. 24¹/₂.
27¹/₂. 28¹/₂. 29¹/₂.
15. Vireo flavifrons. July 1¹/₂. 2¹/₂. 3¹/₂. 4²/₂. 5¹/₂. 6¹/₂. 7¹/₂. 8¹/₂. 9¹/₂. 10¹/₂.
12¹/₂. 13¹/₂. 14¹/₂. 15¹/₂. 16¹/₂. 19¹/₂. 20¹/₂. 21¹/₂. 22¹/₂. 23¹/₂. 27¹/₂. 28¹/₂. 29¹/₂. 30¹/₂. 31¹/₂.

1892: Mass.
July Concord

16. *Vireo gilvus* - July 1st 2nd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th
15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
17. *Vireo olivaceus* - July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th
15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th
18. *Ampelis cedrorum* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
19. *Clivicola riparia* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
20. *Tachycineta bicolor* - July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
21. *Chelidon erythrogaster* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
22. *Petrochelidon lunifrons* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
23. *Progne subis* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th
17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
24. *Piranga erythrorhous* - July 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
25. *Passerina cyanea* July 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
26. *Habia ludoviciana* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
27. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
28. *Melospiza georgiana* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
29. *Melospiza fasciata* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st
30. *Sporophila pusilla* July 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 11th 12th 13th 14th 15th 16th 17th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 29th 30th 31st

1892. Mass.
July Concord

31. *Spizella socialis* - July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 12th.
13th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 20th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 24th. 25th. 26th. 27th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.
32. *Ammodramus sawanna* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 10th. 18th. 19th. 15th.
16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 23rd.
33. *Poicetes gramineus* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th.
11th. 12th. 13th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 20th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 24th. 25th. 26th. 27th. 28th. 30th. 31st.
34. *Spinus tristis* July 1st. 3rd. 7th. 8th. 12th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 18th. 21st.
23rd. 25th. 26th. 30th.
35. *Corvus corax* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th.
11th. 12th. 13th. 21st. 25th.
36. *Quiscalus cinereus* July 4th. 31st (15)
37. *Icterus galbula* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 12th. 14th.
15th. 18th. 20th. 23rd. 26th. 30th.
38. *Sturnella magna* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th (2). 6th. 7th. 8th. 10th. 11th.
12th. 13th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 18th. 20th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 25th. 26th. 27th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.
39. *Molothrus ater* July 1st. 3rd. 8th. 11th. 14th. 15th.
40. *Agelaius phoeniceus* July 1st. 2nd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 13th.
14th. 15th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 24th. 26th. 27th. 29th. 31st.
41. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* July 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 8th. 9th. 10th.
11th. 12th. 13th. 14th. 15th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 21st. 24th. 26th. 27th. 28th. 29th. 31st.
42. *Corvus americanus* July 1st. 2nd. 4th. 8th. 10th. 12th. 13th. 14th. 15th.
16th. 17th. 18th. 19th. 21st. 23rd. 24th. 25th. 26th. 27th. 29th.
43. *Cyanocitta cristata* July 1st. 5th. 8th. 9th. 11th. 14th. 16th. 17th. 18th. 19th.
21st. 26th. 28th.
44. *Empidonax minimus* July 1st. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 12th. 13th.
14th. 15th. 16th. 18th. 19th. 21st. 23rd. 25th. 26th. 27th. 29th.
45. *Contopus virens* July 2nd. 4th. 5th. 7th. 10th. 18th. 20th. 21st. 23rd.
24th. 25th. 26th. 28th. 29th. 30th. 31st.

1892 Mass.
July Concord

- 46 *Sayornis phoebe* July 2¹/₂ - 5²/₂ - 6¹/₂ - 7¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ (imm.) - 18¹/₂ (imm.) - 21¹/₂ (imm.) -
27¹/₂ (imm.) - 31¹/₂
- 47 *Tyrannus tyrannus* July 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9¹/₂ - 10¹/₂ - 11 - 12 - 13 - 14¹/₂ -
15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 17¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 25¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 29¹/₂ - 30¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 48 *Chaetura pelagica* July 1¹/₂ - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11¹/₂ - 12 - 13 - 14¹/₂ -
15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 17¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 25¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 29¹/₂ - 30¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 49 *Colaptes auratus* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 3¹/₂ - 4¹/₂ - 5¹/₂ - 6¹/₂ - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10¹/₂ - 11¹/₂ - 12¹/₂ - 13¹/₂ -
14¹/₂ - 15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 30¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 50 *Dryobates pubescens* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 7¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ - 10¹/₂ - 12¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂
- 51 *Coccyzus americanus* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 4¹/₂ - 5¹/₂ - 8¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ - 12¹/₂ - 13¹/₂ -
23¹/₂ (imm.)
- 52 *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 5¹/₂ - 6¹/₂ - 7¹/₂ - 8¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ -
11¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 17¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 25¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 30¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 53 *Buteo lineatus* July 2¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ - 17¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 24¹/₂
- 54 *Colinus virginianus* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 4¹/₂ - 5¹/₂ - 6¹/₂ - 7¹/₂ - 8¹/₂ - 10¹/₂ - 11¹/₂ -
12¹/₂ - 13¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ - 15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 17¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 22¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 25¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 30¹/₂
- 55 *Zenaidura macroura* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ (imm.) - 4¹/₂ (imm.) - 9¹/₂ (imm.) - 12 (adults) -
13¹/₂ - 15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ (29¹/₂ (imm.))
- 56 *Rallus virginianus* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ (k. k. k.) - 21¹/₂ (k. k.)
- 57 *Ardea virescens* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 6¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ - 15¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 20¹/₂ - 21¹/₂ (imm.) -
22¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ - 24¹/₂ - 26¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 58 *Actitis macularia* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 4¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ - 10¹/₂ (imm.) - 12¹/₂ - 13¹/₂ - 14¹/₂ -
15¹/₂ - 16¹/₂ - 18¹/₂ - 19¹/₂ - 23¹/₂ (imm.) - 24¹/₂ - 27¹/₂ - 28¹/₂ - 29¹/₂ - 31¹/₂
- 59 *Aythya americana* July 1¹/₂ - 2¹/₂ - 9¹/₂ - 15¹/₂
- 60 *Boya minor* July 1¹/₂

1892 Mass.
July Concord

61. Ceryle alcyon.. July 2nd 4th 9th 13th 21st 23rd 24th 31st

62. Aix sponsa.. July 1st 19th

63. Sitta carolinensis July 4th 5th 6th 9th 13th 14th 21st 22nd
25th 26th 29th 30th 31st

64. Antrostomus vociferans July 5th 6th 7th 11th 13th 16th 17th 18th 20th
21st 23rd 25th 30th

65. Turdus mustelinus. July 5th 7th 8th 11th 12th 16th 20th 21st
23rd 25th 30th

66. Helminthophila virgata. July 5th

67. Ammodramus passerinus.. July 6th 10th 11th 14th 25th

68. Asio wilsonianus.. July, 6 flying in twilight

69. Cistothorus stellatus July 9th 14th 16th 19th 21st 23rd 26th 27th

70. Buteo borealis.. July 10th 14th 16th 18th 25th

71. Accipiter cooperi July 10th 16th 24th

72. Bonasa umbellus. July 9th 29th

73. Bubo virginianus. July 12th (flying in twilight)

74. Circus hudsonius.. July 12th 17th 18th

75. Sylvia canadensis July 14th (seen in flight)

* actual - what
actual note.

1892
July Mass.
Concord

76 Botaurus minor. July 16' - 19' - 31"

77. Dendroica black-throated. July 20th (Chickadee)

78 Turdus pallasi. ^{July 24, 25, 26, 27} July 23rd - 24th

79 Trochilus colubris. July 28' - 31'

80 Megascops asio. - July 30th

82 Passer domesticus. Seen or heard about once every week.

afternoon down river.

1892.

Aug. 1

Mass.

Concord.. Cloudy and damp with strong N.E. wind but no rain: a "sea turn", the first we have had this season.

At 4 P.M. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe intending to fish for bass or which many fine ones have been caught at Concord. The wind did not serve for fishing, however, until I reached the long broad stretch of river below Davis's Hill and then it proved too strong for my purpose. I beat down against it nearly to Chelsea bridge and then turning back put out a "drown" and trilled all the way to Ball's Hill. Only two fish struck, both picked and both so small that I released them.

fishing

On reaching my cabin I landed and ate supper there, starting on again up river as twilight was falling and sailing most of the way home before a very light breeze.

Robins and Song Sparrows were the only birds in full song along the river but I heard occasionally a Swamp Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Red wing or Meadow Lark and once a Short-billed Marsh Wren. The Veery and Maryland Yellow-throat seem to become absolutely silent and the Cat Bird nearly so.

Birds still in song

A Carolina Dove was cooing in the pines on Davis's Hill at 5:30 P.M. I have not heard one before for more than two weeks (July 14). This bird was in really good voice and cooed at short, regular intervals so long as I was within hearing.

Carolina Dove

As I was passing through the Holt a Woodcock circled about me and alighted on the bank twittering loudly all the time it was flying.

After night closed in I heard Muskrats on all sides plashing among the pickered weed and making grunting and snoring sounds as they worked at the stalks of the water lilies. Grasshopper & Cricket chirping filled the air, frogs comparatively silent.

Night sounds.

Afternoon in Estabrook woods.

1892. Mass.

Aug. 2 Concord. - Weather like that of yesterday but the wind less strong, at times nearly wanting.

Starting at 3 P.M. I walked up the Estabrook road to Dutton's pole. I took the old lane to Horse Meadow and turning around this to the left followed the path to Bateman's Pond as far as the big Spruce Swamp which I entered at its upper end. The foliage was so dense that the Spruces were not visible until I was almost among them. There was much dog-wood in this swamp and the ground in most places was covered with a deep carpet of Sphagnum. I found a mountain holly with its crimson berries fully developed & very attractive looking.

Spruce Swamp
near Bateman's
Pond

A pair of Canadian Warblers, the male very ragged looking & evidently moulting, were feeding chirping young in a thicket on the edge of the swamp and a Yellow-billed Cuckoo was floundering about in a very noisy and awkward manner in the foliage of a young maple. I saw no other birds here and did not hear a song of any kind.

Canadian Warblers

Returning to the Bateman's Pond path I kept to it for a little further and then took a wood road which enters it on the right and which I had never explored. It led around the base of a recently-cleared ridge with a heavily timbered (fir) swamp on the right and finally came out into open lands where the old vine pits are. Crossing this I took the Estabrook road and followed it as far as Ash Swamp where I turned back and walked slowly home.

During this tramp (of at least five miles) I heard singing only a Robin, Black-throated Green Warbler (listless, feeble, somewhat warbling song), three Red-eyed Vireos, four Tanager (steadily and vigorously), a Chipping, a Grass Finch (only once), two Song Sparrows, a Meadowlark, two Black-billed Cuckoos and a Wood Pewee (the short pec note).

Birds singing

1892.

Mass.

Aug. 2

(No 21)

Concord. The season of ripe blueberries is now at its height; I wonder what mammals eat them. In the Boteman's Pond wood road on the top of a rock I found excrement which I supposed to be that of a fox until I saw that it was entirely made up of the skins and stems of ripe blueberries with two or three green, whole berries mixed in. It may have come from a Woodchuck but after examining it carefully I was still of the opinion that it was fox excrement.

Does the fox
eat blueberries

The fire which ran so fiercely last November through the woods between Ash Grove and Boteman's Pond did little damage to anything besides the barberry and blueberry bushes, the ground juniper, and the smallest cedar & pine saplings. The birches, oaks, maples and even pines of about ten or fifteen feet in height looked to-day perfectly vigorous. This surprises me in view of the bad effects of the fire at Ball's Hill. Evidently the heat does most injury when the sap is running up.

Effects of fire
on young woods.

The only birds which now sing freely at all hours are Song Sparrows, Chipping and Townsends. I am surprised to find that the Mass Finch becomes silent before the Song Sparrows but not is the case, at least this year. I still hear Robins, Mockers, Yellow-throats, and Red-eyed Vireos, Black-billed Cuckoos, Meadow Larks, Field Sparrows, and Red-winged Blackbirds daily but with all of them silence is the rule and song the exception.

Birds in song

The woods to-day impressed me chiefly with a sense of gloom and recovery due partly, no doubt, to the lowering weather but chiefly to the general absence of bird sounds and to the density of the foliage. I felt constantly an almost insupportable desire to escape from their oppressive shade.

Midsummer
woods.

1892.

Aug. 2

(No. 1)

Mass.

Concord. The season of ripe blueberries is now at its height; I wonder what mammals eat them. In the Boteman's Pond wood road on the top of a rock I found excrement which I supposed to be that of a Fox until I saw that it was entirely made up of the skins and stems of ripe blueberries with two or three green, whole berries mixed in. It may have come from a Woodchuck but after examining it carefully I was still of the opinion that it was Fox excrement.

Does the Fox eat blueberries

The fire which ran so fiercely last November through the woods between Ash Swamp and Boteman's Pond did little damage to anything besides the barberry and hawberry bushes, the ground juniper, and the smallest cedar & pine saplings. The birches, oaks, maples and even pines of about ten or fifteen feet in height looked to-day perfectly vigorous. This surprises me in view of the sad effects of the fire at Ball's Hill. evidently the heat does most injury when the sap is running up.

Effects of fire on young woods.

The only birds which now sing freely at all hours are Song Sparrows, Chipping and Townsends. I am surprised to find that the Mass Finch becomes silent before the Song Sparrows but such is the case, at least this year. I still hear Robins, Grackles, Yellow-throats, and Red-eyed Vireos, Black-bellied Cuckoos, Meadow Larks, Field Sparrows, and Red-winged Blackbirds daily but with all of their silence is the rule and song the exception.

Birds in song

The woods to-day impressed me chiefly with a sense of gloom and vacancy due partly, no doubt, to the lowering weather but chiefly to the general absence of bird sounds and to the density of the foliage. I felt constantly an almost insupportable desire to escape from their oppressive shade.

Midsummer woods.

1892. Aug. 3.1111222.To Fairhaven Bay

Concord. Forenoon cloudy with occasional light showers and pretty air. Afternoon clear with gentle S. E. breeze. A fine sunset the west pinked high with rose tinted cumulous clouds.

To Fairhaven at 4 P.M., returning in the twilight. At Scituate where I landed for a few minutes at 6 P.M. not a single bird of any species was singing. Along the river there were Song Sparrows and Yellow Warblers, the latter giving the latter, midsummer warble only as did a single Cuckoo which I heard on Martha's Point. A Towhee sang a few times at sunset and now and then the given-ken-ee of a Red-wing came from the recesses of the bottom bush thickets but altogether the singing was slighter than on any previous evening which I have spent on the river this season. Even the Hippocampus which began at 7.35 on the hill west of Heath's Bridge ~~uttered~~^{gan} only a few notes and then relapsed into silence.

Birds singingHippocampus

I must not omit mention of one interesting and persistent songster viz. a Henslow's Sparrow which was uttering his simple tsl-ee or tsl-ee with great energy in the narrow strip of meadow just above the bridge as I passed on my way home.

Henslow's Sparrow

Little as this song apparently is when one is near the bird it carries to a surprising distance. I fought with the wind favoring I got it distinctly fully 400 yards away.

The frog-like trill which I have never identified but which I have suspected might be made by the Mole cricket came this evening from several places along the river, usually, I thought, from beds of Potamogeton growing in shallow water.

Mole Cricket

A Green-toad the first I have heard for several weeks was calling steadily after dark in some trees near

East Lee Road
calls

1892. Mass.

Aug. 3

(No 2.)

Concord. the French's landing. Green Frogs are still moving at times and the Bull Frog is also often heard but the height of the song season has passed with both.

What does the "song flight" of the King bird mean? Song flight it increases one more and more as I watch, and think of the Kingbird of it. It can hardly be a manifestation of love or masculine virility, as are the song flights of most birds, for I witness it very much oftener now than I did in May and June. All this afternoon, at short intervals, birds, many of which were accompanied by full-grown young, were mounting into the air over the meadows and tumbling and plunging about in the usual erratic manner. It occurs at this season at all hours of the day and quite as frequently in the early afternoon as at sunset.

I seldom now see a bird go up when the weather is cloudy or raining, however.

I had a delightful sail this evening from the head of Fairhaven to Chandler Hill with the gorgeous sunset before me the whole way. The breeze was so steady that I actually cooked barn eggs with my alcohol lamp placed under the hatch of the canoe bristling my course the while by an occasional touch on the foot steering gear and afterwards eating my supper while gliding silently down the placid river between the rows of bordering cotton bushes still draped in creamy-white masses of fragrant blossoms.

L Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

Aug. 4 Concord. A typical midsummer day, clear, rather too hot for comfort away from the influence of the strong S.W. wind.

My men George came from Cambridge this morning and on about to Ball's Hill for the day driving down and back. He spent most of our time clearing out my woodland path which had become choked in places by this season's growth of shrubs and ferns. I heard almost no birds singing, a Chipping at Persim's and a Short-billed Noddy here across the river being actually all that I remember.

Nevertheless I had one interesting experience. Early in the After and afternoon a harp about three quarters of an inch long, slender Spider of build even for its kind, in color grayish-brown with steel blue reflections on the wings, two yellow bands encircling the abdomen and brown obscure yellowish about the head, appeared on the outside of the wire door of my cabin, moving backwards and downward and dragging after it a spider apparently dead but doubtless only numbed by its sting and fully twice as heavy as itself. On reaching the ground it at once started across my little lawn still moving backwards, sometimes among the stems of the grass often climbing over their tops. Its progress was wonderfully rapid considering the burden it bore and every movement was characterized by impatience at the obstacles in its path and a burning desire to get ahead still faster. When within a couple of feet of the lower edge of the grass it dropped the spider and flew to the sandy place below where it entered a hole scarcely larger than a hole pencil. Presently it emerged and began digging the hole out larger, using only the forward pair of legs and throwing the sand backwards

1892.

Nov.

Aug. 4

(No 2.)

Concord., between its hind legs precisely like a dog digging at a woodchuck's hole.

Next it returned to the spider running perfectly straight to the spot through the grass and then resuming the dragging until it had again reached the hole down which it backed pushing the spider in after it, not without difficulty. Reappearing at the entrance it came out, looked about for a moment and then began shoveling sand into the hole from a pile which had evidently been made during the process of excavation and throwing it backwards with the fore legs as just described.

When the hole was filled to within about a quarter of an inch of the surrounding surface it scattered the remaining sand in every direction until not a trace of the original pile remained. It then returned to the hole and standing directly over it began biting ~~into~~ the edges with its jaws and shaking the earth thus loosened down into the hole. After spending a few seconds in this way it would rotate its abdomen up and down and sideways with great rapidity and with so much force that the whole body shook violently. At first I thought it was depositing eggs but after watching it for some time I concluded that it used its abdomen as a beetle to tamp the earth firmly in place. It continued this remarkable performance for fully fifteen minutes the periods of biting and tamping alternating with perfect regularity. When it finally ceased from its labors and flew away the pit was filled perfectly level with the surrounding surface, ^{the} which could be in no way distinguished.

1892 Mass.

Aug 6-11 Cambridge & Boston.

I went to Cambridge on the morning of the 6th and thence to Boston where I stayed (with C.) until the 11th. On the 7th I heard a Yellow-bellied Cuckoo sing in my garden in Cambridge. Night Hawks were flying and looping over the "Book Bay" district in Boston on the evenings of the 6th and 10th. I saw nothing else (except English Sparrows) during this period. The weather was clear & unusually hot.

Yellow b. Cuckoo
Night Hawks
in Boston

Aug. 11 Concord. Returning to the Buttricks this evening I found that during my absence the birds had nearly entirely ceased singing. Indeed the only species still in full song were Song and Chipping Sparrows. Robins, Grass Finches, and Meadow Larks had become almost wholly or quite silent in the evening.

Close of the
period of
bird song

Red-wing Blackbirds and Bobolinks in large numbers are now resorting to Mr. Hayes's field opposite the barn where they seem to find some attraction among the clover & grass which has sprung up since the hay was harvested.

Red-wings
Bobolinks

To Fairhaven Bay.

1892

Mass.

Aug. 13

Concord. - Morning cloudy; afternoon sunny with beautiful cloud effects; sunset very fine.

I spent the morning in the house writing. Song and Chipping Sparrows singing freely; our Warbling Vireo ^{Wood Pewee} vigorously as in June but for only the space of an hour or more in the early morning; a Yellow-throated Vireo and Robin briefly, in the forenoon. These were all; the Grass Finch, Meadow Lark and Cuckoos seem to have ceased wholly. Yellow Warblers still give the piping, viddummm song at all hours, but I think that most of them have already migrated. Yellow Warblers

Up river at 4 P.M. in my "Stella Maris" canoe paddling all the way to Fairhaven. A Yellow Warbler and Song Sparrow at one landing and four Wood Pewees at different places between Egg Rock and the Cliffs were literally all the birds I heard singing. Between the Fitchburg R.R. and Heath's bridge not a single bird song of any kind came to my ears although the afternoon was clear, still and cool. Of course there were bird notes - the twittering of Swallows, the peep of Bobolinks, the throaty chatter of Red-wings feeding among the wild rice, and the metallic trill of King birds perched on the Sutton bushes but no one of these species was at all numerous or conspicuous and at times, for spaces of many minutes, I would listen in vain for any bird sound. The still, clear air, the long shadows of oaks & maples on the meadows where the hay has been cut and the grass is again growing up smooth and bright green as on a lawn, the zing of grasshoppers, and the chirry chirping of crickets all reminded me of a September afternoon. I saw one maple already turned to gold & crimson. I Mark Han is beating the French's meadow,

Fairhaven Bay at Sunset

1892
Mass.Aug. 13
No. 21

Concord. On reaching Fairhaven I set my sails and beat twice across the bay, catching my supper the while. The sun was setting and the air breathlessly still when, as happened every few minutes, the gentle S. E. breeze failed. For fifteen minutes or more I did not hear a bird of any kind save some young Cooper's Hawks, whining in the pines at the base of Lee's Cliff. Birds singing at sunset
At length, however, a black & white Cooper came the warbling heron song twice in quick succession; next a King bird ~~resounded~~ ^{resounded} ~~the~~ ^{the} woods and went through the long flight performance; then almost continuously a Maryland Yellow-throat, a Song Sparrow and a Swamp Sparrow sang, the first and the last on wing) and a Carolina Dove began cooing somewhere in the distance - first on the eastern border of our range - towards the cliffs. A little later I heard another Maryland and Swamp Sparrow and saw a second King bird rise. This was literally the sum total of the evening singing until half-an-hour later when I ~~heard~~ ^{heard} a Kingbird ^{begin} on the hill W. of Martha's Bridge. ^{and then dropped into silence} W. of 1200 ft. it
gave five five, and shortly afterwards ten, repetitions of its song notes.

Most of the swallows must have left the Concord River valley for the evening flight this evening was very slight, not above twenty-five birds passing over Fairhaven. These were nearly all Barn Swallows but I identified two Cow Swallows and one Martin among them. As I was passing Martha's Point shortly after sunset three Rose-breasted Grosbeaks flying high and close together and uttering the autumn call-note came in from the S. and pitched down into some oak woods.

The migrations are now fairly under way. After dark I migrations
heard the hissing notes of Warblers every few minutes and once fairly under way
or twice the calls of Wilson's Thrushes. The Frogs are fast relapsing relapsing
into silence; indeed the Green Frogs are the only species heard relapsing
regularly now. There was no Bull Frog to night. At 9.30 P. M. as
I was putting up my canoe a Great Owl began working near Fair Haven.

1892.

Mass.

Aug. 14

afternoon at Ball's Hill.

Concord. - A beautiful clear, rather cool day with light W. wind.

Spent the forenoon in the house. The Chippy with the The singing
 split song, our Warbling Vireo, and several Song Sparrows sang season drawing
 at frequent intervals and once I heard the long laugh & "cackle" near its close
 of a Phoebe in the trees across the river. ~~Just~~ and once a
 Robin sang for perhaps a quarter of a minute in the orchard.

On my way to Ball's Hill, however, in the early afternoon I
 actually did not hear a single bird singing except a Phoebe
 and two Short-billed Marsh Wrens, and later still, while
 sailing from Davis's Hill nearly to Cuddeville Bridge and back,
 the only song which the gentle evening breeze brought to my ears
 from the woods and meadows along this stretch of river was
 that of a single Wood Pewee in Lawrence's pine woods. I cannot
 understand why all the Song Sparrows inhabiting the river meadows
 have become silent while those about our house still sing freely.

While sailing a little below Davis's Hill I was positively electrified Wilson's Snipe
 by hearing, suddenly, the snipe of a Wilson's Snipe thrice repeated.
 The next instant I saw the bird flying across the river about
 fifteen feet above the water. It alighted on the west bank among
 tall grass. I could see nothing moving on the meadow to the
 eastward where it came but possibly it had been frightened
 by my sails or it may have been merely changing its feeding grounds.
 The time was about half an hour before sunset. If this bird was a
 migrant it furnishes the earliest date of autumn arrival which I
 have ever obtained.

On my way up river in the twilight I saw Robins going to Robin's
 roost in the swampy birch & maple woods at the foot of ^{the}
 Holden's Hill. As nearly as I could judge less than fifty had assembled.

1892.

Mass

Aug. 14

'No 2'

Concord. They were coming in singly, chiefly from the N. and the flight was nearly over when I reached the place. There was a good deal of "talking" but no singing either here or elsewhere this evening.

As I was paddling up the straight reach between the Host and Harrell's Pond a Virginia Rail began making a great outcry in the narrow belt of picked wood & wild rice on the right (N.) bank uttering the ki-ki so rapidly and in such shrill agonized tones that I at first supposed that the bird had been seized by a Mink or a Mink. On paddling to the spot, however, I quickly became convinced that this was not the case but that the bird was merely alarmed for the safety of her young for she continued her cries with unvarying vigor and moved continuously from place to place. I failed to silence her either by striking the water with my paddle or by "spattering". I could see nothing for it was nearly dark at the time. At this close range (I got within ten or fifteen feet of the bird) the ki-ki had a peculiar vibrating or jarring undertone not unlike that of the cutter note of the Carolina Rail under similar conditions.

Virginia Rail

Before the light had faded from the western sky I began to hear the hissing notes of Hawks passing overhead on migration and this was a pleasant sound up to the time I went to bed (11 P.M.). There were no Hawk calls to night.

Migration

Hawks

At a little before dawn a Screech Owl in the orchard near our house called ai-ai-ai-ai-ai at short intervals for several minutes.

Screech Owl

About 20 Barn Swallows, 6 White-bellies, 4 Bank Swallows & two larger skimming Swallows, close over the wire & drinking at sunset.

1892. Mass.

Aug. 15. Concord. Clear and rather cool with brisk N.W. wind.

Early in the morning I heard Song Sparrows singing vigorously, but at wide intervals. After 9 A.M. there was literally no sound from singing season than or other birds during the entire forenoon, nothing in fact save the zing monotone of innumerable grasshoppers and the chirping of crickets. As there was nothing in the weather conditions to account for this universal silence it is evident that yesterday was literally the end of the singing season of the birds about our house for this is the first ^{morning} ~~forenoon~~ when the Mocking Bird and the Chipping and Song Sparrows have not sung at short intervals during the greater part of the forenoon.

Judging by the experience of this season I conclude that ~~for~~ the midsummer silence falls first on the woodlands and timber-bordered fields and lanes, next on the gardens and orchards, and last on the river meadows where the Saw-bird, Marsh Wren, ^{at least} ~~no~~, is content on to sing for a week or more longer. Perhaps the Goldfinch should be similarly credited to the fields and orchards but he is not common here and certainly, enough the few individuals that I have seen of late have not sung at all.

Woodland birds
cease singing
first, then of
gardens & orchards
next those of
river meadows
& thickets last.

The Quail has been wholly silent for a week or more past. I am surprised at this for I had an impression that his "bob. white" was usually heard through this entire month.

Quail

To Ball's Hill with C. at 2.30 P.M. Did not hear a single bird singing, either along the river or in my woods which we traversed from end to end. Saw a Water Thrush (sepirocapillus) under the maples at Dolin's bend, and a Carolina Dove flying over Ball's Hill. A large flock (about 40) Bobolinks came in over Great Meadows at sunset. Many Warblers singing in the woods.

To Fairhaven Bay.

1898. Mass.

Aug. 17 Concord. Cloudless and rather warm with light S.W. wind.

Started up river with C. at 10 a.m. rowing very slowly and reaching Fairhaven about noon. All the available camping grounds were occupied by tents and at Conant's there was also a party of picnickers who had left their canoe in the middle of the opening and their horse tied beneath the old pine at the base of the cliffs; so we turned back and landed at Martha's Point where some boys were camping. Here we stayed until nearly dusk. It was a hot, calm, summer day, the air very clear and warm. The sunset was without clouds or rich coloring but very peaceful and soothing, the river perfectly placid save when a fish jumped or a Swallow dipped down to drink. No birds were heard singing save the Song Sparrows and those listlessly and at wide intervals. After dark there were the usual crickets and occasionally the trill of a Green Frog but no Bull Frogs.

King birds are quite as numerous as ever along the river and this evening just after sunset I saw two go through the song flight performance.

There are few Swallows left. The evening flight over Fairhaven Swallows was scarce noticeable, not above twenty birds (all House Swallows) passing. In the morning I saw a single Martin flying over the town.

Swifts have diminished in number during the past week but they are still numerous. Two flying at evening at a height of fully 1000 ft. over Fairhaven were perhaps migrating although their course was about E.

1892. Mass.Aug. 17
(1892)

Concord. As we were returning from Clam Shell Hill a little after sunset we disturbed a flock of about thirty Red-wings which were evidently preparing to roost in a dense thicket of bottom bushes on the east bank of the river. Among them were at least five old males in apparently unchanged breeding plumage. As they alighted on the bushes after a short flight they showed their scarlet epaulettes as conspicuously as if it were the breeding season. Several smaller flocks arrived from down river and joined the others after we had passed.

Red-wings
in breeding
plumage.

Meadow Larks, also, were assembling to roost in this meadow. I saw one flock of ten and several flocks of from three or four to seven or eight arrive in quick succession all coming from the north and all alighting in the same place, one open, dry spot where the grass has been cut and the "rowan" is now for a few inches high.

Meadow Larks
in flocks &
assembling to
roost together

Robins, too, were coming in from various directions and pitching down into the maple woods on the eastern border of the meadow. This sort of behavior, is of trifling importance judging from what I saw of it this evening.

Robin roosted

The Quackly Boys now spend the entire day in rafts in sheltered coves among the lily pads whence they emerge a little after sunset and scatter about over the whole river. Some of these rafts contain hundreds of individual eels.

"Quackly" Boys

For four or five nights past a Screech Owl has come about one hour at 9 to 11 P.M. and uttered with its wail or the cu-cu-cu-cu-cu cry. It usually stays within hearing for ten or fifteen minutes, never much longer.

Screech Owl

To Ball's Hill

1892. Mass.

Aug. 20 Concord. Cool with lowering sky and fresh N. E. wind, - a "sea breeze" in fact.

To Ball's Hill at 10.15 A.M. with Mr. & Mrs. Hubbard Miss Hubbard joining us early in the afternoon. I had my table covered out of the house and we sat down under the birches by the river.

Before starting this morning I heard Song Sparrows and a Robin singing near the house but only at wide intervals. The only bird singing along the river was a Black-billed Marsh Wren opposite Ball's Hill.

Birds in song

King-birds seem to ^{have} diminished greatly in numbers during the past few days. I saw no Swallows at all today and but two or three Swifts.

Sparrows & swallows departing

There were two Black-billed Cuckoos in the maples on the edge of the river in front of my cabin. They kept close together and uttered the chuckle "Goo. Goo. Goo." at frequent intervals.

Cuckoos

A Great Blue Heron, apparently a young bird, started from the marsh opposite Ball's Hill as we approached in sight and we saw the same bird on our way up river at evening.

Blue Heron

We also saw two flocks of Ducks, one of four, the other of five birds, both flocks flying past Ball's Hill. I took them for A. obscura but did not make quite sure.

Ducks

A flock of fully 200 Woodchicks heading our Great Meadows

Woodchicks

1892 Mass.

Aug. 21

Concord. A sunny day, rather warm, with W. to N. wind driving masses of cumulous clouds across the sky.

To Shaw Meadow at 10 A.M. via Derby and Dutton's Cares, returning down the Calabrook road about noon.

The only birds heard singing were a Song Sparrow, a Red-eye, a Black and White Creeper, ^{a Wood Pewee,} and a Lark. The first was near the house; the second and third were in Derby's woods and both sang nearly as steadily and well as in June. The Pewee also gave the expression singing song not the bottom see which I hear most of the time now.

Birds appear to my scarce even for this the season of greatest quiet and retirement. Besides the species just named I saw or heard: Field Sparrows (2), Towhees (3), Robins (8), Cedar Birds (2), Thrush (1), Chorus (several), Jays (2), Swifts (5 or 6 flying very high), Red-tailed Hawk (1), Mock (1), Bluebirds (2), Kingbirds (2), Downy Woodpecker (1), Golden-winged Warbler ^{Chickadee (6),} (1), ⁽¹⁾ Crest Flycatcher (1), Yellow-bellied Flycatcher (1) and Black-throated Green Warbler (2). ~~There~~ In all 22 species.

The fewer species last named with a Robin, a Creeper and a Wood Mixed flock Pewee were all together in mixed pines & oaks near Clark's big woods. After the manner of all such gatherings of small birds they were moving rather steadily and rapidly from tree to tree so that I had to walk at a fair pace to keep up with them. The Minutilla occasionally gave the midsummer song and one of the Black-throated Greens warbled frequently in low tones a strain which had little of the peculiar quality of the singing song and which was indeed scarcely recognizable. I think the singer was a ^{bird} young.

The Golden-wing was a male with full Black throat and appor- Golden-wing
nately fully perfected autumnal plumage. He uttered a low Warbler.

1892.

Mass.

Aug. 21
(No. 2.)

Unwed. rasping chirp out under that of our Indigo Bird and seemed to avoid the finer sounding chirp at the extremity of oak branches where he hung back downward like a Chickadee. I saw him feed and eat several good-sized hairless caterpillars one of which he extracted from a rolled up leaf wrapped about with caterpillar silk.

Widening Harbor

The Red-tailed Hawk was flying over the swamp E. of Clark's woods uttering a gasping or chattering scream prolonged and husky as if the birds throat were dry (cree-c-c-c-c-c-c-c-c). This is one of the most characteristic cries of this species.

Red-tailed Hawk

In Denton's Lane a large Gray Squirrel, tinged strongly over the entire upper parts with rusty fawns, clung head downwards against the stump of an oak for a minute or so, then taking to the road ran along its top very brightly until he reached the woods.

Bow Meadows.. I spent an hour or more sitting on a ledge covered with rock pines looking out over this pretty little opening. It ^{appears} is largely wild and northern ~~looking~~ reminding me at all seasons of some of the bogs in Maine or New Brunswick although there is nothing really northern in its flora. The resemblance is probably due to the abundance of Cassandra now dull & rusty in tint, and to the stunted, guarded character of the scattered birches and pitch ^{leafless} ~~pine~~ ^{which} ~~probably~~ get more water than is good for them although the place is seldom flooded. ~~any~~ ~~area~~. There are a few clusters of vivid green high blueberry bushes sprinkled about and in places cotton grass

Bow Meadows

June 1892.

1892.

Mass.

Aug. 28

(No 3)

Ground. - bearing its white flower-like heads which seemed to attract the yellow butterflies. The entire opening is encircled by a belt of young but tall and vigorous white pines, gray birches, maples, chestnuts, oaks and hickories with an undergrowth of high blackberries and cluthra the latter covered with creamy-white blossoms which loaded the air with their strong ^{fragrance} ~~odor~~ reminding that of rose roses.

As I sat looking out through the foliage I heard. Crows Quail, cawing and a loud whistling ^{"Bob-white"} at short, regular intervals in the distance towards the W. Near at hand a Jay chucked, a Towhee called, a Cedar bird dipped. Overhead high against the sulphury white clouds a few swifts circled twittering. Once I heard the peep of a Bobwhite passing southward.

The dry, stammering autumn call of Pickering's Hylas came at Pickering Hylas frequent intervals from the surrounding woods (I heard this autumn call yesterday for the first time this month) and the flying notes of the Cicada were almost incessant one beginning almost immediately after another had ceased. The grasshoppers & crickets in the meadows supplied a steady volume ^{mingled} of the zing and chirping which formed as were an undertone or background for the other sounds and which reminded me of the hissing of damp wood burning. Once a Fox had clamped in low, doubtful Free-hood tones. Dragon flies were flitting from stem to stem of callows the Cassiopea bushes. In down another the oak leaves overhead. These were all the sights and sounds that I noted here.

Many of the leaves of the gray birches, especially on the lower branches, are turning yellow & some have even ripened & fallen.

1892. Mass.

Aug. 26
No 41

Concord. - Late in the afternoon I went up the Assabet
by boat with C. rowing to a little above "Birds Nest Island"
and talking one tea in the boat as we floated slowly
back with the stream.

Birds appeared to be very scarce a Golden Plover, a Hooded Merganser,
Black-bellied Cuckoo, several Robins, a Wilson's Thrush, a Cat-Bird
and three Night Hawks besides a Crow or two being all that
I saw or heard. There was literally no singing at sunset
save that over a Black-bellied Cuckoo uttered the series
of notes (cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc, coo, coo, coo) which seems to
serve it in lieu of a song and which I have not
heard before for more than two weeks. The Wilson's Thrush
was calling (phee) merrily. The Robins, six or eight in
number came, apparently, from a distance and highly
and pitched into the brick swamp exactly at the
point where there was a well-defined but small
roost in 1886-87. There can be no doubt that those
which came this evening passed the night in these trees
for I stayed near them until it was nearly dark &
heard them flutter and settle themselves on their perches.
Surely this is the smallest Robin roost on record!
There were no Grackles with them as was the case in '86-87.
and I am beginning to wonder what has become
of the Concord Grackles for not one have I seen this
month! Have they have left the township altogether?

Black-bellied Cuckoo

A numerous
small Robin roost

The Night Hawks were apparently migrating in company. Night Hawks
for when they first appeared all three were high in air
heading S. but one turned back and lingered over the
river for many minutes, descending lower & lower until it
was below the level of the tree tops & beating up & down the
stream.

1872. Mass.

Aug. 22. Concord. Clear with hot sun and cool N. wind; a September-like day.

At 7.40 A.M. I found a rather large & interesting mixed flock of birds in the elms in front of our house. They stayed in these trees over an hour and with the aid of my glasses I identified them all positively and made out the following list.

Mniotilta varia, 4 (one ad. ♂ in autumn dress), *Campylorhynchus americanus* 2 (mouthing about the head and fore neck), *Helminthophila ruficapilla* 1, (apparently ad. ♂ in full autumn plumage), *Dendroica fuscescens* 2 (in perfect autumn plumage with olive green tuffes & white under parts, the yellow wing bands and whitish rings about the eye very conspicuous), *Vireo gilvus* 4 (three young with very yellow sides, the fourth bird an old ♂ not through the moult but warbling every now & then in low tones) *Sitta carolinensis* (♀ very ragged & pin-feathered), *Seturus ballianus* (ad. ♂ & ♀, both in nearly or quite perfect fall plumage), *Certhia virens* 1 (adult & apparently young), *Passer domesticus* 5 or 6, *Spizella socialis* 4; in all ten species and about twenty-five in individuals.

The four species first named were probably migrants which came from the N. last night and joined the others all of which have been in the habit of resorting to these trees daily for the past week or more.

The male Oriole sang several times in loud, ringing tones. This is the first time that I have heard the full song for several weeks although a bird (evidently adult) in the back swamp on the Abbott last evening gave most of it both over. This autumn (or rather late summer) song of the Ballian is more prolonged and richer than the ordinary spring fluting, and its effect is heightened by the general silence at this season. It begins with the normal flute-like song, is continued by a succession of rich notes & ends, usually, in a low chatter

Mixed flock
in the
Buttrick's elms

Orioles resume
singing

1892. Mass.

Aug. 22

Concord. At 3 P.M. I started for Ball's Hill with C.

(No 2)

He had just reached the foot of the slope between the Buttricks' house and the river when there was a sudden still outcry of bird voices in the big willows by my boat-house and the next instant a Robin appeared closely pursued by a Sharp-shinned Hawk. The Robin, a young bird still in the speckled plumage but with fully developed wings and tail, flew very slowly and when within ten or twelve feet of us (for the chase led directly towards us) its wings seemed to fail it altogether and it fluttered feebly down to the ground uttering a shrill, agonizing cry and evidently fairly overcome with terror. The Hawk, a large female and also a young bird as I could see quite plainly, sailed on set wings with tail wide spread and although it did not seem to move at all swiftly it made at least two feet to the Robin's one and was within a yard of its victim when the latter sought the earth. Undeterred by my shouts, ^{or by} ~~with~~ the course which I flung at it it pressed on its prey without a moment's hesitation. I could not see exactly what ensued for both birds were hidden somewhat by the grass but there was the usual agonized screaming on the part of the poor victim and when I reached the spot the Hawk rose literally at my feet with the Robin clutched firmly in both feet and started off flapping heavily. He went only a few rods before coming to the ground again, once more among thick grass. I followed and flushed him directly undisturbed a second time but he left the Robin behind. In picking it up I found a few feathers gone from the wing and ^{a little} blood flowing from the base of the neck next the breast. The wound seemed trifling but the bird died in my hand within

Sharp-shinned Hawkcatches aRobin

1892 Mass.

Aug. 22
(No 3)

Concord - the space of a few minutes although it seemed little time at first and pecked very hard bravely. The Hawk flew straight away across the river and out of sight over Ripley's Hill.

During the row to Ball's Hill I saw a Kingfisher - the first for some time - a Black-billed Cuckoo, and thirty or forty Redwings, the last feeding on wild rice on the island just below the tomb. No birds were singing anywhere, either along the river or in my woods. I saw a Carolina Dove crossing Benson's field late in the afternoon.

Just ^{before} ~~at~~ sunset Bobolinks were coming into the Great Meadows Bobolinks in my large meadows. I counted fifty individuals in one assembly. flock and then did not get all. There were many smaller flocks and the pink, pink was a constant sound for fifteen minutes or more. It is evident that ^{Bobolinks} ~~there~~ birds take their roosts much earlier than do most birds. The flight had practically ceased this evening before the sun disappeared.

There were a few Swallows (all apparently Barn Swallows) seen flying over the meadows at sunset and as we were on our way up river in the twilight I saw three Night Hawks (or possibly the same bird three different times) skimming close over the surface of the water. Night Hawks

1892 Mass.

Aug. 24 Concord. Warm and rather sultry in the forenoon, a cool S. E. breeze in afternoon.

Driving with C. 9 to 11 a.m. - about the village and through the Virginia road. Saw few birds except Song Sparrows and heard nothing big. The rum cherries are ripening fast and Cedar Birds & Robins are already eating them. Near our large tree I saw two Flickers; they, also, are very fond of these cherries.

To Ball's Hill about at 3 P.M. paddling most of the way. Near the foot of Hannadale Rapid a large Beaver crossed the river 100 yds. or more in advance of me. I recognized him at once by the large, bushy tail held well out of water and perfectly motionless. ~~a~~ A Muskrat will occasionally carry his tail in much the same way but he is known to move it very second or so and usually waves or vibrates it incessantly. Another point of difference was the greater space between the head and tail (~~the~~ ^{of the} back was entirely submerged). At a distance the tail looked like the head of a second and large animal following the first closely. This Beaver swam much more slowly than the one I saw in the Hannadale pool last May and no faster than a Muskrat. He went ashore very noiselessly cutting a bed of pithed wood without making any flashing or agitating the stems of the plants as a Muskrat would have done. I did not try to overtake him but on the contrary stopped paddling as soon as I first sighted him and watched him through my glasses. He did not appear to notice me at all.

Beaver ~~swam~~
the river

1892. Mass.

Aug. 24

(No 2.)

Coward.. Red-wings and Bobolinks were scattered in small flocks along the margin of the river where there was any considerable belt of wild rice the grains of which they have now nearly harvested.

Later in the afternoon a flock of 15 Chimney Swifts appeared over the river just above Ball's Hill. They came from the westward and at first were high in the air but presently descended and skimmed low over the meadows and water getting their evening meal. I think they were migrants but there are a few local birds still flying about the village.

Chimney Swifts
migrating (?)

On my way up river I saw six Carolina Doves flying in a close bunch like Plover over the Great Meadows in the direction of Ball's Hill. This is the first real flock that I have noted this season.

Carolina Doves
flocking

I also saw a Marsh Hawk, an adult male, flying over the meadows a little before sunset.

Marsh Hawk

Indigo Birds are now frequenting the corn fields as is their habit at this season & through September. I heard one in Bussey's field on the road and ^{there} ~~there~~ ^{two} in a corn field near Hunt's landing to-day. The note of the young Indigo Bird lacks the hard quality of that of the adult and is to my eye like the whit of Carpodacus sinuatus that I find it difficult to distinguish between the two species unless the bird is very near me. One of them seen to-day was an old male still in the blue plumage.

Indigo Birds
in corn fields

To Ball's Hill.

1892 Mass.Aug. 26

Concord. A North-easterly storm with heavy wind and driving rain.

To Ball's Hill at 2.30 P.M. in the "Little Meris" canoe. The paddle down was laborious and disagreeable for the wind was dead ahead & very strong, and the rain drove against my face and half blinded me, but I sailed all the way back.

Six White-bellied Swallows two Barn Swallows and half-a-dozen Swifts were skimming close over the water and sedge at the swift rock below "the tent" and a still larger flock, containing two Barn Swallows, five White-bellies, several Barn Swallows and a number of Swifts, were collected about the lower Dam rapid where they beat back & forth over a comparatively small area of water & marsh. I was interested and somewhat surprised to observe, on passing this place on my return two hours later, that the composition of this flock had changed materially. The Barn Swallows were missing but there were now four Song Sparrows, five Barn Swallows, at least fifteen White-bellies, one Purple Martin and but two Swifts. The upper flock remained the same.

Swallows
Swifts

Near "the tent" I saw a young ♂ Sharp-shinned Hawk. He was very tame & allowed me to paddle nearly beneath him as he sat on a low branch over the river.

Accipiter

On Benson's knoll, as I was walking past the brother hollow following the cart path, I started a Carolina Wren from a small red cedar. She fluttered off ~~very~~ slowly & clumsily like a very young bird. On looking in the cedar I found a nest built chiefly of dry straw & containing two eggs evidently far advanced in

A Cute Doris
nest

1892. Mass.

Aug. 28

Concord. A cool gray day the sun obscured more the thin
by clouds; the air remarkably clear, the light on the woods
and meadows beautifully soft yet strong defining distinct
objects with unusual clearness. No wind.

Went over with C. in P. M. landing at Ball's Hill for
an hour or more and paddling slowly homeward in
the late afternoon.

Birds have become wholly tamer and seem to be getting bolder
every day. Probably twenty-five per cent at least of the
summer ^{summer} residents have departed and there has been as yet
no marked influx from the north, at least of such
species as tally with us. I hear migrants passing overhead
every clear night but most of them must pass on
without stopping for our woods and fields have well-nigh
deserted.

A Kingfisher, flitting from tree to tree as we advanced,
a few Barn & White-bellied Swallows with broad swifts,
lingering about Beaver Dam rapids, ten or a dozen Red-wings seen to-day,
glancing the last of the wild air on the island below the
tent, Phoebe perched on dead branches over the water, a
Carolinian Dove which alighted in the field north of Hunt's Pond,
a flock of fully 100 Bobolinks drifting back and forth over Bobolinks
the Great Meadows like a cloud of smoke driven by the wind,
tugged, silent Song Sparrows in the bottom bushes, a brace
of Orioles chattering in a white maple, and four young
Purple Martins flying about at evening over the river &
meadows near the Y. M. - thus, with their King birds, and
five Chickadees, two Chestnut-sided Hoppers and a Parula compressa
in the bushes in front of my cabin made up the sum that today.

1892 Mass.

Aug. 29 Concord. - Most of the day cloudy but the sunset clear and the evening sky brilliant with stars.

Circumstances kept me at home all day but I was out of doors in the afternoon and saw a few birds near the house and others during a drive which I took with C., between 5 & 7 P.M.

A Water Thrush in our pine hedge near the house chirping sharply when disturbed by a stray cat. This under white hedge is perfectly dry beneath but very near it is a pine-
large open field where Geese may feed.

At about noon a Thrush flew over the house low down singing as wing the notes becoming rapidly shriller as the distance increased, but apparently not ceasing until after the bird had got quite beyond hearing. His voice was at once high, tender, & nervous. I am satisfied that this late summer singing of the Robins is in every way superior to his best efforts in May & June. The song is much more prolonged than was nothing peculiar about the flight which the bird was singing.

Second song period of the Thrush

As we were approaching the house this evening down time after sunset (at 7 P.M. it was) a Woodcock shot past within twenty feet flying directly towards the river & very swiftly. It probably came from Mr. Rogers' corn field & was doubtless intending to spend the night feeding in Mill Brook meadow.

Woodcock

Scattered Chipping Swifts about meadows & our woods at sunset flying high but in no particular direction.

Chipping Swift

1894.

Mass.

To Bull's Hill.

Aug. 30

Concord.. Cloudy with threatening sky and light S. E. wind
but not a drop of rain.

To Bull's Hill at 11 A. M. with C. in the Little Robertson
canoe, the first time that it has ever carried two.
Took dinner in my cabin where we spent two hours or
more, taking a walk to the glacial hollow in the late
afternoon. The woods were silent and rather gloomy.

Woods silent &

At 5 P. M. we started for home. The wind had now shifted
to S. W. and the sky for a space above the W. horizon changing
the sun came out just before it set.

Visited the Dove's nest at 4.15 P. M. & parents sitting. I looked
at her through my glass for a minute or more standing in
plain sight on the opposite side of the hollow about 30 yds. off.
After perhaps three minutes she flew while we were both perfectly
still although we had been talking a little. She went directly off
through the trees without pausing or fluttering her flight being
swift & decided, the wings whistling as on ordinary occasions.
Both eggs had hatched since my last visit. The young were appar-
ently not over one day old and both were of the same size. Their
eyes were tight closed, their bodies & heads covered with down colored,
having down.

Six Black Ducks flying high over Davis's Hill, a Red-tailed Black Duck
and Red-shouldered Hawk which started from trees on the
river bank, a Hummingbird which crossed the river near
my boat house, a few Bobolinks & Red-wings feeding
on the wild rice, several White-bellied and five House
Swallows with ten or a dozen Swifts flying over the Rapids, Swifts
then King Birds (copied) & our Yellow Warbler were the most
interesting birds observed along the river.

1892 Mass.

August Concord

1. *Sialia sialis*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 12th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 30th 31st
2. *Merula migratoria*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 10th 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th 19th 20th 21st 22nd
24th 26th 28th 29th 30th 31st
3. *Turdus fuscus*. Aug. 21st
4. *Parus atricapillus*. Aug. 2nd 13th 14th 15th 16th 20th 21st 28th 30th
5. *Empidonax rufus*. Aug. 4th 21st 30th
6. *Geothlypis carolinensis*. Aug. 3rd 13th 20th 21st 24th 28th 30th 31st
7. *Geothlypis trichas*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 13th 14th 20th 22nd 24th 26th 28th
30th 31st
8. *Dendroica virens*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 13th 14th 20th 21st 22nd 26th
9. *Dendroica aestiva*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 12th 13th 14th 17th 18th 20th 30th
10. *Minotilla varia*. Aug. 1st 3rd 13th 15th 21st 22nd 31st
11. *Vireo olivaceus*. Aug. 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 13th 17th 21st
12. *Vireo flavifrons*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 5th 12th 13th 18th
13. *Vireo gilvus*. Aug. 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 12th 13th 14th 15th 18th 22nd
14. *Ampelis cedrorum*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th 20th 21st 22nd
28th 29th 30th 31st
15. *Clivicola riparia*. Aug. 1st 3rd 14th 26th 31st

1892. Mass.
August. Concord.

- 16 *Tachycineta bicolor* Aug. 1[±] 3[±] 14[±] 24[±] 26^⑥ 28[±] 30[±]
- 17 *Melospiza cythrogaster* Aug. 1⁵⁰ 2⁴ 3³⁰ 4¹⁰ 5⁻ 12[±] 13³⁰ 14²⁵ 15¹⁰ 17²⁰ 21⁵
22^② 23[±] 24[±] 26^② 27[±] 28[±] 29[±] 30^② 31^③
- 18 *Petrochelidon lunifrons* Aug. 1[±] 2[±] 13[±] 26^③ 30^②
- 19 *Progne subis* Aug. 1[±] 2[±] 3[±] 13[±] 15[±] 17[±] 25^② 26[±] 28^④
- 20 *Pranga erythromelas* Aug. 2⁴
- 21 *Passerina cyanea* Aug. 4[±] 5[±] 22^(ampid) 24^(ampid) 31^(im)
- 22 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* Aug. 1[±] 2^{3rd} 3^⑤ 13[±] 21[±]
- 23 *Melospiza georgiana* Aug. 1[±] 3[±] 13⁴ 14[±] 15[±] 17[±] 23[±] 24[±] 28
- 24 *Melospiza fasciata* Aug. 1[±] 2³ 3⁸ 4[±] 5[±] 11[±] 12[±] 13³ 14[±] 15[±] 17^⑤ 18^⑥
19[±] 20[±] 21[±] 22[±] 23[±] 24[±] 26[±] 28[±] 30[±] 31[±]
- 25 *Spizella socialis* Aug. 1[±] 2[±] 3[±] 4[±] 5[±] 11[±] 12[±] 13[±] 14[±] 17[±] 20[±] 22³
24[±] 29[±]
- 26 *Spizella pusilla* Aug. 1[±] 3[±] 15[±] 21[±] 26[±]
- 27 *Peucetes gramineus* Aug. 1[±] 2[±] 3[±] 4[±]
- 28 *Spinus tristis* Aug. 1[±] 2[±] 3[±] 4[±] 5[±] 13[±] 14[±] 15[±] 17[±] 22[±] 23[±] 24[±] 28[±]
29[±]
- 29 *Carpodacus purpureus* - Aug. 3[±] 22[±] 23[±]
- 30 *Sturnella aureocapillus* - Aug. 26[±]

1892. Mass.

August Concord

31. *Icterus galbula* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 12th 13th 15th 18th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd
24th 28th - 29th 30th (100) ^{30th (100) birds}
32. *Sturnella magna* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 17th (100) 28th 31st
33. *Agelaius phoeniceus* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th (100) 28th 31st
18th 20th 24th 26th 28th 30th 31st
34. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* Aug. 1st 3rd 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th 18th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 26th 28th 29th 30th 31st
20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 26th 28th 29th 30th 31st
35. *Corvus americanus*. Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 13th 14th 15th 17th 20th 21st 24th 26th
28th 31st
36. *Agelaius cristatus* Aug. 2nd 15th 21st
37. *Euphonia minima* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 15th 17th 20th 21st 22nd
38. *Coccyzus vicinus* Aug. 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 13th 14th 17th 21st 31st
39. *Sayornis phoebe* Aug. 2nd 3rd 13th 21st 26th 28th (100) 30th 31st
40. *Tyrannus tyrannus* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 13th 15th 17th 20th
21st 22nd 24th 26th 28th 30th 31st
41. *Chaetura pelagica* Aug. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th 20th 21st
22nd 23rd 24th 26th 28th 29th 30th 31st
42. *Colaptes auratus* Aug. 2nd 12th 13th 14th 15th 17th 18th 20th 23rd 24th 28th
43. *Dryobates pubescens* Aug. 2nd 3rd 13th 14th 17th 21st 24th
44. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus* Aug. 2nd 3rd 4th 20th 21st 22nd
45. *Coccyzus americanus* Aug. 2nd 4th 5th 8th (100)

1892
August Concord

46. *Cistothorus stellaris*. Aug. 1st. 4th. 14th. 20th
47. *Laniidura macroura*. Aug. 1st. 4th. 13th. 14th. 15th. 20th. 22nd. 24th. 26th ^{2 sitting on 2 eggs} (Mason's hill)
28th. 30th ^{2 on nest at Mason's hill} - 31st ^{both eggs hatched.}
48. *Actitis macularia*. Aug. 1st. 3rd. 13th
49. *Sitta carolinensis*. Aug. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 20th. 21st. 22nd. 23rd. 28th. 29th. 30th
50. *Centurus vociferans*. Aug. 3rd. 13th
51. *Sylvania canadensis*. Aug. 2nd ^{2 eggs}
52. *Ammodramus leucostriatus*. Aug. 3rd
53. *Philohela minor*. Aug. 1st ^{1 heard at evening} (near meadow). 7th ^{1 (Dunlop's)} (Dunlop's). 29th ^{1 flying across road} (near Thelon in twilight).
54. *Ardea virescens*. Aug. 1st. 2nd. 24th
55. *Circus hudsonius*. Aug. 1st ^{2 ad.}. 13th. 24th ^{2 ad.}
56. *Megascops asio*. Aug. 1st. 11th ^(10 P.M.). 13th ^(9.30 P.M.). 14th ^(11.20 P.M.). 15th ^(11.45 P.M.). 16th ^(11.45 P.M.). 18th ^(11.45 P.M.).
19th. 24th ^(8.30 P.M.). 28th ^(9.45 P.M.). 29th ^(9.45 P.M.)
57. *Habia ludoviciana*. Aug. 13th ^{2 ad.}. 18th ^{2 ad.}. 31st ^{1 juv.}
58. *Accipiter cooperi*. Aug. 13th ^{young returning} at their cliff.
59. *Ballus virginianus*. Aug. 14th ^{1 heard} (at the nest)
60. *Gallinago delicata*. Aug. 14th

1892. Mass.
August Concord

- 61 Nyctardus gr. vivata. - Aug. 14¹ ^{had}. 21¹ ^{had}.
62. Dendroica pennsylvanica. - Aug. 14¹ ^{had} (pl. 1) - 22² ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 28⁽³⁾
63. Sciurus novboracensis. - Aug. 15¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 21¹ ^{had}. 29¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 31¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms)
64. Bonasa umbellus. Aug. 14¹
65. Ardea herodias. - Aug. 20¹
66. Ardea herodias. - Aug. 20⁽⁵⁾ - 30⁽⁶⁾
67. Buteo borealis. - Aug. 15¹. 21¹. 30¹. 31¹
68. Helminthophila chrysoptera Aug. 21¹ ^{had}
69. Empidonax flaviventris. Aug. 21¹
70. Colinus virginianus. Aug. 21¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 21¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms)
71. Chondestes peperue. Aug. 21¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 22²
72. Helminthophila ruficapilla. - Aug. 22¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms)
73. Contopus americanus. - Aug. 22¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 28¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms)
74. Accipiter junco Aug. 22¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms) - 26¹ ^{had} (B. & H. 18, chms)
75. Ceryle alcyon. Aug. 22¹. 28¹. 30¹ ^{had}

1892. Mass.

August Concord

76 Prochilus colubris. Aug. 30th 31st

77 Buteo lineatus. - Aug. 30th

78 Hetaurus minor. - Aug. 31st

79 Passer domesticus.

1892 Mass.

Sept. 1 Concord. A burning day with beautiful cloud effects. Wind N. W. strong at times.

To Ball's Hill with C. at 11 A. M. Landing at and scrambling over Holden's Hill on our way down river.

As we were climbing the eastern base of this hill a large, broad-winged bird started from an oak and flew out over the meadows. I did not see it at first but C. who did thought that it was an Owl. The question was quickly settled in the affirmative by the Crows who the next moment began cawing frantically and collecting from far & near to assail their hated enemy. Judging by the sound (for we could see nothing through the dense foliage) the chase led first out over the Great Meadows and then turned back. Finally it became evident that the Owl had alighted in one of the trees at the Southern base of the hill. I advanced slowly and with great caution and presently saw at least thirty Crows in the top of a tall chestnut. Some were sitting quietly on the branches, others hopped or flitted excitedly from branch to branch, while still others circled just above the top of the tree occasionally dashing madly down through the foliage. Their cawing was at times almost deafening while at others they would relapse into nearly or quite perfect silence. The clamor usually started abruptly (probably at some movement on the part of the Owl), lasted half a minute or more and then gradually lessened. At its height it formed a perfect war of angry sounds ^{which} had little of the usual Crow quality reminding me by times of the hoarse bawling of many large dogs or of the shouting of men.

1892. Mass. At a distance it was strikingly like ^{swains} ~~they~~ found & chasing them
 Concord. Although I scanned the trees carefully with
 my glass I did not see the Owl until at length
 he flew from among the densest foliage in the very
 top. Instantly the Crows followed - every one of them -
 silently for a second or two, then each throat pouring
 forth cries of rage and abuse. Doubtless every explanation
 known. As the Corvid vocabulary was hurled after
 the big Bird as he ~~gladly~~ ~~immediately~~ flapped
 off through the trees. He did not go far this time
 - only to the crest of the pine in front where I left
 him and his sable breasted & their own birds.

Visiting the Dove's nest on Benjamin's knoll at S.P.C. ²² Dove's nest.
 I found the mother bird sitting. She flew quietly
 off when I was thirty yards or more from the
 tree. The young birds have doubled in size since
 I saw them last but their eyes are not yet open
 and their general appearance has in no way changed.
 Like the young in the nest by the Brook Brothers of
 Davis's Hill they sit perfectly motionless.

I saw two Marsh Hawks on the meadows, one an
 old male as white as a Gull apparently, the other
 a large, brown female. Marsh Hawks

At least fifteen Swifts were scattered about
 over the meadows a little before sunset but the
 small swallows nested over Light House Swallows which
 although also feeding kept more together and acted
 like immigrants. Swifts.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 3

Concord. Cloudless with light N. wind. Morning & evening cool, the middle of the day warm. Air exceptionally dry & clear.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 8.30 A.M. a boy who is visiting the Buttricks accompanying me. Found Pat at the hill and spent most of the day working with him on the back part of my land laying out some new paths and repairing & improving old ones. Returned to the Buttricks' in time for tea at six o'clock.

The signs of autumn were not few nor far to seek to day. Crimsoning maples along the river, yellowing beeches and chestnuts on the ridges, goldenrod & asters in profusion in field corners & by roadsides, the crisp, clear air and mellow sunshine, the calling of jays, the thrud of falling acorns & chestnuts and the smacking of the gizzards who were busy cutting them off with their sharp bills, the chirping of crickets in the pastures and now & then the report of a distant gun - all these and many other signs were present to the eye & ear. Signs of
the season.

Birds are increasing again. They are now almost wholly Birds in flocks, Bluebirds, Chipping Sparrows & Chockers in the pastures, Chickadees & Nuthatches in the pine woods; Bobolinks & Red-wings on the meadows. A mixed flock in a pasture next the river contained, this morning, several Bluebirds, Chippers & Chockers, one Yellow Warbler, and three young Orioles in fresh autumnal plumage.

Bobolinks are diminishing in numbers but a few Bobolinks still sing about the wild rice & chink high in air overhead. diminishing

1892. Mass.

Sept 3 Concord.. above the pines on Benson's Knoll I saw
(no 2) a Black-billed Cuckoo, apparently a solitary bird.

The Dove was sitting on her nest in the red cedar as I passed the place early in the forenoon but I did not disturb her. Dove's nest.

Swifts were scattered about over the meadows at evening Swifts flying low over the grass. I saw about as many as on the 1st. They acted like local birds.

Only a few Barn Swallows to-day and no other species Barn Swallows of the family represented at all. The Swallows have not been as conspicuous along the river this summer as they were in 1886-7. They have been more scattered and have left us very gradually - a few at a time.

Two parties of Sportsmen with their dogs were beating Wilson's Snipe the meadows in the afternoon and I heard them fire on the meadows a dozen or more shots. On my way up river at evening I passed near one of these parties and on questioning them was informed that they had started four Wilson's Snipe and had shot one of these birds & a Marsh Hawk.

The recent cold snap (the therm. fell to 45° on the night of the 2nd) has chilled the water and brought out the Darters to bask in the sun. I saw numbers of the Painted Darters & a few Snappers this forenoon. Darters

1892. Mass.

Cornwall, Massachusetts.

Sept 4 Concord. Clear and warmer with light S. E. wind. A superb sunset, the finest perhaps that we have had this year.

Just after breakfast I walked with Mr. Hubbard to Duffy's Cove. and through Duffy's cove, where we heard a Phoebe give first the faint note and then the long laughing or shouting notes. There were also jays screaming, a crow cawing, and a Red Shouldered Hawk uttering the prolonged series of whooo notes with all the vigor of early springtime. During the while just above the tops of the trees, occasionally jinking downward & then mounting again.

In the clump in front of the Buttricks' were several Chipping Sparrows, several Bluebirds, a Phoebe, a Wood Pewee, a Yellow-throated Vireo and a Warbling Vireo. The last sang repeatedly in low, whispering tones; the Yellow-throated practically continuously for more than an hour and quite as loudly and clearly as in the breeding season.

None of these smaller birds flew to a small elm on the road in front of the Tolmans' where, to my surprise, they were joined by a Carolina Dove which perched quietly on a small branch for several minutes allowing me to walk nearly beneath it but flying off when a wagon approached. It was a young bird in the immature plumage. Young Carolina Dove.

We walked with C. in P.M. during nothing of much interest except a Kingfisher.

In the dusk of the evening a Night-hawk appeared. Night Hawk in Mr. Rogers' field skimming back & forth close over the ground.

1892
Sept. 5

Mass.

Day on the river with Mr. Buttrick

Concord. A rare day for even this season of months, the sun deliciously warm, the breeze refreshingly cool, the air as transparent as possible.

Down river with Mr. Buttrick at 9 A.M. taking the old family boat and a Grove boat. Rowed while Mr. Buttrick fished wherever the weeds permitted. A small pickeral which he caught just above Baker's Mill was our only victim.

We landed first at my cabin for some water and then continued on to Davis's Hill where we landed, and examined the trees which were so injured by the fire. B. agrees with me that most of the finest pines are ruined. He found two gunners watching for gray squirrels on this hill. They had killed one and in their boat we saw a beaver which they had slain on their way up river. There are our most beautiful and interesting wild creatures destroyed for the excitement of the moment & two thoughtful youths.

After lunch I heard voices on Benson's knoll and on investigating found eight or ten of my Concord neighbors preparing to lunch under a pine with their horse tied near by and a nervous Irish setter galloping about. Not thirty yards away & in plain sight of this merry & very noisy party the Carolina Dove was sitting quietly on her nest in the cedar!

Buttrick & I next ~~rowed~~ ^{went} up the river a little way & crossed the meadow to the Bedford road where we called at Davis's house & had a talk with the owner of the hill. We returned

1892.

Sept. 5

(No 2)

1892.

Cotuit. - to Cotuit late in the afternoon, seeing
very clearly against the wind & stream.

Yesterday I heard Bobolinks at frequent intervals, Bobolinks
most of them high in air and, as I thought, migrating.
To day I neither heard nor saw a
single bird.

The Swifts also seem to have suddenly departed. At Swifts.
least last evening a dozen or more were circling
over the house ground. but I saw only one
to-day.

The Barn Swallows still linger in small number but. Barn Swallows
I have seen no other species of the family this
month.

A Black & White Cuckoo came over this noon in from Mississauga
furns giving the warbling vireo a run with
churn and favor.

Crossing a field in Bedford we started a large
flock of Chipping Sparrows & Bluebirds - fully twenty of
the former & perhaps half as many of the latter.

They flitted up & down & alighted on the posts
& rails of a fence & chasing one another after their
usual manner at this season.

Just below Thirt's bridge many birds were perched on a
in the tops of tall maples whence they darted out after flies. Orioles catching
An Oriole, several Bluebirds, & Robins & many Chipping Sparrows were thus engaged. flying insects

892 Mass.

Sept. 6 Concord - Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind falling to dead calm at sunset.

At 10.30 A.M. I started for Bad's Hill with C. & E. R. S. they in my rowing boat, I in the Stella Maris canoe. Owing largely to the wind no doubt we saw almost no birds on the way down river. The Bobolinks and Redwings have however either left or become very scarce as none were started from the wild rice which is now wholly denuded of its grain.

After dining in my cabin and preparing for the night I started with E. R. S. for a walk over my grounds.

Small birds appeared to be very scarce and I recall seeing only a Hood Plover and a few Song Sparrows and hearing the chirping of three or four Thrashers in the tops of the trees.

The Dove was on her nest in the cedar at S. end. Dove's nest. and permitted us to walk past along the cart path without flying.

Sometime after sunset - in fact it was fast getting dark - flights of I heard the whirling of Barn Swallows and looking up Green Swallows saw about 20 of these birds descending nearly vertically, at evening, with great swiftness, from a considerable height, to the broad reach of river opposite my cabin. When some thirty feet above the water they checked their speed and glided off down river towards the willows at the bend below where I think they must have a roost. They flew in nearly as compact a flock as do Cedar Birds or Blackbirds.

Night in canoe at Ball's Hill.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 7 Concord. Cloudless with light N. wind. Early morning cool (there was almost a frost during the night) with heavy dew; midday warm the sun's rays burning like fire. Full moon ^{8 P.M.} ~~was about~~

I spent last night in my canoe on the shore near Night sounds the Cove. For an hour or more after going to bed (at 10 P.M.) I lay awake listening for the night sounds but I heard only the rustling of mice in the leaves, the intermittent rasping of wood borers in the wood pile near me, ~~and~~ the ceaseless monotone of the two crickets in the garden orchard, and very few minutes the hissing notes of migrating Warblers. The last did not seem to be passing in greater numbers than has been the case during most of the clear nights during the past two weeks, but very possibly there were many flying at to great a height that their full notes did not reach my ears for, as I shall presently relate, the country was flooded with migrants the next morning.

After sleeping soundly through the night I awoke just as day was breaking. There was no fog here a very little lying close to the surface of the water. The east ~~was~~ all aglow with very light while in the moon low down in the west still sent its pale rays through openings in the foliage and shined on the sleeping meadows.

Daybreak.

The first sound that I heard was the vibrating of Dicks' wings then suddenly, from directly overhead & with startling chorus, came the weird humming of a Lince, and after an interval of a few seconds, during which I had an opportunity to convince myself that I was really awake,

Lince dream.

1892. Mass.Sept. 7
(Wed)

Concord. - the bird drummed again very near me and then flew about low down over the meadows cracking its crown by a succession of scrapes. The "drumming" was precisely like that produced by this bird in spring. I have never heard it in autumn before and know of only one instance (communicated to me by Foster who heard a single drum in the early evening last September on Rock Meadows) where it has been noted by others.

As daylight strengthened Bobolinks were singing, and I heard them at frequent intervals until the sun was but not afterwards. One and all seemed to be wearing themselves out at a considerable height.

Flight of
Bobolinks at
daybreak.

Shortly after sunrise I fell asleep and it was 7 A.M. when I again awoke and leaped from my cramped quarters out into the air and sunshine. It was a truly glorious morning, not the least speck of cloud visible in the tender blue lower expanse, the air as clear as possible, the sunshine bright and warm every leaf and blade of grass flooded with big dew drops.
frosted?

A Canada Warbler, the first that I have noted this season, was gleaming its breakfast among the cones of a pitch pine on the hill side above me and every now and then uttering its prolonged nasal whining as if expressing discontent at the quantity or quality of its food.

Canada Warbler

The three weeks or more since birds have been very scarce both as regards species and individuals. As nearly as I could make out the region has been gradually

Fall migrations

1892. Mass.

Sept. 7
(No 3)

Concord.. but, almost completely devoid of such summer residents as ^{habitually} migrate before this date while few birds from further north have appeared in their places although there have been many good flights overhead during favorable nights. In other words the migrations thus far have been heard, on our ~~house~~ residents without bringing us anything of much consequence to compensate for their loss. It is difficult to account for this in view of the fact that during many nights hordes of Warblers etc. have been passing over us but perhaps none or few of them come from sufficiently distant points to tarry in this latitude; or the exceptionally fine weather may have tempted them to push on ^{more} rapidly and by longer stages than usual. Be this as it may the facts are as just stated.

But this morning witnessed a great change for the country was briefly flooded with small birds and it was evident that a very heavy flight had arrived during the night. Everywhere that I went the thickets, swamps oak and pine woods were alive with Robbers, Sparrows etc. flitting about singly, in small parties, and in mixed flocks of considerable size. In a comparatively limited space I identified upwards of ten species which I have not hitherto seen at all this month and most of the species which have been to our eye but were greatly augmented in respect to the number of individuals.

Arrival of a
great bird war

At first - up to 10 a. m. perhaps - many of these little strongers showed great restlessness flying continually from place to place & sometimes rising high in air by special occasions as if tempted to warm their joining

1892. Mass.

Sept. 7

(No 4)

Concord. By broad daylight but ^{all} birds venturous spirits descended again after noon or less wide wandering and plunged headlong into the woods or thickets. By noon they were as quiet and retreated to their haunts as if they had passed the summer here.

The most interesting birds which I saw were:

Redstarts. 3-2-1 All in plumage of ♀ & all I think young birds. One seen in pines, the others in maple woods.

Chestnut-sided Warblers. 3-1-1. All in bushes & maples. One was an adult ♂ with flank stripes as broad and pass chestnut as in breeding plumage but with hardly the crown & back green. The others showed no chestnut. Migration of Chestnut-sided

<u>Black-throated Green Warbler</u>	1 pair	} Together, forming a winged flock, in pines & oaks on S. side of Ball's Hill. I did not fully identify the Sparrows but one of them came twice to my whistled imitation of the <u>fee-fee</u> body call and whistled (in downy flight) within a few feet of my head.
<u>Bushwack</u>	" 1 pair	
<u>Parula</u>	" 1 pair	
<u>Chickadees</u>	5	
<u>White-throated Sparrow</u>	2	

Maryland Yellow-throat. Two adult ♂♂ in downy thickets. One gave the flight cry better over & without leaving his perch.

Green Bird. A solitary individual in white pine woods.

Least Flycatcher " " " " " " very tame & perfectly silent. I got within ten feet of this bird & saw it distinctly in a good light.

Purple Martin. A solitary young bird flying about over the meadows calling at 7 A.M. Purple Martin

1892.

Mass.

Sept. 7

bounded.

(no 5)

Concord, Mass., August 18, 1884.

Red-eyed Vireo.. A single bird in a pair on the bird

Solitary Sandpiper. - One flying high, calling.

Sharp-shinned Hawk... a young bird soaring in circles at
a height of several hundred feet, perhaps migrating
for its general course was southward.

At short intervals during the forenoon I heard Red-shouldered Hawks screaming. Possibly there was only one bird but if so it moved frequently from place to place. ~~The~~ cries were quite as wild, ringing and exultant as in spring. The Blue Jay's imitation is certainly good but it never deceives me. It reproduces the form surely and lacks the essential quality of tone. This difference serves if the bird is near. If distant I have only to remember that the jay never utters more than three or four notes (usually but two) in succession whereas the Hawk commonly repeats the cry from six to an indefinite number of times. It is decidedly the wildest sound to be heard in our Massachusetts woods. I am puzzled to know just what it means. One might imagine the bird to be venting his fiercest joy over the capture of some victim but he is invariably silent when hunting or feeding and when screaming is always on wing usually soaring in arches but sometimes dashing in and out among the trees. Probably this screaming is surely a manifestation of high animal spirits although in the spring time it evidently has a close connection with love making.

It is easy to distinguish this species from the Red tail by flight above its ^{movements} ~~flight~~ being quicker and more decided and its wing-beats much more rapid than those of the Buzzard.

1892.

Mo. 22.

Sept. 7

(no 6)

Concord. - An adult male Marsh Hawk passed very near me this afternoon on its way across the river in front of my cabin and I distinctly saw its legs and feet extended backward and pressed close against the under side of the tail. I had supposed that all Hawks carried the legs doubled at the tarsal joint and the feet buried in the feathers of the belly or rather breast. This bird was skimming over the open water on set wings and in the usual slow, effortless manner.

Marsh Hawk's
Eyes carried
stretched out
behind during
flight.

A few minutes after the sun had set this evening while I was standing at my landing watching the gorgeous coloring of the clouds in the west a Night-hawk suddenly appeared nearly overhead coming from behind me. Turning quickly I perceived no less than thirteen others all flying in the same general direction (towards the W.). The flock, for such it evidently was, spread over the whole width (150 yds) of the river and ~~the~~ ^{members} ~~different~~ birds kept at approximately even distances from one another and flew with a steadiness and directness very unusual to these erratic creatures although the temptation to turn aside to seize some tempting insect prey was not always resisted and once one chased another back and forth pursue & pursued doubling & twisting like startled snipe. One bird uttered several times a flat, squeaky hoop. Evidently these Night-hawks were migrating & following the course of the river. I watched until dark but they did not come back as feeding birds would truly have done. They were followed after a brief interval by a smaller flock of nine individuals. The appearance of the larger body strongly (& thoroughly) suggested a cavalry charge, despite their slow advance. Their was something very impressive in their orderly and deliberate sweep

Flocks of
Night Hawks
migrating
at sunset

1892 Mass.

Sept 7 (no 7) Concord. - across the glowing sky - a deep earnestness of purpose and untold warm energy and determination in the main of that dusky squadron with its broad front and comely spread double wings.

Just as the moon was rising a Screech Owl began ~~waiting~~ on the further side of the river opposite my cabin. As nearly as I could judge the bird was somewhere in the marsh probably perched on some stake left by fishermen or loggers.

Screech Owl

Directly night had fairly fallen the air became filled with small migrating birds whose hissing and chirping calls to one another were practically incessant. At first I heard only the notes of Mockers, & perhaps Sparrows also, but after ten o'clock the cries of Thrushes were numerous & frequent. There was no abatement of these sounds up to the time I went to sleep but late in the night I awoke repeatedly, and listened in vain for any bird voices. These facts taken in connection with my experience not long since clearly enough that the big bird wave which descended on this region this morning resumed its onward sweep to night as soon as the light had faded from the west and that it was not followed by any considerable movement. It was certainly an unusually well-defined and extensive "rush" for its passage to night occupied at least four hours & probably much longer, yet it had wholly ceased long before day broke. The night was still, clear, and comfortably warm up to midnight but chilly towards day break.

Great bird wave
moves on
at night fall

1892.

Mass.

Sept 8

Concord. Weather much like that of yesterday, still, clear and warm. Denser rain fog at sunrise.

I awoke at daybreak to hear Crows cawing overfensively across the river, Cocks crowing lustily on the Bedford farms, and a young boy Sparrow warbling disconcertingly near my camp.

When I awoke at 7 A.M. I was immediately aware that the great bird wave of yesterday had passed on and doubtless swept with it many of our lingering summer residents for the woods & ~~thickets~~ were mostly as silent and deserted as in mid winter. I walked all over my grounds and saw literally only one Cat-bird, a Jay or two and a single Warbler (*D. virens*, I believe).

At 9 A.M. we started for the Buttricks, G. & E. going on in advance. I paddled slowly after them stopping occasionally to listen for birds. Jays were screaming in the woods and Red shouldered Hawks (at least two different individuals) somewhere in the distance but small birds were almost wholly wanting. I saw one Kingfisher.

On reaching the Buttricks' I found a large flock of Chipping Sparrows and Bluebirds accompanied by a White-bellied Nuthatch in the clow in front of the house. There was also a Warbling Vireo singing in low, whispering tones.

Mixed flock

as Chipping Vireo

Not long after sunset and while it was still almost broad daylight a Screech Owl began warbling in the trees near the Monument.

Owl in trees

1892 Mass.

Sept. 9

Concord. - A brilliantly clear day with light easterly winds. Ther. 40° at sunrise, the middle of day warm.

In the early morning I heard a Warbling and a Yellow-throated Vireo singing in the elms in front of the house and on going out after breakfast found them still there and with them a Nuthatch and a number of Bluebirds and Chipping Sparrows. This flock visits these elms nearly every morning. Its make up varies somewhat from day to day but there are always the Bluebirds, Sparrows & Nuthatches and the two species of Vireos. These form the nucleus of the flock to which are attracted whatever migrants chance to be foraging in the vicinity.

At 9 a.m. I started for Ball's Hill in my small, open canoe paddling slowly and stopping a good many times to watch or listen for birds.

For the past week I have noticed English Sparrows House Sparrows in considerable numbers flying to and from a field of Indian corn on the river bank just below Hunt's bridge. Corn field and the being there there this morning I ran the canoe ashore and watched them with my glasses.


Each bird, as I have discovered, had selected an ear and perching on its upright top was hard at work tearing off the husk or eating the grain. The former operation was evidently slow & difficult. The stout little bird would bite the husk in its bill and tug & twist with all his might bending forward & down the while and often pausing to rest. In no

1892. Mass.

Sept 9

(No 2.)

Concord.. instances did I see more than one bird on the same ear. Landing finally and walking through a portion of the field I found that fully one half of the ears had been attacked by the Sparrows ~~but~~ As a rule the husk had been stripped ^{down} off for a distance of ^{about} two inches from the upper (small) end of the cob and from six to a dozen (rarely more) kernels taken. This is apparently as far as the bird can go without excessive effort for the resistance increases as the husk is forced downward. Mr. Buttrick tells me that the Sparrows have treated his corn in this manner regularly for at least eight years. He thinks the loss is about one bushel per acre but the grains taken are the poorest. The Sparrows, he says, do not work on the corn after it has ripened or passed wholly from the milky stage.

As I was passing through the pretty road just above Bittern fishing Hunt's Pond I saw on the edge of the pond itself, at in daylight a distance of one hundred yards or more below me, at 10 A.M. a Bittern standing on a mass of floating vegetation well out from the shelter of the reeds and in the full glare of the bright morning sun. His position was exactly that of a fishing Nighthawk the neck being similarly stretched out and lowered so that the bill was only an inch or two above the water.  He stood perfectly still for a moment then, discovering me, stretched up his neck for an instant and after taking a good look ~~at~~ ~~in a twinkling~~ he scattered hurriedly off into the reeds. I crossed myself & watched for him but he would not

1892. Mass.

Sept. 9 Bowdoin.. showed himself again. This happened about
(No. 3) 10 a.m. and confirms my previous impression that
the Bittern is diurnal in all its habits.

2 Little Below Hunt's Pond I started a Wood Duck from Wood Duck
the bushes on the right bank. I was paddling silently
and keeping close in so that the bird did not become
uneased until it saw the bow of the canoe within a few
yards when it rose with a heavy flutter and came out
past me within ten or fifteen feet. It was, as I could
plainly see, a drake in mixed plumage probably an
old bird ^{or perhaps} moulting from the summer plumage to the
full autumn dress.

scarcely had the Wood Duck disappeared in the Red-shouldered
when a Red-shouldered Hawk came swooping Hawk stoops,
down on a steep incline and perched on something,
a log, I thought, on the left bank about one hundred
yards from me. That he was a young bird
Hawk much trouble for he flapped clumsily about in
the grass beating his great wings with such energy that
I suspected he might have got caught in a trap but
presently he disentangled himself from the grass and
to my surprise flew directly towards me passing
within less than ten yards of my canoe and then
alighting for a moment in a maple ~~thicket~~ some
thirty yards off. He was a young bird in good autumn
plumage. Either he had swallowed the prey on which he
stooped before he came past me or it crept him
for he bore nothing in his talons.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 9

(No 4)

Mass.

Concord. - I spent the day at Ball's Hill - most of it in picking wild grapes with Pat's assistance along the wire path and the edge of Holden's meadow.

Near my cabin I saw a *Merula migratoria* juv., a Maryland Yellow-throat juv., a Brown Thrasher, and a young Black-billed Cuckoo. The last was silent and very tame. There were also fair Chickadees.

Black-billed Cuckoo

My woods down here were practically deserted of birds and it is evident that there was no migration of any consequence last night.

I visited the Dove's nest in the cedar for more than an hour (3-4 P.M.) lying covered among some pines about forty yards off but neither of the old birds came near it. A Red-shouldered Hawk (a young male very like the one seen on the river this morning) skinned fast it within fifteen yards, flying only a yard or two above the ground and, following the opening, came within ten feet of my ambush. He appeared to be hunting but must have overlooked the Dove's nest. A Marsh Hawk also sailed directly over the tree without apparently discovering the nest. It will be remembered I saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk brush past the other ~~Dove~~ nest on Davis's Hill in July.

Dove's nest.

The young Doves today were of about the size of Robins and fully feathered except on the heads which were still covered with the yellowish down. I found the shells of one of the eggs on open ground about 60 yds. from the nest. The excrement of the young is not removed by the parent but is voided directly into the nest. The nest on Davis's hill was matted with excrement after the young left.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 9.
(No 5)

Concord. I left my cabin and started up river a little before sunset. I had not gone far when I heard a Titlark piping and looking up saw the first Titlark bird, a solitary individual, high in air flying over the meadows.

While passing through Beaver Dam Rapid I started a Coot (Fulica) from the wild river on my right. It flew about 60 yds. and alighted in the water on the border of a belt of reeds & picked weed which it skirted without entering swimming in the usual manner with bobbing head. I scrutinized it through my glasses at a distance of less than thirty yards and saw that it was a young bird with slatey head and dingy white bill. The second time it rose it flew up into the bog on at the head of the rapids again swimming along just outside the edge of a bed of water plants. After I had watched it for a few minutes it became uneasy and flew a third time circling around me back into the river where it dropped behind a bank of wild rice. I paddled to the place at once but did not get another sight of it so concluded that it had at length bottomed out.

A Coot (Fulica)
in the river.

In the meadow at the head of this bog on is a large cluster of button bushes. What I took to be a flock of Bobolinks - at least thirty birds - flushed down in alarm from a considerable height and alighted in these bushes as I was passing. I heard Bobolinks chirping further on.

Bobolinks?

1892 No. 21.

Sept. 7 Concord. As I was approaching the spot where *Ardea herodias*
 (No 61) I saw the Wood Duck this morning keeping close
 to the bushes & paddling silently in the hope
 of surprising the same bird again. I heard suddenly
 a prodigious flopping of wings directly overhead
 and looking up saw a Great Blue Heron, a
 young bird evidently, flying from a dead tree
~~in~~ the top of which was still shaking. I
 afterwards disturbed the same bird again by line
 up the river where it had ~~also chosen~~ chosen the
 top of a bony maple for its perch. As it went
 off it presented a most picturesque appearance
 showing in silhouette against the glowing evening sky.

I have seen Carolina Doves frequently of late *Carolina Doves*
 in a field next the river at Hunt's Pond where the
 grass has been lately cut. Two came together to
 this field as I was passing it this evening &
 alighted after reconnoitering the ground by flying
 over & around it in circles.

Three flocks of Cow Buntings passed me after *Cow Buntings*
 sunset all flying towards the Great Meadows where flying to roost.
 they must have a roost. Their wings made a curious
 sound much like that of a humming-bird. All the
 members of one flock ~~particular in number~~ looked like
 males. There were 15 birds in one flock 19 in the other.

At Hunt's bridge a flock of 12 Barn Swallows were *Barn Swallows*
 flying rather high above the town. The chimney swifts
 were Red-wings to-day. Saw three Musk rats this evening.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 11 Concord. - Another fine day, much like the three or four that have preceded it but cooler with E. wind.

To Ball's Hill at 3 P.M. paddling down and sailing most of the way back, reaching the house a little after sunset. On the way down I saw nothing of much interest except a Hummingbird, which flew across the river and kept straight on southward over the Great Meadow leading me to suspect that it was migrating, and a solitary Bobolink feeding on wild rice at the lower rapids.

Hummingbird
migrating

I landed at my cabin and walked to Benson's knoll. Two Swifts were flying about in a desultory manner over Ball's Hill, evidently feeding, and as I was lying on Benson's knoll watching the Dove's nest an Osprey appeared directly over me but at a height of several hundred feet where it sailed majestically in circles for several minutes sometimes spreading its tail like a fan, again closing it. I seldom see this fine species now.

Swifts

Osprey

The young Doves were both sitting quietly on the nest which they covered almost completely. Their heads today are covered with feathers only a little down remaining on the cheeks. Their tails were about 2 inches in length & their wings appeared fully feathered. No signs of the old birds although I watched for them sometimes.

Young Doves
still in nest

Four Alder Birds catching flies over the river at sunset. A few water lilies are still blooming in the river. The rose mallow has just shed its last blossoms.

Alder birds
catching flies

1892. Mass.

Sept. 13

Concord. Another fine, clear September day, evidently the last of this series, however, for at sunset a bank of threatening clouds rose in the W. and there was an unmistakable feeling of rain in the air.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 3 P.M. Sailing most of the way down. An Osprey and a Kingfisher almost the only birds seen save a Phoebe & a few Song Sparrows.

The Osprey was fishing over the broad beach opposite Osprey catches Ball's Hill. Poising in one spot at a height of 20 to 30 ft. with body raised, wings flapping ~~on a steady~~ ^{in a} ~~beating~~ quickly but loosely, the strokes directed forward instead of downward, and with the feet & legs hanging down, the big bird scanned the water closely. He swooped five times and plunged three times before he got anything. The last swoop was such beyond some fishes & I did not see the plunge of plunge there was but when the bird reappeared & flew heavily past me within 100 yds. he held in one foot (the other foot being drawn up & hidden by the plumage) an oblong shining object which I am very sure was a Painted Tortoise! If a fish I could have been nothing else than a Hound Port for the color was black and shiny. The bird flew to a tree on the hill & alighted but took wing again before I could get near.

The woods on my grounds were silent and apparently totally devoid of small birds. I did not see so much as a Chickadee there. When we

1892. Mass.

Sept. 13

(No. 2.)

Concord. the Black-bell Woodpeckers? It is high time that they were here in force, yet there has been no real flight of them as yet.

Visiting the Dove's nest in the cedar at 4.15 P.M. The young I found the two young still in a rather on it Doves fly for the nest has long since been trampled into a from the shapless platform of twigs. Both birds were standing nest on erect on their legs (heretofore they have always crouched Brown's Knud or squatted on their bellies) with heads and necks stretched up. Their alert attitudes and alert, wary expression, together with the fact that, as I approached, I could see that all the down had disappeared from their heads & that their plumage appeared to be perfect, prepared me in a measure for what followed although it was still a surprise. When I was within two or three yards of the tree one bird started and gathering headway by a few vigorous strokes of the wings, which produced a clapping noise similar to that made by domestic pigeons, it darted off with all the apparent ease & swiftness of an old bird and was soon lost to sight behind a pine around which it curved sharply. The other young bird immediately followed taking exactly the same course. Beyond the pine, ^{behind which} ~~where~~ I lost them, ~~they~~ was open ground for thirty or forty yards and on the further side of this patch pine woods in which they doubtless found concealment. The total distance flown was fully 100 yds. Both birds were still rising when I saw them last. There was not the least hesitation or falter in their flight. When it is considered

1892. Mass.

Sept. 13
(No 3)

Concord. that this must have been the first time ^{of} Dove's nest that they had ever used ~~their~~ wings (I have never known any young bird return to its nest after once fairly leaving it) and that their parents (I did not see either of the old birds) were not present to guide and encourage them. It is indeed remarkable that they should have launched into the air with such entire apparent confidence and ~~after~~ ~~standing~~ should have flown so swiftly and so far. What I expected was to see them flutter clumsily for a few yards and then come to the ground or strike into the branches of the nearest tree. The sharp, decided turn around the pine was especially impressive. Their wings produced none of the whistling sound made by old birds; ~~but~~ after the preliminary flapping there was only a fluttering like that of a young Grouse.

The nest was very foul indeed; in fact the entire top of the platform was a sticky mass of excrement.

It will be remembered that I found this nest Resumé of August 26 when ^{it held} ~~there were~~ two eggs which looked dark & were evidently ^{far} ~~somewhat~~ advanced in incubation. ^{to} Dove's nest. They were ~~still unhatched on the~~ ~~but~~ were replaced by two young birds on my next visit, Aug. 30. The female (I did not see the male near this nest) ~~brooded~~ ~~the young constantly~~ was invariably brooding the young whenever I looked at the nest up to Sept. 8th when the young were two-thirds grown. I did not see the mother bird after this date although I watched the nest twice for more than an hour.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 16 Concord. Clear and cool with high N.W. wind and drifting clouds

Spent the forenoon in the house writing. A. Mourning Vireo Vireo gilvus was in full song in the elms for about an hour (10-11) and at frequent intervals a Tree Toad chirped in the Tree Toad orchard. This I think is only the second time I have heard the Tree Toad since the latter abrupt cessation of its regular singing in early summer.

To Ball's Hill at 2.30 P.M. Fairing tower. A mixed flock of Robins, Bluebirds, Bluejays & Sparrows about down near cherry trees near Hunt's Landing, two Barn Swallows flying over the meadow, a little Robin Hunt's, a Carolina Guck (Carolina Guck. (young) in Hunt's Pond floating among the Lily pads with neck erect watching me as I glided past but not diving, & a Savanna Sparrow flying across the river, were about all the birds that I saw on the way down.

At Red Island where I found Richardson joining a Bittern was seen from the edge of the water as we were talking.

Richardson went on my grounds with me, and then we paddled up river together keeping the canoe side by side. This was at about sunset. A Swift passed over us flying very high towards the E. disappearing over Ball's Hill. It was apparently a solitary bird, and seemed to be migrating. We also saw a Swift Night Hawk flying low over the meadows towards the W. the regular course of this species here is interesting.

Chimney Swift

The pickered wood is fast turning brown & withering although there has been no frost.

Various bitterns first climb out in numbers to see themselves further

1892 Mass.

Sept. 20 Concord. A perfect September day, cloudless, calm with transparent air and warm sun.

Started alone for a walk at 3 P.M. Derby's Lane very beautiful the ferns already turned and much of the foliage golden or russet. Robins hopping in the path, Jays screaming & Crows cawing, Squirrels dropping chestnut burs. Heard several Woodpeckers chipping & after some trouble got a good sight of one, a *D. striata*. I also heard what I thought was the creep of a *Catheris* and later, on my return, I saw the bird checking the trunk of a pine tree.

Tuss, *Scaphiopus*

As I was passing through some alders another flushed among them and presently I discovered the bird, a young Black-billed Cuckoo well able to fly but in the grayish first plumage with whitish mottling or squamule spots on the back & wings.

H. killed Cuckoo

Near Dutton's three Flickers flitted from tree to tree playing and following one another.

Bow Meadows was surpassingly beautiful in the late afternoon light. As I sat on the low ledge covered with rock ferns & looked out over the extensive meadows I heard only the chirping of ~~beetles~~ & the occasional call of a Jay. Presently a Junco, the first I have seen, flew up into a bush & ~~trapped~~ softly. Next a Chipmunk bustled down the slope making a great rustling & on reaching the edge of the bog stopped to drink from a pool covered with floating dry leaves. Then a Wood Frog began to croak faintly as in spring and after it had finished another took up the cry & then still another. I closed my eyes & easily imagined the time to be April instead of September. I do not remember to have heard *R. sylvatica* in autumn before. *H. putnami* calling a

Bow Meadows

Wood-Frog croaks

1892 Mass.

Sept. 20 Forewood -- occasionally to day in damp woods.

(No 2)

In Clark's woods I saw a Gray Squirrel and several Jays. The former was very tame and pecked at us, & c., c., c., twitching his body convulsively very like a Red Squirrel.

Near the Eastbrook Road I started three Towhees and an Olive-backed Thrush besides several Jays & a Shrike. All them were in low scrubby maples of two years growth.

Jays were numerous & noisy everywhere to-day. I am satisfied that many have already arrived from further north. Their calling was almost incessant.

the jays
increase

The Squirrels have already begun eating chestnuts. In Clark's woods I found on a wood pile a great quantity of "chankings" composed of the chestnut burs chewed up into small fragments with which were mingled pieces of the unripe, ~~hard~~ whitish nuts and skins.

Squirrels

Autumn is coming on apace. The color was very fine in many of the Swamp, and a few weeks ~~was~~ even shedding their leaves. The chestnuts began turning brown a week or more ago. Now they look as if fire had scorched their foliage.

Advancement of
autumn.

1892. Mass.

Sept. 21 Concord. - A duplicate of yesterday but with more wind, a steady light breeze from the W.

George brought my winter down from Lincoln (Hills) this morning and at 11 a.m. I started down river with C. in my Rowing boat taking the dog & my gun also.

We landed at the Holt & after eating lunch I left C. to sit in the shade while I tried the meadows. For more than an hour I tramped through the mud & water without stirring anything save a Short-billed Marsh Wren & a few Lawrence Sparrows. Nor did I find any signs of Snipe although the meadows were in perfect condition & last night was very cool (34° at sunrise). Just after I had returned to C. the dog found & flushed a Snipe on a strip of meadows within 100 yards of where we stood. The bird alighted again after circling high a few times. I went to the spot and flushed three Snipe all at once. They gave me a perfectly fair double shot but I missed with both barrels. All three birds flew so far that I did not make any of them down.

The Bill Marsh Wren

Hudson's Snipe

Marsh Hawks were very numerous. We saw at least five, Marsh Hawks two adult males & two Brown birds. Their flight was very like a Gull's as they bent about above the grass. One kept circling & then dropping. It was catching small frogs. It usually missed the first throw & then hopped clumsily after the frog using its wings much as a wounded bird will do. I saw it catch & eat several frogs. It often carried the frog several yards holding it in one foot as it flew. The feet were always carried stretched out behind.

1892 Mass.

Sept. 21

(No 2)

Concord. - under the eave until the bird checked its flight and poised when they were dropped in readiness for immediate use. When the bird saw anything it dropped rather than stopped falling lightly & rather slowly. When on the ground it stood rather erect & often spread and fluttered its wings very like a big butterfly. It frequently poised over one spot at a height of six or eight feet for several seconds flapping its wings quickly. This was also very well taken.

At about 2 P.M. we saw a Kingfisher cross the meadow flying at a height of several hundred feet & rising finally to fully 1000 ft. go out over the hills to the south. I am confident that it was starting on migration. A bird on its way to some inland pond would not have risen so high. Kingfisher

Saw two Rusty Blackbirds in the olders opposite my boat house & a mixed flock of Bluebirds, Sparrows etc. near the swimming place.

In this mixed flock was a Pine Warbler which sang a number of times in the top of an elm. I have heard what was probably the same bird in the same place several times during the past week & a Pine Warbler a little more than a week ago sang for several successive mornings in the elms in front of our house. All these elms are far away from any pines. Pine Warblers
in elms

1892. Mass.

Sept. 22 Clear. Early part of day clear; afternoon cloudy & still. Home.

Spent the forenoon in the house writing. A Pine Warbler sang many times in the elms in front of my window. Also heard a Canada Warbler in these trees.

At 4 P.M. started up river with C. He turned into the Assabet and found a great many birds there; 40 Robins (I counted them) in one flock flying over the trees, some of them alighting for a moment, a Pine Warbler singing in the old hemlocks, a Pewee and a Kingfisher perched on dead branches over the river, and Black-poll Warblers everywhere (the last were abundant to-day for the first time). There were also Jays & Crows of course, and I saw one Water Thrush feeding its way with pretty mincing steps and wagging tail over the mud on the water's edge beneath a canopy of wild grape vines. A Cat-bird flew across the stream.

On our return ~~two~~ hours later we heard two Song Sparrows in full song. One, sitting in the top of a button bush, chanted at short, regular intervals, precisely as in spring. I heard a third singing near the house this morning. All three were evidently old birds. They are the first that I have heard singing since June 1st in August. The young have been warbling in their broken, whispering tones, most of this month.

As we were passing the Mill Brook meadow a Night-hawk mounted straight upward to a height of about 30 ft., probably after some flying insect, then dropped vertically nearly to the ground and was lost to sight behind the belt of tall grasses which fringe the river bank.

Night-hawk

1892. Mass.

Sept. 23

Concord. A cloudy morning, calm with south wind and a feeling of rain in the air but most of the clouds dispersed & the sun came out clear & hot before noon.

Took a long drive with C. in the forenoon starting at 8.30 and getting back at noon. We went through the Groton road nearly to Groton, then turned east and followed the Bedford road to the forks near the river and back by way of Pinknotasset. The foliage was very brilliant in the swamps where red maples abounded and the poison ivy woods were conspicuous along the edges of the meadows. In the upland woods some of the hickories had turned to gold and there were patches of color everywhere but the oaks are little changed as yet. Some of the finest effects were by the roadside where the smooth barked red blackberry vines mingled their deep wine red with the gold of the golden rods and the purple of the asters.

Autumn tints

Small birds were very numerous; Robins, Bluebirds and Flickers in the orchards and pastures, Chipping Sparrows rising in clouds from weedy fields and alighting all over the leaves & bushes by the roadside, Jays screaming in the ^{Flickers scolding in the roadside thickets} woods and dry, timid Nuthatches (most of these N. h. h. h. probably) flitting in the foliage of the oaks. Besides, listening to one another, I saw a single junco with Chipping Sparrows in an orchard and an Ovenbird and Water Thrush in dry oak woods on the crest of a ridge. The Water Thrush looked so unfamiliar as he flew from the ground to a stone wall that I got out & followed him before I could identify him to my satisfaction. Heard a Canada Nuthatch.

Small birds
numerous

The most interesting bird of all was a Broad-winged Hawk, a Buteo junco junco young ♀ in fresh autumn plumage, that was sitting very erect close to males the trunk of a small oak within 20 ft. of the road. I stopped the horse directly opposite the tree & we looked at the bird a full minute before it flew.

1892 Mass.

Down river

Sept. 24 Concord. - Early morning sunny but with many clouds. Afternoon cloudy with light showers. Buggy, with strong S.W. wind.

Down river in the "Stella Maris" canoe at 8.30 a.m. There was a fine sailing breeze and with both sails set I made rapid progress. A little below Hunt's Pond a ~~fine~~ Wood Duck, a death in full plumage, started from beneath some overhanging bushes on the right bank and attempted to cross my bows, at about 30 yds. distance, but I had the Lojays ready to my hand and a charge of no. 4 shot toppled the beautiful bird over before he had gone fifty feet. His irides were pale yellow, an unusual color.

Landings at the Holt. I beat a portion of the meadows flushing two Snipe in the same place where I saw the three on the 21st and again securing a perfectly fair double shot. I begin to fear that I have lost my old skill.

Titlarks have arrived in force. I saw 11 flying about together as soon as I landed and the shots at the hips started twenty or thirty others. There was no flight into the meadows at evening, however, as used to be the case in 1885-1887.

As I was passing through a belt of woods I saw a ~~Bobolink~~ ~~and~~ ~~Bobolink~~ started a few rods ahead and flew to some bushes when it alighted. I followed & flushed it twice more getting a positive identification each time although, very curiously, the bird did not utter a sound while flying. I do not remember ever seeing this species so late before.

A Western Rose Lark flew low over the water and flew out of sight in the direction of Concord. ^{2nd} shot did not pass a foot or more in height.

A Sky Lark

1892. Mass.

Sept. 24 Concord... When I first entered the meadows a female Marsh Hawk
(No 2) was beating over it, and I afterwards saw a very fine
old male. The brown bird remained in sight for over an hour
crossing & recrossing the same ground many times. I saw a
catch hawk of the small type (*Falco* ~~sp.~~ *haliaetus* or *palustris*) which
on hovering over those meadows now. The white bird crossed
the meadows in a nearly straight line & did not return.

While I was watching the Marsh Hawk a Pigeon Hawk Pigeon Hawk
suddenly appeared and began swooping down at it calling a
apparently in play although its ^{behavior} ~~flinger~~ was very threatening. Marsh Hawk.
It made at least a dozen stoops, rising to a height of
about 40 ft. and falling with the speed of an arrow then,
after just brushing the Marsh Hawk's back, shooting upward
again. Nothing could be more graceful and spirited than
this little Falcon's flight. It uttered several times a short
grating cry which I have never heard before. The Marsh
Hawk did not seem to be in the least annoyed by these
attacks but kept on steadily with its gloom hunting not
even changing its slow flapping & sailing or even touching the
trouble to lodge the Pigeon Hawk's assaults.

As I was approaching my landing at Ball's Hill I suddenly Red-shouldered
discovered a young Red-shouldered Hawk sitting erect and still Hawk on my
in my wood pile. It was within shot but the pile was wood pile
in my way and when I tried to jibe it over the bird
flew and skinned down the path behind the trees.
I found its fresh chucky excrement not only on the wood
pile but on my door step also, from which I infer that
it had been sitting on the roof of the cabin earlier in
the morning.

1892 Mass.Bull's Hill.

Sept. 24

(No 3)

Concord. - Along the river path within the space of a few rods I saw a Tanager (♀ juv.), 2 Cott. birds, 2 Phoebe, a Robin, a Swamp Sparrow, a Solitary Vireo, a Brown Creeper, 6 Black-jacks, 5 Chickadees and a Phoebe. I shot the Tanager. Later, when I was cooking my dinner, the Phoebe came & looked in at the door as he (for I believe it was the same bird) used to do daily last Spring. One of the Cott. birds also approached the house and sang a few notes in a whistler.

Mixed flock

near my cabin

Tanager.

Cat-bird sings

to the vee

After dinner I made the usual rounds of my place starting a Green Heron Bull's Hill and also a blue heron from the ground under a pine on Beacon's Knoll. I also found another mixed flock consisting of 5 Chickadees, 4 Pine Warblers and 1 S. virens. In pitch-pines Jays were numerous & noisy everywhere and there were many Crows flying W. in straggling flocks but not, I think, migrating.

On returning to the cabin I discovered two Carolina Grebes Carolina Grebes swimming on the opposite side of the river close in to the lily pads. They did not seem to notice me, even when I walked along my shore in plain sight. One looked nearly twice as large as the other. Both were young birds. They kept close together & floated bravely, like ducks.

At 4 P.M. I paddled up river to the Holt where I again landed & beat the meadow in the hope that the Snipe might have returned but I started only a few Killdeer, 1 Sparrow Sparrow. Seven Black Ducks, flying very high in a V like geese, came over the meadow & circled & re-circled then went off to the S. I also saw 1 Rusty Blackbird descend from a great height & pitch into some bottom bushes & two flocks of Cowbirds, about 50 birds in each, came to their roost opposite Bull's Hill. One flock

Black Ducks

Rusty Blackbird

Cowbirds

1892.

Mass.

Sept 24

(204)

Concord. Came from down river, the other from the Cow-Bunting,
 direction of Concord and they reached the wood at exactly flying to roost.
 The Cow-Bunting I did not single out till they had
 into the bushes although both flocks whirled about high
 in air for some time & repeatedly passed each other's way.
 Cowbirds, as I have noticed Upstart, this year, fly in
 much closer order than our other Blackbirds. These flocks
 tonight looked in the distance like dusky balls.

On my way up river after sunset I saw a Night Hawk Night-hawk
 flying rather high & flushed a pair of Carolina Doves Carolina Doves
 from the river bank directly under the Y then where
 I think they had alighted to drink, as they stooped
 from the water's edge.

A Phoebe was behaving strangely. Looking on the bank a strange behavior
 of a maple over the river it repeatedly flew down to a Phoebe
 the water which it struck so forcibly as to make a
 loud splash, like that of a bass that has sprung into
 the air & fallen on its side. I paddled continuously
 to the place & saw this bird strike thus five or six
 times in quick succession. I could see no insects
 on the surface & think the bird must have been
 bathing. Its downed flight was at a steep angle
 & it struck the water harder than is the case
 with the Kingbird when making its somewhat
 similar plunges. I had half a mind to shoot the bird
 to make sure that it was not catching small fishes but this
 seemed so improbable that I spared its life.

Picked a white water lily to-day the only one I saw & perhaps the last pond lily.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1892. Mass.

"I was a great deal in blue, bays, & saw but saw
that I saw none within the same line & distance.
They were flying about everywhere in the fields, swamps &
in every bird & woodland. I saw several within a mile
I recorded, a short time since, in disparagement of the
Jay's imitation of the screaming of the Red-shouldered Hawk.
It is usually shorter than the Hawk's outcry, but several times
to-day a Jay very near me deceived me perfectly. Once the
excess, repeated a dozen or more times, came from the top
of a white oak where several Jays were flying about. Although
I saw them I was not really satisfied that there was
not also ^a better than, ~~at all~~, I went to the line & drove the
Jays out. They were imitating this the 2 seasons very
generally to-day but I heard one lone fisher, also.

Sept. 25. 1882.

Sept. 25 Concord. With some Black-bills & Chickadees in mixed woods was a Red-bellied Nuthatch, creeping about on a hick tree. It is the first I have seen there for.

Yesterday, all my records this year of White-bellied Nuthatches, White-bellied Nuthatches, seen in the woods in Concord & in the woods about the house but this morning I found a solitary bird in the heart of the oak woods.

There were humming-birds today as freely and vigorously as in spring. He heard no less than four different birds and flushed a fifth in oak scrub. The Phoebe was reported there very scarce there for.

It is a great squirrel year. The woods to-day were brightly alive with Squirrels and we saw or heard at least a dozen Red Squirrels but not with only one Gray Squirrel though the last species is said to be also exceptionally numerous. This increase of Squirrel (all three species were very scarce in autumn) is not a local phenomenon for the Sportsman's papers report them in great numbers from various parts of New England, the Middle States & the Ohio Valley. In this season it might be accounted for by an exceptionally abundant crop of seed and berries of all kinds. The Red Squirrels, as I noted the other day, are already eating the chestnuts. In many places to-day we found the ground under these trees covered with ~~sawed~~ ^{sawed} husks attached to short pieces of logs at the showed the marks of the Squirrels teeth. There are fully two bushels of these husks under one tree. We saw the Squirrels carrying them in their mouths & found great heaps of "bushings" on the logs & stumps & walls.

1872. Mass.

Sept. 26

Concord. A thunder storm last night and a heavy shower with
thunder at 2.45 a.m. after which the wind came from the N.W.,
increased gradually to nearly a full gale and dispersed wholly
the humid, sultry ^{conditions} ~~the weather~~ which have prevailed for the past
few days. It was the first real autumn wind of the season North-west.
and it seemed to revel in its strength, wrestling with the
big, solitary trees as if determined to tear them out by the roots,
dashing the river, and the nearest meadow grass as well, into
waves, tearing open the foliage of the most sheltered thickets
and sending showers of crimson & gold leaves driving across
the fields and meadows. The river opposite Ball's Hill was
lashed for hours with white capped waves at least two feet high.

Down river at 7.30 a.m. in my "Hatter Man's" stopping in
nearly half an hour beneath Flinck's bridge to escape the shower
then proceeding under sail to the Holt where I landed and beat
the meadows. No signs were any signs of them; no Titlarks nor
Sparrows and - most surprising of all - no Marsh Hawks.
Nothing, in fact, save Crows and one Patterer flying at an
unusual height (50 ft. or more) across the meadows. About six Crows ^{or} Crows nothing
were mobbing an Owl, doubtless a Bubo, in the chestnut trees at Holden's Hill. one Owl

As I turned into the broad reach opposite Ball's Hill a Carolina Duck Carolina Duck
glided from among the cotton bushes and dived over the water
half swimming half flying directly towards me. Stopping, finally, a
few yards off & after gazing at me curiously with upturned
neck it dove & disappeared.

I spent the day overhauling in & near the house with George
but also took a turn through my woods seeing this last to be
and a Black poll and starting a Grouse. As I was on my
way up river at evening ^{I saw} a small flock of Cow Birds & a High Hawk Nighthawk.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1892. Mass.

Ball's Hill.

Sept. 17 Concord. Clear with raging N. W. wind: Air sharp, almost chilly.

6 Ball's Hill with C. & E. K. S. at 10.30 A. M. taking baskets etc. in preparation for spending the night. I went in in "Allen Morris' canoe, the others in my Rochester one. Holding the two boats together and hoisting a red sail on my canoe we sped swiftly on our way. The wind blew a perfect gale and naturally we saw very few birds, a Kingfisher and a flock of about 40 Crows flying northward & apparently migrating being all that I remember.

Crows migrating

On Ball's Hill I found about half a dozen House Sparrows among tall weeds on the North Slope & at 11 saw a Townsend Solitaire. A House Wrench flitted in for a moment in a birch on probably my ground.

As we were eating dinner in my cabin two shots rang out across the river & I saw a pair of Mallards, one in water, with a other flying directly over the edge of the marsh. Instantly one of the men advanced and picked up a wild duck. I thought it was a Mallard, but with my glass to be a snipe. There the snipe then flitted after this. It was with the colder wind on the long meadows with the rising sun & good carrying his gun in his right hand, in the next minute.

Snipe shooting on crutches

I went to bed in my cabin at 11 P. M. Heard a few Mockers migrating then went to sleep. no other small birds.

Mockers migrating

Saw two white water lily blossoms on the river.

Two Pond Lilies

Concord, Massachusetts.

1892. Mass.

Night at Ball's Hill.

Sept. 28 Concord. - Clear & warmer. A strong, soft wind in the morning
leading to a gentle breeze by noon & dying away early at sunset.

I slept soundly through the night and awoke at
daybreak to hear a great clamor of new voices across
the river; and a little later a Phoebe sang fully in my garden. *Phoebe singing*
these tones near the cabin and a pair that she killed a few *Pair W. "*
times on the hill. Both were evidently old birds. A *Wh. thr. Spar.*
White-throated Sparrows also sang once, in less doubtful tones.

After breakfast we all walked to Holder's Hill where we
spent nearly two hours sitting in the shade of the trees
looking off over the meadows. *Holder's Hill* is on *Walden Road*
a wooded knoll and saw a good many Black-bills &
two Pair Thrushes, all in oaks.

After dinner as I was strolling along the path to the
E. of my cabin I flushed a covey of 14 birds from the *Grass*
old wall directly under my large red oak. Nine appeared
to be full, green & flew swiftly; the other five were not
much larger than House Sparrows & after fluttering feebly
for a little, they dropped to the ground among
some pines. The scattered birds began calling within five minutes.
The very young ones made a thin, feeble piping which I do
not remember having before.

On our way up river at sunset we saw a flock of fully *Cowbirds*
20 Cowbirds flitting about a bed of weeds & wild rice near
Hunt's, one Osprey flying high towards the W., & a Sharp-shinned *Sharp*
Hawk crossing the meadows. One Indigo Bird in Hunt's cornfield *Indigo Bird sings*
sang once in full, sweet tones adding & after flourish to the usual *these*

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895.

Exp. 30

[illegible]

Mr. Cyrus Clark came to the station at 11.45 and
went with me over the Davis Hill road to observe
the water of the timber. He says that the pines are
not less than 140 to 200 years old and are some of Davis Hill pines
older. Some have grown up in the same
place, and were evidently brought in
from the timber. The wood was very old
and the bark was very old.

But last year there was fair success in the nest. I
 a flock of about 15 Cowbirds, song of the wood, in the
 Now in the thickets, a Wood-Parrot and a Great Blue
 Heron, an occasional Osprey, a river, an old Song Sparrow song.

1892. Mass.
Sept. Concord.

1. *Sialia sialis*. Sept. 1st 3rd 4th 5th 8th 9th 10-11-13-16⁽²⁾ 21⁽¹⁾ 22 23⁽¹⁾ 24⁽¹⁾
30th
2. *Merula migratoria*. Sept. 1st 3rd 4th 5th 6-7-8-9th 11th 13th 16⁽¹⁾ 18-20⁽²⁾
22⁽¹⁾ 23rd 24th 25th 25th 30th
3. *Tarus atricapillus*. Sept. 1st 3rd 4th 5th 7th 8th 16-18-20⁽¹⁾ 21st 24⁽¹⁾
27th 28th 29th
4. *Harporhynchus rufus*. Sept. 1st 5th 7th 8th 9th 20th 24th 25th
5. *Galusoptes Carolinensis*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 23rd 24th 26th
27th 28th
6. *Colaptes auratus*. Sept. 1st 3rd 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th
7. *Dendroica aestiva*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th
8. *Dendroica pinus*. Sept. 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.) 7th (cl. s.)
21st in cl. by riv. 22nd (cl. s.) (hum. s.) 24th 28th
9. *Vireo flavifrons*. Sept. 4th 9th 10th 13th 17th
10. *Vireo gilvus*. Sept. 6th 8th 9th 10th 11th 13th 16th 17th
11. *Empidonax carolinensis*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.)
19th 21st 22nd 28th
12. *Polioptila caerulea*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.)
16th
13. *Polioptila caerulea*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.)
16th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 26th 27th 28th 30th
14. *Polioptila caerulea*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.)
18th 19th 24th 26th 27th 28th 30th (1st cl. s.)
15. *Polioptila caerulea*. Sept. 3rd 4th 5th 7th 11th 19th 27th 28th (1st cl. s.)
20th 21st 23rd 25th 27th

1892. Mass.
Sept. Concord.

- [illegible]

572. Mass.
Sept. Concord.

46. *Larus Canadensis*. - Sept. 7 (Hull's H.) 22¹/₂ feathers done - 23¹/₂ feathers - 25¹/₂ - 28¹/₂
47. *Sturnus vulgaris*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ - 23¹/₂
48. *Spizella socialis*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ - 23¹/₂
49. *Vireo olivaceus*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ (Hull's H.) 9¹/₂ - 13¹/₂
50. *Empidonax minimus* Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair alone, in white birch, very tame, & possibly identified.
51. *Passerina cyanea*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair in white birch - 13¹/₂ (Hull's H.) - 28¹/₂ (Hull's H.) (Hull at sunset)
52. *Regulus turpis*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair a solitary bird flying over S. Meadows.
53. *Helminthophila erythrocephala*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair in mixed flock.
54. *Comptosia americana* Sept. 7¹/₂ (Hull's H.) - 1 pair.
55. *Zonotrichia albicollis*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 2 birds possibly identified. 28¹/₂ - 30³/₄
56. *Accipiter fuscus*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair soaring at great height perhaps early. 19¹/₂ - 26¹/₂
57. *Colinus virginianus*. - Sept. 7¹/₂ 1 pair flying high.
58. *Anthus ludovicianus*. - Sept. 9¹/₂ 1 pair flying high & singing - 24¹/₂
59. *Aix sponsa*. - Sept. 9¹/₂ 1 pair apparently a small group of 3 - 24¹/₂ shot in air.
60. *Fulica americana*. - Sept. 9¹/₂ 1 pair in water near Hull's H.

1892. Mass.

Soft Record.

61. Ardea herodias .. Sept. 7^{1st} - 30^{1st} juv.
62. Motothrus alba .. Sept. 9⁽³⁾ ^{begin to} ^{work in mud} ^{at point} - 19⁽³⁰⁾ ^{among bottom holes.} ^{beginning at sunset} - 24⁽³⁰⁾ ⁽⁴⁰⁾ ^{sooty light} - 26⁽³⁰⁾
63. Megascops asio .. Sept. 7^{1-8 P.M.} * (Bald H.W.) - 8^{1-7 P.M.} * (Bald H.W.) - 9¹ do. - 16¹ (Bald H.W.) - 20¹ (Bald H.W.) - 24¹ (Bald H.W.)
64. Passer domesticus .. Sept. ⁽¹²⁾ ^{1st} ^{6 P.M.} ²⁴ ^{beginning} ^{in corn} - 11⁽³⁰⁾ - 21⁽²⁰⁾ - 23⁽³⁰⁾
65. Loxia columba .. Sept. 11¹
66. Pandion carolinensis .. Sept. 11¹ - 13¹ - 24¹ ^{1st} ^{from} ^{point} - 28¹
67. Colinus virginianus .. Sept. 16^{1st} - 24¹ ^(2-8 P.M.) ^{first} ^{time} - 26¹ ^{(2nd} ^{time}).
68. Ceryle americana .. Sept. 20¹ - 24¹ - 25¹ - 30¹
69. Junco hyemalis .. Sept. 20^{1st} - 23¹ - 25^{1st} - 28¹ - 30¹
70. Pipilo erythrophthalmus .. Sept. 20⁽¹⁾ - 25²
71. Scolecophagus ferrugineus .. Sept. 21⁽²⁾ - 24⁽³⁾ - 28¹
72. Ammodramus arvanica .. Sept. 16¹ - 21¹ - 24¹
73. Cistothorus stellaris .. Sept. 21¹
74. Geothlypis trichas .. Sept. 20¹ - 25¹
75. Dendroica coronata .. Sept. 21¹ - 24¹ - 26⁽³⁾ - 28¹

1892. Mass.

Sept. Concord.

- 76 Buteo pennsylvanicus. - Sept. 28 ♀ juv. perched on oak by roadside in Col. in
allowing us to drive within 20 ft. of it.
- 77 Poocetus gramineus. - Sept. 23 ^{4. proterus, immat. 1, 30¹}
^{* ad. given?}
78. Anas obscura. - Sept. 24².
79. Vireo solitarius. - Sept. 24¹. 28² Ball's H.
80. Piranga erythronelas. - Sept. 24 ^{9 juv. obs^d}
(Ball's H.)
81. Sonaca umbella. - Sept. 17¹ Ball's H. - 24¹ Ball's H. - 25¹ ^{1 juv.} _{4¹} - 26¹ Ball's H. - 28⁴ ¹ _{Ball's H.}
82. Colinus virginianus. - Sept 16 ^{One giving to}
^{another Ball's.} - 28⁴ ¹ _{Ball's H.}
83. Carpodacus purpureus. - Sept. 25 ^{1 juv.} - 28¹ _{hd}
84. Spizella pusilla. - Sept. 20¹

1892 Mass.

Ball's Hill

Oct. 1 Concord. Clear with high N. wind, the forenoon rather warm & pleasant, the afternoon cold or rather chilly.

To Ball's Hill with C. and E. R. S. at 10 a. m. I went in my "Stella Maris" canoe and sailed most of the way. On reaching my cabin we landed and dined. At 4 P. M. we all set forth again in the Anshute boat which I rowed against a very strong head wind to Cochichewick Bridge, where we turned about and sailed back using an old umbrella for this purpose and turning it inside out twice. It was nearly dark when we reached the cabin and landed again for tea.

At 8 P. M. we started for home. The wind had died almost completely away and a half moon flooded the river and meadows with soft light. The air was thick & frosty, yet I heard mole & tree crickets (crickets) chirping feebly. Occasionally a Warbler hopped in the sky overhead. Four Muskrat Rats crossed the river within our view. Once I heard the call of a migrating Thrush probably an Olive-backed.

A Great Blue Heron which flitted along the edge of the river near Riv. Island alighting twice on the shore, a flock of twelve Tit Larks circling over the meadows, a Cooper's Hawk soaring in the distance, a Marsh Hawk beating over the usual cove opposite Ball's Hill, several White-throats, Swamps, & Song Sparrows near my cabin, two Black-poll Warblers & a few Chickadees were about all the birds seen during the day. Birds

1892 Mass.

Oct. 2 Concord. Another day of brilliantly clear air, cloudless sky and violent gusty N. to N.W. winds.

In the forenoon I sailed my "Gloria Maria" down to Ball's Hill where I spent about half an hour giving directions to Post and then returned in time for dinner. I saw very few birds along the river in fact nothing but a Goldfinch and two small flocks of Tit Larks but there were some Song, Swamp & White throated Sparrows in the brush with the river in front of my cabin & several Robins, Chickadees & two Black poll Martins among the oaks on the north slope of Ball's Hill.

Birds

In the afternoon drove with C. to Miniacoma across by way of the Concord road to Lee's bridge and around through Lincoln past Sandy Pond and home. A few Jays, a House Finch, and a flock of about 40 Crows with a small flock of Rusty Grackles were the only birds noted.

At Ball's Hill yesterday I saw where a Fox had killed a Partridge & eaten it. Today I examined the remains carefully. There was a pile of intestines & the stomach, on foot & leg, and the end of one wing with primaries attached besides of course a good heap of feathers. All then lay in a heap within 2 ft of a stone wall. Nearly above the spot on the top of the wall was a pile of Partridge excrement. This I think was where the bird had been in the habit of drumming for its tail feathers and large ruffs.

Fox catches a
a "Meemaw"
Grouse

1896. Mass.

Oct. 2 Concord - indicated clearly that it was an old
(1821) male. There were no feathers or other remains
anywhere outside of a circle two feet or less in
diameter & this convinced me that the bird
had been caught & killed on the spot where its
feathers lay. How could the Fox have surprised
so wary a creature? I could think of only two
possible ways; one that he crept up behind the
wall and sprang over it upon the bird perhaps
while it was asleep; the other (& this I consider
the more probable hypothesis) that he lay concealed
on the top of the wall watching for something to
come along & that the Partridge rambled unwittingly
within reach perhaps waiting for its drumming
stirred the presence & meaning of which the
Fox may have been aware before he took
up his position there. There was no undergrowth
about the spot but the ground was covered
with a deep mat of old leaves.

In my record of yesterday I neglected to
note that while walking along my vine path
at Ball's Hill in the evening twilight I
heard a European Fox "howling" on the edge
of the woods & a Beaver "scraping" in the
marsh across the river.

1892 Mass

Concord Mass. Sept. 1892.

Ball's Hill

Oct. 4 Concord - Cloudy most of the day the sun peeping out for brief intervals and the sky clearing at sunset. A light shower in P.M. No wind; warm, humid atmosphere. The autumn coloring of the red maples at its height & ^{fine for the year} remarkably.

George brought my horse at 9 a.m. and with C. I drove to Bedford over the river road and back by way of Carlisle bridge to Ball's Hill which we reached at 11 o'clock. George took the boat down and we came back in it starting at sunset & arriving at the house as it was getting dark.

During our drive we saw a great many small birds chiefly in flocks, rising from sandy fields at the rattle of our carriage or fluttering on ahead of us when bushes lined the roadside. The majority were Sparrows of several species with a sprinkling of Blue jays, Robins, Thrushes & Blue birds & a good many Yellow rumped Warblers.

No large flocks of Crows seemed to be about but small flocks of Song birds were here in the usual numbers.

Marsh Hawks were exceptionally numerous. Unless the same birds showed themselves more than once we saw at least six or seven of which two were old males. One of the latter was acting in a singular manner. Flying in broad circles ~~from~~ a wooded hill (Barnes's Knoll) at an average height above the tree tops of perhaps fifty feet he moved his wings in a loose, fluttering way each upward stroke carrying the tips straight up so that they almost met above his back.

Circus borealis

Mass.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 4 Concord. The downwood strokes being correspondingly (182) (or nearly so) pronounced, the wing beats were curiously moth-like and also suggested the fluttering of a Hawk caught in a trap. They did not raise the bird perceptibly but on the contrary his course was as level and gliding as if he were sailing on set wings. At first I suspected that he was wounded perhaps above through the head and "tumbling" - but a minute's observation convinced me that such was not the case. After circling over the town for at least two minutes he scaled off on a downward slant towards the woods. I have never seen a Broad Hawk behave thus before, at any season. The fluttering was practically incessant during the entire period of circling. The circles were not regular but of varying diameters. The bird did not rise much if at all excepting at first when he was clearing the tops of the trees.

Just as we were about leaving my cabin Pat. came running to tell me that a "chuck" had alighted in the rear of my landing. It came, he said, from down river. On looking out through the bushes I saw that it was a Coot (*Fulica*). At first it kept well out from shore & cruised about with head & neck erect but after a little it moved into the edge of the belt of *Potamogeton* & *Utricularia* beds. After we had unrolled & moved rather noisily & within two fathoms of this bird when it flew about 100 yards "reluctantly".

Fulica americana

1892. Mass.Oct. 4

(No 3)

Concord. This has been a great Sparrows day. The bushes about the base of Balls Hill are alive with White-throats, Song, Swamp, & Field Sparrows. On our way up hill at evening I heard a Swamp Sparrow sing once in the marsh loudly & freely. I also heard no less than six Song Sparrows singing all over old birds & two were singing at short regular intervals & with nearly as much spirit & enthusiasm as in Spring. Twilight with fog rising at the time. A solitary bird was singing in low warbling tones in my pines. I took it for a young bird.

A Sparrow
daySwamp Sparrow
singingSong Sparrows
singing

I have not seen nor heard a Meadow Lark for nearly a month until this evening when, a little after sunset, one uttered his plaintive "ah-see-me" five or six times in quick succession near our house, the sound coming to my ears through the open window as I lay in bed.

Meadow Lark
singing

Among some dense young sprouts at the base of Balls Hill I flushed a bird which at first I took for a Connecticut Warbler but on following & "scrapping" a little I brought it out into plain sight & identified it to my perfect satisfaction as a Mourning Warbler, a young bird in autumn plumage. It was nervous & timid but so intensely curious that I kept it in sight by "scrapping" for several minutes.

Mourning
Warbler

Many Black-jacks in my woods to-day. Yellow-rumps about equally numerous. Heard one Golden-crow.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 6 Concord. Clear with wind clouds and strong, cold, gusty N. W. wind.

To Fairhaven by boat with C. starting at 10 a.m. and getting home about 2 o'clock. I had a very hard row as far as Clamshead Hill beyond which we sailed using an umbrella for this purpose. We landed at Conant's wharfed at the foot of Bee's Cliff under a pine where the sun lay warm on the carpet of freshly fallen needles (the white pines have nearly finished shedding) and hence a breeze of the brisk wind reached us. A few cicadas were chirping feebly about us and a small yellow butterfly was driven by the wind across the bay. After lunch we walked through the woods & across the fields to Mr. Wright's house where after obtaining permission & a key we climbed the small steep hill up the road and spent nearly an hour in it in front of a "camp" which has been built on the summit. The view from here is very fine indeed. We then scrambled slowly back to Conant's through the woods most of the way, starting two Partridges and three Cooters, the latter in a vineyard.

See's Eggs

The return voyage was very pleasant despite the wind which although less than in the morning was still strong & penetrating. The autumn tints were very brilliant wherever there were red maples. In fact I have never seen them thus more intensely colored than they are now. Along the

1892. Mass.

Oct. 6 Concord. meadow edge of the Conantown woods
 (No. 2) they formed a belt of glowing scarlet, crimson
 and gold most effectively brought out and intensified
 by contrast with the perfect green of the oaks &
 pines which cover the hillside behind & above them.
 Most of the bright coloring on Marble's Point
 was supplied by the wickowies which have now
 generally put on their old gold tints.

This was a Hawk day. I saw seven Sharp-shins, Heavy feathered
 two Cooper's, three Marsh Hawks, one Pigeon Hawk, of Hawks
 two Red-shouldered and one Red-tailed Hawk.
 With the exception of one of the Red-shouldered
 which was perched all a time all these birds
 were flying, not in any one direction but
 scaling, soaring in circles, or beating up against
 the strong wind by short vertical tactics, now
 rising to meet the blasts & gain sufficient
 elevation to skim off for half a mile or more
 on a gentle incline towards the earth. Of
 course it was a migratory flight - a Hawk
 wave which had rolled down to us from
 the north but, as already stated, the birds
 were not apparently prosecuting their southward
 journey when seen by me. Nor was there any
 indication that they were looking for food.
 They seemed rather to be passing aimlessly
 over the country & sporting with the high wind.
 The Sharp-shins bore a great deal more than
 is usual with them. One bird of this species
 was an old male in very high plumage. As he

1892 Mass.

Oct 6 Concord. Swept close over the water of Farnham
(No 3) while I was standing on the cliff his back looked
as blue almost as that of our old creek Marsh Hawk.
He saw an unusually fine Marsh Hawk, by the
way, beating a small meadow near the river. He
looked nearly as white as a Gull and, on
four or five occasions this autumn, reminded me
forcibly of a Gull by his flight.

Night showed me some Baldwin apples which Crows
had been attacking by Crows he said. Each apple perfectly
had a hole an inch or more in diameter perfectly apples
in the side to the core. In many cases the
hole extended through to the other side. The
core with its seeds seemed to have been removed
in every instance. He thought that more than
half the apples on our tree had been thus
treated. He has seen a large number of Crows
in the tree for several days today. He has
never known nor heard of Crows attacking
apples before. There are still green or at
least hard & unripe.

I saw one flock of 29 Crows this morning flying
S. W. low down & probably migrating. The number
of scattered birds was about as usual.

Either the bulk of the Blue jays have passed
or they have become silent & retiring of late. I
see or hear about as many now as I should in
the breeding season.

A single Black Duck in Farnham tomorrow was
the 1. There was the only water bird noted today.

1896. Mass.

Oct. 6 Concord. As we came down the river at evening
(No 4) I saw a small flock of Rusty Blackbirds flying
over Northam Hill, several little parties of
Tit larks cicking about the meadows flying,
and a very few Robins. A grackle Jones, taking
Bryon Brook meadow, apparently for dinner, started
five Meadow Larks as we were passing, and
following after them fired two shots with
what results I did not see. He also saw
three of these birds near the Fitchburg R. R.
bridge this evening.

Meadow Larks

A few Savanna Sparrows still linger in
the meadows along the river and I saw
several Grass Finches in a field. There are
Field Sparrows along among of the brush grown
walls and Chipping in swarms in the weed
fields & orchards. Some Song Sparrows were
singing doubtfully more eggs hatched this evening

Sparrows

Faxon tells me that the Arlington region
was flooded with migrants on the morning
of the 2nd inst. He noted 43 species among
them three White crowned Sparrows, one Brewster's
Finch (shot), and eight Yellow Red bell Warblers
three of which were the true ~~provincialis~~. There
was no marked influx of birds in Concord
on that day. Apparently most of the great
bird waves follow a line near the coast

Heavy migration
at ArlingtonWhite Cr. Sparrows
Brewster Finch
Yellow Warblers

1892. Mass.

Oct. 7 Concord. A sunny day but very hazy; warm with strong S. to S.W. wind.

Up river in "Stella Maris" canoe, starting about 10 A.M. and getting back at 5 P.M. Sailed about half the way up (from Chamboos to Fairhaven) and practically the entire distance back. Lunched on Martha's Point at noon. After this I spent upwards of two hours exploring the country back of Bee's Cliffs. It proved to be largely open pastures with occasional small patches of pitch pine woods and many fine scattered trees - hickories, oaks & ashes - growing along walls. Immediately behind the cliffs, a pine woods was cut off down two or three years ago & the land is growing up to sprouts or rather seedling trees among which are many hickories. Some of the old pines were left standing, the finer trees, apparently, selected & left to become "timber" pines. This "wood lot" covers about twenty acres. There are a good many barberry bushes all over the hill and witch hazel (in bloom to day) in places. Two fine large clumps of bayberry (*Myrica*) in the pasture near Martha's point. I did not see a chestnut tree anywhere on the hill.

Bee's Cliffs.
The country
behind them

Returning to the river I set out again and ran across Fairhaven which was quite rough, the canoe dancing over the waves. Landed at Staples camp and climbed the

bayberry

1892 Mass.

Oct. 7

1892

Concord ridge just east of it. This ridge is much higher than it looks from the river and the view to the S. is very attractive. There are tupeloes growing along the shore as at Ball's Hill.

As I was passing Martha's Point on my way homeward I saw what at first I took for a muskrat swimming the river 200 yds. or so ahead but as I drew nearer I perceived that it was a Mink. It swam very fast and showed only the head & tail with a space of water covering the back between. The tail was held a little above the water the tip curving downward. It was not worried about as is the muskrat but was kept perfectly still. It looked no larger than a muskrat's tail probably because the bank was wet. When I came within about 20 yds. the mink dove, humping up his rump peculiarly in the manner of a muskrat. It came up close to the belt of bottom bushes on the south bank & soon after entered them.

Mink swims
the river.

Heard a single Mole Cricket chirping loud & steadily near Nashawtuck bridge. The chirp resembles in form that of the Tree Cricket but is much stronger and ~~with~~ has a roughness of tone which suggests the voice of a Frog.

Mole cricket

Small birds were rather numerous today

1892. Mass.

Oct. 7 Concord. Along the river I saw a large flock of birds.
(No 3) Chipping & Song Sparrows, a flock of about 25 or 30
Cowbirds bathing on a sand beach under a storm
pile of a bridge, Titlarks flying over the meadows
near Degan Brook, three Kingfishers between Egg Rock
& the Fitchburg R. R. bridge, ^{three Phoebe,} and several Swamp Sparrows.
In pine woods on Reed's Hill I found three mixed
flocks composed chiefly of Yellow-rumps and
Chickadees with a single Red-bellied Nuthatch in
each and a Blue Jay in one flock. There were
Hawks in several places among oak scrub.

Although the weather conditions were different from yesterday
from those of yesterday there was the same type
of wind this afternoon - gusty & violent - and with
it or rather against it - for all were flying
towards the S. W. - came again many Hawks. I
did not see one in the forenoon but after 1 P. M.
noted five Sharp-shins, two Red-shoulders, one
Red-tail, one Osprey, and a female Marsh Hawk.
One of the Sharp-shins alighted in a dead tree
for a moment but all the others were flying,
sporting about above the crests of the hills where
the wind had full sweep. It would seem that
they prefer to migrate during the prevalence of
strong winds even when these are against them.
The Sharp-shins again to day spent much of
their time in soaring.

The Phoebe wags its tail most often just after
alighting. It is first drawn down as if by a string, & then
pops back to its normal position. Phoebe

1892 Mass.Ball's HillOct. 8

Concord. Early morning cloudy but the sun out by 11 A.M. and the remainder of the day bright and very warm with moderate S.W. wind.

To Ball's Hill at 11 A.M. in my "Stella Maris" sailing practically the entire way. The day was Indian summer. Like and yellow butterflies and dragon flies were out in considerable numbers the former about hawkweed blossoms in the fields, the latter over the river. All the pickweed weed has been killed by the late frosts giving the margin of the river a blighted, dreary aspect. Many of the bottom bushes have already shed their leaves & those of some of the willows seem to have been frozen as the trees presenting a conspicuously wrinkled or dried up appearance and emitting strongly the odor peculiar to willow leaves.

Butterflies &
Dragon flies

Spiders & Frogs

The painted tortoises were out of water on logs etc., swimming, but not in great numbers. I have not seen a snapping tortoise, either large or small, for several days & I think not for two weeks.

Painted tortoises

A Tree Toad uttering the usual croaking chirrup near Hunt's landing as I sailed past. It gave it three or four times with brief pauses & then stopped. I have not heard this more than three or four times since the tree toads ceased singing so suddenly in midsummer. They do not apparently call much oftener in autumn than do the

Tree Toad
calls

brookside frogs. I hear the Pickering's Hyla very fine warm day still, sometimes in the meadows.

Pickering's Hyla

1892 Mass.

Oct. 8 Concord. Holden's meadow was alive with Crows Crows
 (No 2) walking about feeding. I counted fifty. They resembled
 one of the Rooks in England. Every little while
 a few would rise and start off Southward carrying
 loudly as if calling on the others to follow but
 all such attempts failed to start the main host
 to which those adventurous pioneers invariably
 returned. One of them however succeeded at length
 in raising great excitement by discovering an
 Owl (doubtless the same Owl which I have seen there
 before this autumn) in Holden's woods and
 shouting the news in Crow language to the
 feeding birds. "An Owl! an Owl! Wake up you
 sleepy, murderous, yellow-eyed villain. You must
 soon know! Come on, friends, and help me
 drive the thief from his stronghold! Let us
 pluck out his cat eyes and gorge out his
 big eyes and ^{pounce} ~~pounce~~ & peck him to death!"
 All this and much more to the same purpose,
 if I understood the Crow rightly ~~and~~ this did
 not call in vain for in a twinkling the whole
 horde left their repast and came trooping
 to the woods where they clustered all over
 the tops of the trees and shouted & raved &
 swore as long as I was within hearing.

There was a Great Blue Heron on the river this Gr. Blue Heron
 morning, a noble bird but in the young plumage.
 I stalked him first from Cold River Island & drove
 him before me to the Halls where he doubled back.
 Once he alighted on the top of the bank where

1892 Mass.

Oct 8
(No 3)

Concord the ground was hard & smooth and the grass short. Over this he moved with slow stately steps towards the water's edge occasionally stopping and stretching up his long neck to look at me. He reminded me of a Sand-hill Crane which he resembled not only in motions but in his nearly uniform bluish ashy coloring between the blue of the river & sky as Thoreau says. Poor bird! I hope that a shot which I heard at this bend ~~did not~~ an hour later did not end his career but I saw nothing of him when I paddled ~~down~~ ^{onward} as coming.

There is a skeleton of one of these Herons under the pines on Davis' Hill - shot there by some camper, I suppose, and left to rot where it fell! It is indeed sad to think that the few large birds which still visit this river are so mercilessly pursued & wantonly slain. This fine creature, for instance, one evening adding life & interest to the meadows by its picturesque form and imposing flight, then next a heap of carcass & dishevelled feathers under the pines where it met its fate!

I hear the phoebe note of the Chickadee frequently ^{in Concord} these Indian Murrelets days but the bird does not utter it steadily & persistently as in spring. I am inclined to consider it a true song note. So far as I know it is now given by the female more by young birds.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 8 Concord. The Myrtle Warblers are among the most Myrtle Warblers
 (no 4) numerous and universally distributed of the smaller
 birds at this date. They frequent open, treeless
 places much more than in spring and I saw
 them along roadsides pecking on the fences & low
 bushes, in stubbles about "stooks" of corn or other
 grain, and very frequently near houses, barns &
 other buildings. They associate freely with Bluebirds
 and the different kinds of Sparrows in such
 places. Their plump forms, generally brownish coloring
 and conspicuous flashing beneath give them a
 curious resemblance to young Chipping Sparrows but
 the yellow rump is shown conspicuously when the
 bird starts to fly.

For the past three or four mornings a dozen or
 more of these Warblers accompanied by Bluebirds
 & Chippies have come about our house a little
 after sunrise to hop along the shingled roof, perch
 in rows along the ridgepole and flutter up under
 the eaves or against the blinds and window panes.
 This is a common habit in autumn but I have
 never observed it in spring. The birds seem to be
 getting insects which are perhaps found in these
 places only at this season although this explanation
 is not wholly satisfactory. It is interesting to
 see "Wood Warblers" behaving thus. This morning several
 Yellow-rumps and a Song Sparrow came to my
 window and fluttered against the glass within a
 foot of my face while I was dressing & the
 same thing was observed by other members of
 our family.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 7 Concord. As I was approaching the "Mammoth Man" Bittern
(No 4) on my way home I saw a Bittern standing fisher
leg deep in water just outside the belt of
sedge near the mouth of the Mill Brook. It
was in beautiful plumage the prevailing tint
a rich golden brown which made it a most
conspicuous object against the pale background
of bleached wild rice and grasses. It stood
perfectly motionless in an easy attitude, the
neck stretched out, the bill pointing a little
upward, until I was within about 20 yards
when it suddenly turned and scuttled back
into the sedge moving in a crouching attitude,
very like a Rail & almost as quietly.

After putting up my canoe I went back
along the shore but the bird had not come
out of its retreat. Perhaps it was too late
for it to resume fishing ~~for~~ (the sun was
setting). When I had seen the bird it was
evidently watching for fish.

As I was starting down river at about 3 P.M. Lucid in
a bay of dense Lucid rose from the west bank a " well
few hundred yards below Heath's Bridge and flew meadow.
across the river to the woods on the E. bank.
They sprang from the very edge of the water
where the ground was wet & boggy. The spot, moreover,
was surrounded by low, wet marsh covered with
tall sweet sward grass. It is unusual to see
Lucid in such a place.

1892. Mass.Walk to Danversdale & drive to White Pond

Oct. 9 Concord. Forenoon cloudy with showers & very pretty
in the season. Cleared off cooler with N. W. wind
a little before dinner.

In the forenoon took a walk alone to the Danversdale
Danversdale via the Merwins vineyard and back
by Derby's lane. The coloring was incredibly rich
and beautiful in the upper part of the Danversdale. Brilliant
Many of the small white oaks bore a nearly autumn coloring
uniform deep blood red. Some of the maples had
shed most of their leaves but the majority were
in their prime. It was a sea of color - of
mixed color - this wooded valley to day.

A flock of Robins in the Merwins vineyard (where
the grapes have not been picked and, badly injured
by the frost, cover the leafless vines thickly with
dark bluish bunches), two Partridges (started from Partridges
the brush on the edge of this vineyard) several
Savannah Sparrows in a field of weeds, a Hermit
Thrush (the first I have seen) and two White-throats.
Sparrows in birches, two Phoebe and about
the usual number of Jays & Crows. Heard several Loard
whistling in Pratt's nursery.

Driving with C. in P. M. to White Pond via
Heath's bridge and back by Mabel Miles's. A
Winter Wren in a bush grown stone wall, then Winter Wren
Meadow Larks flying very high over the town,
and an adult White-crowned Sparrows feeding in
the road were the most interesting birds seen. The
Sparrows flew up on a fence giving me a good view.

1892. Mass.Bow Meadows

Oct. 10 Concord. A rare day even for October; cloudless, the air perfectly free from haze, a gentle W. wind. Ther. 29° at sunrise, the middle of the day pleasantly warm.

10 A.M. To Bow Meadows with C. driving up and leading the horse back. Spent an hour at the meadow, going in the barn, then started to work brown. In Clark's woods saw a Gray Squirrel with no tail, or rather ^{with} ~~tail~~ only a stub less than an inch long & hairless. This he pecked and twitched in the usual manner. He presented a ridiculous appearance but did not seem to be personally inconvenienced by his loss. He saw him climb a tall tree, run out on a long branch and jump across to another without mishap.

At the place where the wood path joins the Estabrook Valley Road road we started a Yellow Red-bellied Warbler from the ground among scattering oak sprouts. It was a typical palmarum, as I could see plainly enough without my glass, the young bird evidently. It was very tame, flitting about among the low sprouts within a few yards of me occasionally darting out after a flying insect and then back into the branches. I could find no other bird near our faces. The palmarum was perfectly silent.

Junco were numerous to-day. They seemed to be more junco in the woods than in fields and I started several flocks among dense oaks where they were feeding on the ground. All the flocks were small, from three or four to six or seven birds each.

1892. Mass.

Concord, Mass. (1892)

Old Marlboro Road.

Oct. 10 Concord. In the afternoon I drove with C. to Danvers
(note) Mills by way of the old Marlboro road. This beyond
Concord Junction runs through solid woods for nearly
two miles and is in effect a pure wood. path much
used. The woods are chiefly oaks of about 30 years
growth & are not especially interesting. There is a
small crotch through the growth wholly of young beeches about twenty
feet to twenty feet in height growing rather thickly.
Hemlock themselves should stand in this region. I must
look this up next year.

In these woods we found several Kinglets (*Troglodytes*)
two Catbirds, and a Winter Wren, besides a great
many Jays. A fine Gray Squirrel yelped along the
path for 100 yards or more a little ahead of us.
The coloring of the oaks this season is something
remarkable. They actually exceed the maples in depth
& richness of tints. The white oaks are quite as vivid
as the Scarlet oaks but only young trees of the
former show this brilliant coloring. All the trees
& shrubs are exceptionally fine this year. The long hot
summer has probably ripened the foliage very perfectly.
We do not see such coloring in Massachusetts after
them once in three or eight years. It is about
at its height now speaking generally but the glory
of the maple triumphs has passed & many of the
trees are already bare.

There is a heavy crop of chestnuts which are
beginning to fall and Squirrels of all their
species are abundant. The Chickadees & Red-bellied
The most so, of course. I see or hear them
everywhere.

Kinglets, Squirrels

Winter Wren

Gray Squirrel

Scarlet Oaks

1892. Mass.

Oct 10 Concord. As we were returning from a drive this afternoon I saw a White-crowned Sparrow in a large forked willow on the consway near Red Bridge. White-crowned Sparrow

(No 3) Getting out of the buggy and approaching the tree I watched the bird for a minute or more when another appeared and together they hopped about, out along the branches keeping within two or three inches of one another most of the time. They pecked frequently at the bark which seemed to yield them some kind of insect food, probably Aphidæ. One or both kept up a low chirping different from anything I have ever heard from L. albicollis and exceedingly like the chirping of Spizella socialis. After awhile they cuddled close together (their bodies actually touching) on a dead twig and ruffling their plumage until they looked like Thopulus birds of feathers appeared to be taking a nap - when I left them. One was fully adult, the other a young bird. There were no other birds near them. They were very tame and hardly seemed to notice me when I stood within a few yards of the tree where they were. They were probably disturbed by the carriage which passed very few minutes.

Early this morning a Solitary Vireo, apparently an old bird, sang for a minute or two in the elms in front of our house. I do not often find this bird outside the woods even in migration. Solitary Vireo

There was evidently a flight of White-bellied Nuthatches Mr. Ballard Whitehead to-day. I saw five different birds there in the woods, migrating.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 12 Concord. Clear but with signs of a gathering storm at sunset - muddy sky down near the horizon etc. Wind S. E. all day.

A flock of Bluebirds & Myrtle Warblers about the house in the early morning and Song, White-throated, and Chipping Sparrows in the garden but none of them so numerous as for the past two or three days. Evidently, the recent heavy bird wave passed on last night.

Drove river by boat with C. at 10 a.m. Several Brown Purple Finches in the white willows at our landing one of them working rather busily but disconnectedly. Along the river below Hinds bridge a Bittern, a Phoebe, a Kingfisher, a few Sparrows, a few Myrtle Warblers and a good many Song Sparrows. A few Painted Tortoiseshells swimming, not above for a tip in all.

Landings C. at Ball's Hill I crossed the river, and beat the Great Meadows starting nothing but a single Song & two Savanna Sparrows. I heard Titmice flying but saw none on the meadows which they seem to avoid this year. I fired a long shot at the single when he "towered" and fell fairly too yet off. I felt sure that he was dead but after I had looked for him a long time he got up directly under my feet & I had to shoot again to secure him.

After cooking & eating dinner at the Cabin I went over Ball's Hill. Saw only a Robin & three Blue jays. The weed-grown slope where the fire saw has been burning with Swamp, Song & White-throated Sparrows for two weeks or more but I could not start a single bird there today.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 12 Concord - At 3.30 P.M. I rowed C. to Davis's Hill where
(No 2) we spent an hour or more examining the roots of the
pines. These they were badly burned the sap has
exuded in considerable quantities forming bunches of rather
stiff gum not unlike that found on Cherry & Peach trees.

The Davis woods seemed totally devoid of small birds. *White Heron*
but we started a Great Blue Heron from one of the
pines and heard Quail, evidently a scattered covey,
whistling on the opposite side of the river. A small
water fowl dining on the broad bludge beyond the
hill looked like a Red-bellied Duck. A sportsman
(Jones I think) was beating the meadows opposite *in the*
and fired two or three shots there. He also started
several Meadow Larks while I was watching him
through my glass. (I afterwards heard that he shot seven Snipe)

On our way up river at sunset we saw a Marsh
Wren (ad. ♂) beating the Great Meadows and started
two Great Blue Herons, both young, from Hunt's Pond.

The autumn coloring was at its height on the 8th, *Autumn Colors*
of the and 10th. To-day the colors looked faded or
washed out and many of the ^{red} maples were bare while
the river was covered thickly with floating leaves which
made a loud rustling as our boat moved through
them. The white maples have turned a sickly greenish
yellow & their leaves loose withered & dry.


This was a "gossamer" day. The Balloons Spiders were *Balloons Spiders*
bayaging across the landscape in large numbers &
the meadows were coated with their shaggy silk.
The spiders annoyed us somewhat by crossing our way.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 12 Concord. At about 11 A. M. as we were passing Dalton's Hill an enormous flock of Crows rose from Holder's meadow and circled about for several minutes finally on migration returning to the woods & meadows and separating into smaller flocks. I counted them roughly (or rather tried to) and made out their number to be upwards of 200 birds, an unusually large flock. The movement just mentioned was doubtless a "flock start" for about an hour later the whole body amounted to a height of at least a thousand feet and went off due south.

This order of flight was not loose & straggling as is usually the case during migration but in a compact flock each individual of which had no more horizontal space than was required for the free use of his wings. There was a good deal of cawing—in fact it was incessant—but the combined clamor was less than one would expect from so many birds. It came to my ears with perfect distinctness when the flock had passed beyond my vision although no obstacles intervened and the air was free from haze. When the birds were rising & circling over me I heard the ch-r-r-r and chuck-chuck-chuck-chuck calls frequently (this sound was noted in the 1st.).

I do not remember to have seen ~~any~~ Crows migrate in this way before. They usually fly in windy weather, low down, & in loose, scattered flocks. The rise of this flock was also remarkable.

The Northern seem to drag with neck extended & curved & legs dangling or rather hanging down  and alighted in tall trees on the bank. Flight of
Billow

1892. Mass.

Oct. 12 Concord. Colaptes does not always fly in undulating flights of
(No 4) with intermittent wing beats. One to-day crossing Colaptes
the Great Meadows flapped continuously and steadily
and moved on a perfectly level plane. Heated
it came nearly on me I mistook it for a
Robin. One "gallsping" through the air, a few days
ago, regularly flapped its wings but once at the
beginning of each bound, then closed them tightly
while its body described the usual curve.
Perhaps the single wing beat between the curves
is the rule. I must investigate this.

1892. Mass.Oct. 11 Concord - Cambridge. Clear with light N. wind.

I went to Cambridge this morning on the 8.10 train. White-crowned
 On the way to the station I looked in the willows Sparrows.
 on the Cambridge hoping to see the White-crowned
 Sparrows which were there yesterday. In the very
 tree where I left them yesterday I found one of
 them; the adult bird. The young bird may have
 been there also for I had too little time to search
 the belt of willows carefully.

My garden at Cambridge was alive with birds.
 Indeed I have not seen so many there for years.
 There were twenty-five or thirty White-throated Sparrows
 feeding on elder berries, several Juncos with them,
 half-a-dozen Goldfinches eating sunflower seeds, Robins,
 House Sparrows, two Ruby-crowned Kinglets, a few
 Chipping Sparrows and a White-bellied Nuthatch, the
 last in an elm on Sparks Street - in all eight
 species & probably fully fifty individuals. It seemed
 like the good old days before the House Sparrow
 was introduced but was probably due to a big bird wave.

A large Skunk was found dead in one of
 my flower beds this morning. About its neck
 was a string seven or eight feet long. Probably
 some one had killed it in the neighborhood
 and got rid of it by dragging it into our
 garden.

Skunk in
 my garden
 at Cambridge

1892. Mass.

Oct. 14 Concord. A perfect Indian Summer day, deliciously warm although there was a strong W. wind. Various kinds of Dragon flies were out in considerable numbers along the river and Butterflies were nearly as common as in cricket summer, which I heard our Mock Cricket chirping steadily and strongly at sundown. Painted Tortles sunning in fair umbrellas and many small Frogs apparently young Pickered or Leopard Frogs. At evening heard an old Leopard Frog "croaking" just as in Spring but not so loudly.

Up river by boat with C. starting at 10 a.m. and reaching Fairhaven at noon, making most of the distance beyond Blawie Hill under an umbrella sail & hence slowly. A few scattered Crows, a ♀ Marsh Hawk, a Jay or two, and ^{several} Song Sparrows were the only birds seen or heard.

Landed at Staples Camp and lunched there. While thus engaged we saw a Loon rise, apparently from the water near the inlet, ~~to the boat~~, and after circling several times to attain a sufficient elevation, go out over the woods to the north in the direction of Holden Pond where, however, we could not find it later. Perhaps it went to Sandy Pond instead. It was a rather large bird with pure white throat & fore neck. When first observed it was not more than 20 ft. above the water.

A Loon on
Fairhaven

Yellow-jackets Hornets came in numbers to a tumbler of currant jelly which we opened and into which they crawled fearlessly. They were tame & gentle as possible alighting repeatedly on my face & hands.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 14

(No 2)

Concord. At 2 P.M. we started through the woods for Walden. It was a walk to be long remembered. I think I have never before seen oak woods so richly colored as these Painted woods - wine red the dominant tint. The scarlet oaks were striped with this color and the undergrowth of huckleberry bushes seemed to reflect it, as the scarlet of the maples along the river was reflected by the water a week or more ago. Of course these huckleberry bushes ^{were} really of the same color as the oaks. In places they formed a rich unbroken carpet which covered the ground as far as the eye could reach under the trees. The old gold of young hickories and the lemon yellow of poplars (*grandidentata*) gleamed in numerous places among the oaks like patches of sunlight.

Birds were scarce. Two small flocks of Robins, one, among pines in the pine-ridge grounds, with a following of juncos, yellow-rumps & chickadees, a few jays and a flock of about a dozen crows feeding in the tops of some chestnuts at Walden were about all that we saw. Where are the spotted Thrushes this year? I have seen only one Olive-backed and one Hermit this autumn.

Walden was very beautiful indeed. The water dark blue & ruffled with wind, the woods about its shores most rich in autumn tints.

I picked up a young Tree Toad no bigger than a Pickering's Hyla & of a pale fawn color very like a Wood Frog for which indeed I at first mistook it.


Heard only one Pickering's Hyla to day.

Reached home as twilight was falling.

1892. Mass.Goose Pond

Oct. 15 Concord. Weather much like that of yesterday but with more haze and less wind. only a gentle breeze from S.E.

In the forenoon drove to Goose Pond which I had not been before for twenty-three years! Its beauty impressed me deeply to-day. It is unlike anything else in this region but resembles some of the smaller ponds in Plymouth County & elsewhere on Cape Cod.

The water, nowhere more than a foot deep, was clear and brigedly free from aquatic plants save some thin grass or sedge of any kind about the shores which were muddy or sandy. A clean pond despite the muddy bottom, looking as if it might have been only recently dry and filled with water. It lies in the bottom of a deep hollow surrounded on all sides by narrow ridges. It is nearly cut in two by an interesting ridge which has a gap in the middle.  Caliph (a farmer on the Sandy Pond road) tells me that Goose Pond contains no fish of any kind. He introduced pickerel years ago but the pond dried up completely the next season & they all died of course. Ducks still visit this pond. One of the Concord gentlemen found a flock of Black Ducks there last month & killed three of them. I saw no feathers or other signs of water fowl but the mud was literally covered with the tracks of Foxes Raccoon tracks and Raccoons - in about equal numbers.

I also drove to Sandy Pond. A reef of rocks exposed by the low water was covered with Crows which kept noisy and picking about before alighting again.

1892. Mass.

- Oct. 15 Concord - Near the lower end of Mrs. Edwin Barrett's place White Cr. Sparrows
 (No 2) I saw, as I was returning about noon, a White-crowned Sparrow sitting on the low branch of an apple tree. It presently flew across the road to the brush pile where it joined two others of the same species. All three birds were young. They were very tame. I had a chance to directly compare their faint chirps with the chirp of Spizella socialis and failed to detect the slightest difference. Geothlypis is a tamer more phlegmatic bird than alpestris.

To Ball's Hill in P.M. landing and going over most of my ~~grounds~~, returning at sunset. Titlarks piping over the meadows; two small flocks of Row Buntings flying to roost; two flocks of Rusty Grackles, one containing forty birds or more; flying across the meadows; a loon passing overhead at a height of half a mile or more uttering deep, hoarse, & a good many Sparrows along the river banks, chiefly Ing & White-throated Sparrows with a few Swamp Sparrows; in the bushes were very scarce four Field Sparrows.

On the way down river I started two Wood Ducks from the Holt. They flew scarce 200 yds. and dropped in again directly opposite Duck's Hill where I came upon them under an overhanging maple. As they swam out from the bank to get a good look at me I put my glass on them & saw that both were dealers in full plumage beautiful creatures. I saw them a third time as I came up river at evening.

Wood Ducks

1892. Mass.

Oct. 16 Concord. Cloudy with heavy rain in the morning.

Spelmann came from Cambridge at 10.30 A.M. and we set forth for the Danversdale to try for aquatic material. The rain which was pouring when we started soon ceased and we had good success & an interesting & pleasant time. A horned pout, several bream, a pickered & three Dytisci were among the spoils which our dip nets brought up from the leaves & mud at the bottoms of the brook & old clay pits.

Heard a Meadows Lark whistling sweetly as Meadow Lark
in spring and in Dealy's lane saw a Partridge flying
over with amazing swiftness across a wide spring
among some birches.

In the afternoon we fished the river, catching
another horn pout & pickered, seven sand darters,
two Dytisci and four young Snapping Turtles about
the circumference of a silver quarter of a dollar.

1894. Mass.

Oct. 17 Concord. Cloudy with heavy rain in the early morning.
Wind strong from N. E.

Melvin, with whom I have arranged to spend this week shooting about Concord, came down from Carlisle early this morning and together we went down river in the Buttrick's' boat for the day. The weather was gloomy and chilly but the rain ceased before we started and we had a very pleasant time.

On the way down we saw three Wood Ducks, at least two of which were drakes in full plumage. They were swimming in the middle of the river just above Hunt's Pond and flew when we were about 100 yds. off. An hour later I started them again opposite Holden's Hill.

Wood Ducks

Landings at the Holt we beat the Great Meadows putting up three Snipe. Melvin had several shots at them & killed one. Below Ball's Hill he started a fourth bird but missed it.

I took the boat down to the large meadow opposite Davis' Hill where M. joined me. The ground although wet enough was too hard and wet a Snipe could be found. I flushed two Meadows Larks & shot one. Returning to my cabin we hunted there and then walked over my land after which we crossed the river & beat the woods opposite putting up two Partridges at one of which I fired a further shot.

The light was failing when we returned to the river. As we were getting the boat off an adult & Marsh Hawk appeared over the meadow

1892. Mass.

Oct. 17 Concord. looking very white as it skimmed past
(No. 2) against the background of dark woods. A single,
possibly started by the Hawk, rose and flew
over us ~~scarping~~ them, in a broad spiral, rose to
a height of several hundred feet, finally pitching
down to the meadow with closed wings like a
falling stone.

A little flock of Cow-birds - certainly, not more than half a dozen - whirled past us, making the peculiar humming sound which I have before noted, and alighted in the bottom branches where they have roosted ever since the Red-wings deserted our meadows. A month ago fully two Cow-birds resorted to this roost every night coming to it usually in two flocks, one from up, the other from down river. Their numbers have diminished very gradually until apparently only three are left. Cow-birds flying to roost.

As we entered the Holt I discovered a large bird. G. Horned Owl perched in the tall white ash (now leafless) on the eastern bank on a short horizontal branch near the top of the tree. In form & attitude it looked much like a Red-tailed Hawk, sitting erect with its attention fixed on the meadows beneath, but I noticed at once that its tail was shorter & more pointed than that of a Hawk and as we got near I saw through my glass its erect ear tufts for it was a Great Horned Owl. I stopped the boat within 30 yds. of the foot of the tree and we looked at the fine bird for nearly on the river meadows at evening.

1892 Nov.

Oct. 17

(183)

Concord. a minute talking birds with the glass
and talking in ordinary tones. I also made
a good deal of noise with the oars. There was
literally nothing between us and the Owl which,
indeed, must have watched us from the time
we entered the Holt. He must also have heard
every sound we made for the air was dead
& there was no wind whatever. At length I
thrust the side of the boat sharply with an
oar and the bird spreading an imposing
breadth of wing glided off swiftly into the
glooms leaving on his wings after a few slow
yet powerful wing strokes at flapping. He
went in the direction of Holden's Hill &
was doubtless the same bird which the Crows
have watched there several times this autumn.
I cannot understand why the Great Horned Owl
should be so much tamer at night than in
the day time. This Holden's Hill bird was as shy
as a Buteo when I last saw him in his
chestnut woods near mine of a bright day although
a horde of Crows were beating him at the time.
It was nearly dark this evening when we found
him in the old white ash on the meadows.

Fully 100 Crows were assembled among the pines Crows
on Ball's Hill this afternoon but I did not
see thing dead on the way southward although
they were all gone a short time afterwards.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 18 Concord. Cloudy with occasional gleams of sunshine.
Warm with light S. W. wind.

Spent the day with Melvin shooting over our western grounds beginning with the briths near Baber's Pond and then walking from Farrow's hill to the Parkshot.

Started nine Woodcock, one on Farrow's hill, two in Melvin's run, four near Woodcock hole, one in small briths to the south of the "hole", and one south of Hadley's run. All were in briths or mixed briths & alders or briths, & pines on high ground. About half were females. Most of the Woodcock here to-day "topped" the briths in the old fashioned way & few flew over 100 yds. the first rise. Several were on grounds where we found nothing on the 15th. All whistled sharply and flew strongly, and few if any ran before the dogs.

Woodcock

In nearly every instance ~~an abundance~~ of fresh droppings were found in abundance where each bird had lain.

Partridges are evidently numerous this autumn. Melvin Ruffed Grouse & Robbins started 26 on the 15th and he & I to-day saw at least 12 different birds. In one place in an old lane four rose together and a fifth was flushed not 100 yards further on. In another place we started three together. Most of them were very wild rising nearly or quite out of shot and flying long distances. We found nearly all in Woodcock cove.

We both shot very badly. He fired thirteen times for 2 Woodcock I eleven times for 1 Woodcock. My dog Dora gave out completely early in the afternoon.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 19 Concord. Cloudy with light showers in P.M. after which the sky cleared the sun shining in a cloudless sky. Warm, with steady, damp S.W. wind.

Off at 8 A.M. driving to the "Parker lot" where I met Melvin. We beat first the mixed fens & briers near the cross roads being nothing but a Connecticut Warbler which I shot, then crossed the road to a peaty flat covered with alders & briers less than six feet high where Melvin's dog found & pointed two Woodcock one of which I killed. In the "Woodcock hole" piece beyond we started four Partridges. M. killed one which I drove out past him one on open meadow and another fell to one two shots fired simultaneously which we missed, good shots at the other two. Melvin's & Hadley's runs found blanks but in some briers near the Parker lot we found a Woodcock which I killed.

After lunch we drove to the English graveyard & beat that ground carefully starting five Partridges, one of which M. bagged, but no Woodcock.

We finished the day at the haunted house cover where I flushed two Woodcock killing one & missing the other.

Two covers where we left Woodcock yesterday held no birds to day and two in which there were none yesterday proved contained one or two this morning. This shows that there was a flight both from & into these covers last night despite the high temperature (48° minimum, for Melvin).

Woodcock

Melvin's dog worked beautifully & made many points. Poor old "Dun" seems to have "lost his nose" and to day did not fairly point a single bird.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 19 Concord, He was in all his Woodcock and two Partridges.
(No 2) I killed three Woodcocks (in four shots) and Melvin
two Partridges, a third Partridge falling to both our
guns. I missed several good shots at Partridges.

There must have been a heavy flight of small birds Heavy flight
last night for we have several very large flocks of of Sparrows etc.
Sparrows, chiefly Junco & Chipping, and a good many
Yellow-rumps.

A Pigeon Hawk passed near us flying over some
oak woods just above the tops of the trees in a
southerly direction.

The Connecticut Warbler rose from the ground at
the foot of a cluster of young beeches and flew into
a dense young pine where it perched out at once
in the usual wondering way shifting its position

A Cat
Conn. Warbler

slightly when I would be as to keep itself
partially concealed. It was excessively fat and
flew heavily with whirring wings. It is a young
bird. Several Yellow-rumps were near at hand.
The locality is a flat but elevated sandy field
grown up to young white & pitch pines and
beeches

The flight of Jays seems to have passed. I see no
more than the average winter quota now

Flight of
Blue-jays now.

Squirrels continue numerous. We saw two groups
to-day.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 20 Concord. - Clear and cooler with light N.W. winds.

Not feeling well to-day I did not go shooting. Melvin, however, beat nearly all our swithen ground in company with a Mr. Adams the owner of the dog he (Melvin) has used last year & this. They actually did not start a single woodcock and saw only five Partridges. Two sportsmen whom they met had killed one Woodcock only. Evidently there was no flight into the coverts last night.

This afternoon while fishing for a specimen material in the river I saw a Pigeon Hawk coming over the hill by the house. It passed within 100 yards of me flying very swiftly with vigorous, rapid, regular wing beats. As it approached Hinkle's bridge it changed its course slightly & setting its wings glided with the speed of an arrow directly towards the top of a large elm in which several small birds, apparently Yellow-rump Warblers, were flitting about. As it was passing close over the top of the tree it stopped abruptly and dropped a foot or two at the same time lowering its feet and striking at one of the little birds which dodged & escaped. The Hawk then instantly resumed its flight & crossing the river alighted in a hophorn elm, as nearly as I could make out it saw the small birds when it changed its course and tried to pick one of them off an upper twig. This is, I think, an unusual proceeding for this Falcon.

Pigeon Hawk
Thinks it
a bird in
a tree top.

1894. Mass.

Oct. 21 Concord. Early morning cloudy, warm & damp with a light shower at 7.30. Soon after this blue sky began to appear & a roaring N.W. wind sprang up & lasted all day. The evening was clear & not cold.

Shooting all day with Melvin & Arthur Robbins. We beat the coirs near the graveyard & haunted house and visited a good deal of ground N. of Cornish, which I have never hunted before. Started six Woodcock, thirteen Partridges, and a Corg of about seven Larks. The last in the graveyard coir was very near where we found the very last autumn. One bag was as follows: Melvin 2 Woodcock; Robbins, 3 Lark & $\frac{1}{2}$ Woodcock; W.B., 1 Lark & $\frac{1}{2}$ Woodcock. Total 3 Woodcock, 4 Lark.

We all shot badly but I the worst of the three. The dogs behaved well and Tom worked nearly as well as in his halcyon days pointing two Woodcock and several Partridges. He held his point on a Woodcock for ten minutes or more while I was searching for him & waiting. I finally found him standing the bird among scrub oaks on a knoll. I fired three times at this bird finally wounding it badly but it got away. The Partridges were all very wild & we had no fair chances at them. I saw one run across the road as I was driving & another flew from an apple tree, where it was doubtless feeding, about sunset.

The country was alive with Spontaneous & we heard guns frequently in every direction. The oak leaves were falling in quantities to day & the high wind drove them across the openings like birds.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 21 Concord. Near the Carle's graveyard in a mixed growth *Parus hudsonicus* (No. 2) of birches and pitch pines I heard the unmistakable ^{and} *chick, chā-dā, dā* of *Parus hudsonicus* repeated fifteen or twenty times very near me. But all my efforts to get a sight at this bird failed. It was with a small flock of *Parus atricapillus* which came close about me when I "scrapped" & whistled but the *Hudsonian* kept a little aloof and concealed among the foliage of the pines although he worked around me in a circle uttering his call repeatedly when I scrapped. When I started after him he became silent. With more time I could of course have found him but my companions are waiting for me.

Late in the day - a little before sunset - I started a bird which I could not identify. It was in white pine woods near the edge of a meadow, and flew from the upper branches of a pine into the next & then to the next as I advanced beneath. It was of about the size of a domestic Pigeon and had sharp-pointed wings like a Hawk (*Falco*). I could not make out its color. Its wings, when it started, made a rather loud flapping sound like a Pigeon's but its flight was erratic & moth-like, somewhat like that of a long-eared Owl. When it alighted it invariably plumped down through the pine branches for a foot or two beating its wings vivaciously. What it could have been I cannot imagine. It reminded me of a White Pigeon but its flight was too slow & wary for that bird. I finally lost it & missed it when it flew out of sight through the woods. A Pigeon-like bird.

1892 Mass

Oct. 22 Concord... Clear with strong west wind & very warm for the season.

Shooting with Melvin & Robbins meeting the near the Parker boat at 8.30 a.m. They had beaten the Parker boat & killed a woodcock there before I arrived. Finding nothing in the woodcock hole we crossed the hill to Braybrook where I started & shot a woodcock. South of the road in the swamp the dogs struck the tracks of Lewis & "Dandy" at length found them. Before Melvin could get near, however, they rose. He followed on through the woods and flushed six or eight. Although some half grown they were as shy as Partridges and rose invariably before the dogs could get near them. Melvin shot one of them. He then went back & found ten or a dozen full grown Lewis lying within a few yards of where the small birds were first started. I shot one of these large birds & Robbins another.

The Catton also killed a woodcock.

After eating lunch by the roadside we drove north to beyond Colish & beat a large tract of birches which I have never visited before. I shot a large woodcock here. It behaved very curiously standing erect on the top of a mossy mound in one opening where it was so conspicuous an object that it caught my eye the moment I looked that way. It did not squat when my dog ran past within a few yards but merely stood there moving its head about & ruffling its feathers as a Robin might have done. At length it gave a series of jerking motions & flew in the

Strange
behavior of a
Woodcock

1892 Mass.

Oct. 22 Concord, usual manner but rather slowly, whistling.
 (No. 2) Neither Melvin nor I have ever seen a Woodcock
 behave in this way before. It seemed to have no
 fear whatever of either man or the dog. The locality
 was the crest of a knoll with birches & alders &
 little mossy grove opening at intervals. The mound
 on which the bird stood was not ten feet from
 a thicket of alders.

We finished the day by visiting a very pretty piece
 of birch cover near the haunted house. We found a
 Woodcock soon after we left the road but he got
 off unscathed although four barrels were fired at him.

Saw three Fox Sparrows & a Shrike as I was driving
 out in the morning. Juncos were numerous everywhere
 along the roads in flocks of thirty or forty with
 a few Chipping, Field, Song & White-throated Sparrows
 intermingling.

An immense flock of Crows passed over the Parkerslot
 at 8.30 a.m. flying S.W. in a long, straggling
 flock and just above the tree tops. I counted 210
 and missed a great many that passed behind some
 of the trees.

Immense flock
 of Crows.

The hill north of Graybrook's is wooded largely
 if not chiefly with beeches mostly vigorous young
 trees, apparently seedlings, 20 to 30 ft. tall and
 growing very thickly in places. The largest tree I
 saw was about a foot in diameter & forty feet
 high.

1892. Mass.Oct. 23

Concord. A sunny day but the sky half-filled with
wind clouds and a violent, rather cold N. W. wind
blowing until after sunset when it died wholly.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill where I received & dined
Mr. & Mrs. Melvin, Mr. Robbins & his son.

I pointed down in my canoe Mr. Herbert Holden keeping some bags of
along with me in his canoe. He tells me that George Holden game birds
shot eight Partridges one day last week. His two companions
bagged enough Quail & Woodcock to make the total for the
three just nineteen birds. The largest bag of Snipe known
to him is eight birds, killed by Jones. He also tells me that
a few weeks ago he started a flock of fully 25 Carolina Flock of Doves
Doves from a sandy field in Lincoln.

He found a Duck swimming in the river at the head A strange
of the Holt. It rose at about 100 yds. & flew down river. Duck
As he later what I took to be the same bird appeared
on the river directly opposite my cabin. It kept near the
outside the lily-pads and fed about one an acre of a few
square yards for an hour or more stretching its neck out nearly
level with the surface and swimming very slowly to & fro
frequently turning. It was of about the size of a Wood Duck
but the neck was much longer, the bill very long &
broad, the color brown like a ♀ Scaup. When it flew
it cleared the surface with a single vigorous spring, like
a teal. I could not identify it but think that it
must have been a ♀ Shoveller although I saw no
blue on the shoulders.

Saw two flocks of Kittiwakes wheeling over the meadows
One contained fully 20 birds. Started a perfect cloud of
juncos from Benson's field.

1892 Mass.

Oct. 24 Concord -- Clear & cooler yet with no frost last night. Wind N.W. blowing hard all day.

There must have been a heavy flight of Woodcock last night for although I hunted alone and made a short day, starting at 9 a.m. and getting home by 4 p.m., I found ten birds, killing nine of them. They were distributed as follows: One in the Parker Lot fields, three on the hill south of Kelley's Run (one among dense young white pines here), one on the flat flat behind Wheeler's, two in the "Woodcock Hole", and three on Fierro's Hill. Melvin's Run and the head were Boteman's Pond proved blanks. These were all the corners I visited.

Heavy flight
of Woodcock

More than half the birds were large females showing that the bulk of the flight has not yet passed. They acted rather lazy as a rule and flew in the old-fashioned way -- a few bothered the dog by running. I shot badly at first but killed the last five birds in five shots. Curiously enough I saw only one Partridge. He rose in a perfectly open pasture & Hermin's past was within 10 yards but I missed him. His wings made no noise whatever & I took him at first for a Cooper's Hawk.

Silent flight of
a Partridge

Six H. and G. birds flying over a ploughed field, a very white old male Marsh Hawk hating fifty over meadows, several Fox Sparrows along the roadsides, a great many Robins in small flocks in pastures and swampy thickets as well as among ground junipers, Juncos in fair numbers, Hermit Thrushes around in force at last. I started them everywhere & must have seen thirty or forty in all.

1892. Mass

Oct. 25 Concord - Clear the air sharp & frosty in the early morning & at evening, the middle of the day warm with gentle W. wind. Water froze last night. A neighbor calls it the coldest night thus far but gives no proofs. It was certainly the coldest for the past week or more.

This fact, coupled with the sudden appearance this morning of multitudes of Tree Sparrows and a great increase in the number of Junco & Fox Sparrows, led me to anticipate a heavy flight of Woodcock but I started only four, one in Woodcock Hole, one Farrar's bushes, one among buckberry bushes on the edge of one orchard above Farrar's bushes, and one near the locusts in the Colville graveyard corner. I hunted over all the ground covered yesterday except that near Bateman's Pond, and killed 2 Woodcock & 2 Quail. The latter I found quite by accident in a sunny opening on Farrar's hill. The rose literally under my feet & I got one at the first rise and another one a point in the woods into which they flew. They acted oddly & like both of the other two species which I have seen this season ran a great deal and rose wild often 40 yds. or more ahead of the dog. This leads me to suspect that all these species were the progeny of some of the Southern birds which have been introduced in such numbers within the past few years.

I started four Partridges & had them good shots, one at a bird on the ground, but missed them all.

In an orchard at the base of Farrar's hill with Robins & Rusty Grackles were eight or ten Brown Grackles the first I have seen this autumn, I shot a fine male.

Saw a Woodcock on the ground to-day & one yesterday both squatting ahead of my dog's point. Hounds running a fox all day making the woods ring.

Heavy flight
of Sparrows

1872. Mass.

Oct. 25 Concord. - Previous to to-day I had seen but one Tree Sparrow (on the 22nd). This morning the country was alive with them. There must have been nearly fifty in one flock which came from a patch of woods by the roadside as I drove past, and smaller flocks were continually seen. Many of these contained Junco also and in nearly every flock were several Fox Sparrows. One of the last named, a young bird I think, sang a snatch of its beautiful song.

Tree Sparrow
arrives in force

The heavy flights of Hermit Thrushes noted yesterday passed on during the night but there was still plenty of birds left. I saw them more often in flocks and feeding on berries in the pastures. Both yesterday & to-day they were very evenly distributed, usually one or two birds in each cone and never more than three together in one place.

Hermit Thrushes

A few Chickadees still linger but they are silent and shy. I start them in the pastures & in alder runs.

Colaptes

The migratory jays have all passed long ago and those that are here now are evidently our winter residents. They are silent and retiring. The migration evidently takes place in September & early October.

Blue jays

Robins are fast diminishing in numbers.

I see Rusty Grackles daily still in upland orchards & pastures & in alder runs. Their corn feasting is over.

Rusty Grackles

1892. Mass.

Oct. 27 Concord. Clear with moderate W. wind. A hard frost last night; middle of day warm for the season.

Off in my Buggy at 8.30 a.m. taking a boy as usual to look after the horse. Entered the Parker lot from the South side. On the edge of the woods not far in from the road I flushed two Partridge (within a few yards of the spot where I found them on the 26th) and shot one of them - a difficult shot through branches etc. The next bird was a large Woodcock which I found among young pines on the hill South of Hadley's Run & which I killed at the first view. Next I flushed a large cock Partridge which went off unshot at into the Parker lot. While searching for it I stumbled on a covey of about ten Quail among tall alders. I don pointed them handsonly & I killed one as they rose. We then found the Partridge which I missed. But following it into the oak stand I killed it at the third rise. When we found the Quail again they had run together. I fired an unsuccessful shot at one. Afterwards I don pointed a single bird & I killed it.

After lunch I killed another Woodcock in the "Woodcock Hole". Beat Wheeler's flat, Farrar's hill, and all the coves near Braybrook's without seeing anything save a single Partridge.

I don washed beautifully to-day & I shot very well firing only nine times for my big birds - 2 Partridge, 2 Quail, & 2 Woodcock. I got home before sunset.

The great flight of Tree Sparrows has passed on. I saw a good many Robins, few Bluebirds & two Flickers.

Tree Sparrows

1892 Mass.

Oct. 28 Concord. - A clear, still, warm, Indian-summer-like day after a cold, frosty night.

Started late (10.15) this morning and beat only the Parker lot, Hadley's Run, and Woodcock Hole coves. Started only one Partridge and a covey of Quail, the latter on the hillside south of Hadley's Run where Don found & pointed them among huckleberry bushes quite in the open. I was confident when this covey rose first that it contained not more than six or seven birds but I killed eight before I left the place and at least three escaped. As the birds were of two kinds, one fully, the ^{other} scarce more than half, grown it is possible that there were two separate coveys, although I think not. They behaved strangely, making short flights, alighting very near together, running & whistling soon after alighting, and avoiding the oak, pine & birch woods which surround this pasture & invariably dropping into patches of briars or huckleberry bushes or open ground. I killed my eight birds in ten shots, making two doubles. Don would be awfully.

Quail

There ~~was~~ evidently ~~was~~ no flight of Woodcock last night despite the sharp frost.

I finished hunting at 3 P.M. & then drove to Goose Pond where I spent an hour or more searching about in the woods, starting one Partridge & hearing two Hairy Woodpeckers calling & hammering. Small birds were scarce to-day. I saw one large flock of Robins & about ten Fox Sparrows but the former & the Sparrows were richly killed.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 30 Concord. Clear with high W. W. wind.

Off at 9 a. m. with Mr. Buttrick driving to the Walden woods where we visited in succession the big pines near the fire ice grounds, Pine Hill, Goose Pond, and "Fairland".

Measured several of the big pines, the largest having a girth of 9 ft. 5 inches a foot or so above the ground. On the top of Pine Hill found a bee tree which some one has lately felled. It was an old white pine with a hollow twenty feet or more above the ground. Quantities of comb lay scattered about on the ground and a number of yellow jacket hornets were clustered over it. There were also some dead honey bees sticking to the comb and a few live ones were going in & out the hole in the pine.

At the foot of the hill we stopped to look at a pine, tall pine and were standing nearly under it talking when a Great Horned Owl flew from one of its lower branches (a dead branch) and flapped swiftly & silently off through the trees. I have rarely got so near one of these Owls in the day time. No pellets or other signs under the tree.

Gr. Horned Owl

The woods on Bristle's Hill near Fairland are the finest by far that I have ever seen in this county. Evidently the land has never been cleared & these woods doubtless show what the original forest of this region was like. There are very many tall oaks among the pines, a few hemlocks some large canoe birches (one 42 inches in girth) a few yellow birches & at least one black

1892 Mass.

Oct. 30 Concord. Spruce. All the oaks, chestnuts & beeches
(No 2) are budging - indeed I could not find any
sprouts of any kind. There are many dead
trees both standing & fallen. None of the pines
are so large as the largest at Holden or on
Davis's Hill but they are evidently quite as old
& their numbers are much greater. These woods
cover probably fifteen acres. I noticed two old
nesting holes of the Hairy Woodpecker, both
in canoe beeches.

During our walk we saw two or three Fox Sparrows,
three Hermit Thrushes, a few Juncos, Crows &
Jays, two Brown Creepers & one Partridge.

After dinner I cantered my Italian Maria Casson
and sailed down river to Ball's Hill where I
landed and afterwards walked to Holden's Hill
by way of Blackwood's knoll, which I explored
carefully finding many paper beehives on its
northern slope. Started two Hawks in Holden's woods Red Tail Hawk
where I think they had gone to roost for it
was sunset at the time. One I did not
identify; the other was a Red tail. It flew
from a tall pine & made as much fuss as
if it had a nest then uttering the Jay-like
scream many times & circling about talking
short flights. The other bird looked like a
Red-shoulder but I did not identify it fully.
It flew out over the river & was shot at but
missed by two men in a canoe.

Saw two Muskrats on my way homeward.

1892. Mass

Oct. 31 Concord. Clear with warm but very damp & chilly S. W. wind.

Shooting all day starting at 9 a.m. Beat the Parker brook, Roddy's Run, Huelin's Flat & Woodcock Hole grounds in the forenoon being absolutely nothing except one Woodcock which I found in the "Woodcock Hole" & which I killed at the first rise.

After lunch drove to Rose Hill (in Corbish) and hunted a large extent of country for Partridges. Started only two & missed a difficult shot at one of them. Returning by road a mile or more I finished the afternoon by beating a large tract of bushes on a hill. This was when I saw the Woodcock on the ground on the 22nd. I found nothing to-day until I was on my way back to the bridge when I ran down into a gully filled with alders with a spring near its head. I whistled & called but he would not come. On going to the edge I saw him pointing. Working around to the other side I moved cautiously and when a Partridge followed quickly by three others, sprang from some bushes growing along a wall. I fired my first bullet at a red-tailed bird going straight away, the second at a gray bird quailing to the right & brought both down. The first double shot I have ever succeeded in making at Partridges. Both birds were hens & both were dead when I got to them although they made a tremendous fluttering & thrumping when they first fell. I was wholly satisfied & did not follow the two survivors.

1892. Mass.

Oct. 31 Concord. As I was about to start this morning I
 (No 2) heard a bird singing much like a Thrasher but more
 disconnectedly and after looking in every direction finally
 discovered the author of the sound, a Shrike, sitting
 on the topmost spray of one of the elms in front
 of our house. He remained there, singing at intervals,
 for ten minutes or more. There was a Brown Creeper
 in the trees & Sparrows in the woods below but he
 paid no attention to them. He looked very white.
 Another Shrike, a brown bird, which I saw later
 in the day near the Parker lot was apparently
 catching grasshoppers, flying down to the ground in
 a pasture & back to the tops of scattered trees,
 never returning to the same tree but moving on
 in the same general direction (N.W.) at each flight.
 Although I walked very fast I could not get
 within shot of him.

Northern Shrike
 singing

I flushed a Great Blue Heron from a small
 brook meadow near Rose Hill.

There were few small birds along the roadsides
 to-day except Juncos & Robins. I saw one flock
 of about ten Fox Sparrows.

Partridges appeared to be numerous two weeks
 ago but they are almost as scarce now as they
 were last season. I flushed only six to-day
 & saw a Seventh in the wood in woods. It
 strikes me that they do not venture out into
 the alder runs & birch corners nearly so much
 as they did in the old times.

Ruffed Grouse

1892.

October

- 1 *Sialia sialis*. Oct. 1st 4th 6th 7th 8th 10th 14th 15th 18th 19th 20 21 25th
27th 28th
- 2 *Merula migratoria*. Oct. 1st 2nd 4th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10 12th 14th 15th
17th 18th 19th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 27th 28th 30th 31st
- 3 *Turdus pallasi*. Oct. 9th 18th 21st 22nd 24th 25th 27th 28th 30th 31st
- 4 *Regulus calendula* Oct. 10th 14th 25th
- 5 *Regulus satrapa*. Oct. 4th 6th 10th 15th 19th 21st 23rd 24th 27th 28th
- 6 *Corvus alba*. Oct. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10 12 14 15 17 18 19
21 22 23 24 25 27 28 30 31
- 7 *Sitta carolinensis*. Oct. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 12th 15th 18th 21st 22nd 25th
- 8 *Sitta canadensis* Oct. 7th
- 9 *Cathia americana*. Oct. 4th 7th 10th 14th 30th
- 10 *Cathartes carolinensis* Oct. 1st
- 11 *Melospiza cinerea*. Oct. 1st 2nd 3rd 4th 6th 7th 8th 9th 12th 14th
15th 16th 23rd 27th 30th
- 12 *Cathartes carolinensis* Oct. 1st
- 13 *Dendroica striata*. Oct. 1st 2nd 4th 10th 14th 18th 19th
- 14 *Dendroica coronata* Oct. 1st 2nd 4th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th 12th 14th
15th 18th 19th 20th 21st 22nd 23rd 24th 25th 27th 28th 30th
- 15 *Boireus gramineus* Oct. 2nd 4th 6th 7th 12th 15 21st 22nd 24th
25th 27th 31st

.8/26.

Deltoidea

16. *Melospiza cinerea*. Oct. 1^h 4^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h
 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h
17. *Melospiza georgiana* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h
18. *Cepilo cristallina* Oct. 2^h 7^h
19. *Junco hyemalis* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
20. *Sporilla monticola* Oct. 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
21. *Sporilla socialis* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
22. *Sporilla pusilla* Oct. 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
23. *Merula alba* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
24. *Merula migratoria* Oct. 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
25. *Chrysomitris tristis* Oct. 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
26. *Scolecophagus variegatus* Oct. 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
27. *Colinus virginianus* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
28. *Cyanocitta cristata* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
29. *Cyanocitta cristata* Oct. 1^h 2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h
30. *Dryobates pubescens* Oct. 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h

1892. Mass.

October enclosed

46. Falco columbianus. Oct. 6¹³ 19¹² 20¹²47 Buteo borealis. Oct. 6¹ 7¹ 12¹ 23¹ 30¹48 Pandion carolinensis Oct. 7¹49 Colinus virginianus Oct. 7⁷ 8¹⁴ 9¹⁴ 10¹⁴ 11¹⁴ 12¹⁴ 13¹⁴ 14¹⁴ 15¹⁴ 16¹⁴ 17¹⁴ 18¹⁴ 19¹⁴ 20¹⁴ 21¹⁴ 22¹⁴ 23¹⁴ 24¹⁴ 25¹⁴ 26¹⁴ 27¹⁴ 28¹⁴ 29¹⁴ 30¹⁴50 Sarus Abote. Oct. 7³ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹51 Molothrus ser. Oct. 7²³ 15²³ 17²³ 18²³ 19²³ 20²³ 21²³ 22²³ 23²³ 24²³ 25²³ 26²³ 27²³ 28²³ 29²³ 30²³52. Botaurus minor. Oct. 7¹ 12¹53 Amphisp cedronum. Oct. 8²³54 Armodromus legumina. Oct. 6¹ 7¹ 8¹ 9¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹55 Podiceps hypoleucos. Oct. 9¹ 10¹ 17¹56 Onychoprion luciae. Oct. 7¹ 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹57 Dendroica calmarum (vires). Oct. 10¹ 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹58 Urinator trogatus. Oct. 11¹ 12¹ 13¹ 14¹ 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹59 Clif sponsa. Oct. 15¹ 16¹ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹60 Bubo virginianus. Oct. 17¹ 18¹ 19¹ 20¹ 21¹ 22¹ 23¹ 24¹ 25¹ 26¹ 27¹ 28¹ 29¹ 30¹

1892.

October

61. *Philohela minor* - Oct. 16⁶ (Merrin). 18² - 19⁵ - 20 (Kettis). 21⁵ - 22⁵ - 24¹⁰ - 25⁴ - 27²
29² (Kettis) - 31¹
62. *Dendroica hyochrysa* - Oct. 18¹ - 21 (Kettis) - 25¹ - 27¹
63. *Oporornis agilis* - Oct. 19 ^{1 pair shot among mixed pines & birches} growing in clumps on high sandy field.
64. *Horreophyaetus infus* - Oct. 18¹
65. *Parus hudsonicus* - Oct. 21 ^{1 heard distinctly among birches} ^{1 pair shot in field pines} ^{& birches on Carleton}
66. *Passerella iliaca* - Oct. 22² - 23¹ - 24³ - 25²⁰ - 27¹⁰ - 28¹⁰ - 30³ - 31¹⁰
_{(8) (8)}
67. *Colinus borealis* - Oct. 22¹ - 31²
68. *Anas* ——— ? Oct. 23 (near H.)
69. *Otocoris alpestris* - Oct. 24⁽¹⁾ (Hesperus field) - 25⁽²⁾ (same field) - 27⁽²⁾ (Kettis) - 28¹ (Kettis) flying over
70. *Luscinia seneceus* - Oct. 25⁽¹⁾
71. *Dryotates villosus* - Oct. 28⁽²⁾ (from bird) -
72. *Passer domesticus* - Seen only a in bins.

1892. Mass

Nov. 1 Concord. A gray day with "high fog" through which the sun shone dimly at times. Warm with light E. wind.

Off at 9 a. m. taking Don and the gun but with no intention of hunting my chief object being to look over Bow Meadow and Clark's old woods with their owner who accompanied me. He finished this business early in the forenoon, however, and to pass the time remaining before dinner, for which I was to return to the house, I rambled first through the Boulder Field and then into Ash Swamp where Don came upon the track of a running deer and finally overtook & pointed the bag under a wild apple tree on the edge of some tall alders. Looking in ahead of him I saw four or five birds squatting or rather sitting on the ground with their heads raised. The next instant they rose and I killed a young cock with my first barrel, missing with the second. I did not follow the bag which contained only seven or eight birds.

Returning over nearly the same ground without seeing anything more I turned into the Esletts road and had nearly reached the buggy when a Partridge rose from the side of the road and mounted straight upward to a height of about thirty feet turning ~~body~~ half around during this ascent and after passing above a small pine descending sharply on the other side. When I reached the spot from whence it flew another sprang within a rod of me going straight away. I fired through wings but brought neither & the bird blazed.

1872 Mass.

Nov. 1 Concord - I then went to where the first bird
(no 2) dropped and flushed it from under a young
pine killing it by a very quick & difficult shot
as it flashed through a small opening between the
trees.

Following up the second bird the dog started it
among alders some distance ahead of me. It came
directly towards me flying slowly & weakly and
I killed it easily enough.

These two Partridges were both males one a gray Ruffed Grouse
old "drummer" with big ruffs, the other a young Two males
bird very dark & richly colored and, as it seems in company,
to me without comparison with other specimens,
a fairly typical tozala.

In the afternoon I drove to Colap's and went
in to Goose Pond walking entirely around it as
well as through some of the adjoining woods seeing
nothing but a very shy Partridge, a Jay or two
and a little flock of Chickadees accompanied by
a Brown Creeper. The pond was enveloped in a
thin blue gray mist which made the opposite
shores look a mile distant. The woods seemed
silent & deserted.

I saw two Cedar Birds this morning on the
edge of Ash Swamp sitting close together in a
small buttonwood. There are many Barberry
bushes loaded with fruit in the vicinity.

Cedar Birds

My two Partridges & one chick were killed in five shots.

1892 Mass.Nov. 3

Concord.— Most of the day cloudy the forenoon very dark with heavy rain. The sky cleared a little before sunset and the evening was glorious with a N.W. wind and full moon.

Started for Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. Stopped at William Holder's and we went together to his hill by the river which looked very gloomy the trees dripping and shrouded in mist through which the hill, from a distance of a few hundred yards, looked like a mountain.

We spent most of the forenoon in running boundary lines to this tract of woods which, after endless talk, I finally bought. It is said to contain about twelve acres.

I dined in my cabin. It was so dark that I actually had to light my lamp at noon and for two hours the rain poured in torrents.

Late in the afternoon I walked through my swamp to the oak woods north of Beuser's house, and thence to Holder's where I had left my horse.

In the swamp I started two Partridges one of which made while flying a noise precisely like that of a thick drave rapidly across a slatted fence, or falling, and so loud that I heard it distinctly where the bird was 200 yds. off. I think there must have been some feathers (feineries) missing from the wings.

Ruffed Grouse

Saw a Nuthatch (carolinensis) and three Jays in the oak woods and two flocks of Titmice flying over the meadows.

1892. Mass.

Nov. 5

Concord. The first snow storm. It began at daybreak, ceased from 9 to 10 a.m., and beginning again at the latter hour snowed very hard and steadily until about 2 P.M. after which the sky cleared and the sun came out. Probably four inches fell in all for at least two inches remained on the ground at sunset. The wind was strong from the N.W. all day.

To Ball's Hill at 7.30 A.M. walking from and to Holden's & finding the horse back to town. I spent some time in Holden's woods following the boundary lines when the storm returning hurried me on to my cabin where I cooked & ate dinner. I kept looking out watching the river in the hope of seeing Geese or at least Ducks but none appeared. In fact I saw nothing except a Tree Sparrow & Chickadees & heard only a Jay and some Crows.

When the sun came out the woods were very beautiful for the damp snow clung to every twig & leaf and was plastered against the trunks where the wind had had full sweep giving distant trees of all kinds the appearance of bushes.

The country had a very wintry aspect at sunset and icicles hung from the eaves of the houses & barns.

1892 Mass.

Nov. 9 Concord - Cloudless and nearly perfectly calm all day.
Ther. 26° at sunrise. A beautiful day.

Starting at 10.30 a.m. I walked to Bow Meadows
by way of Duttons Lane and back by the hemlocks
and the Estabrook Road.

The snow lay two inches deep in the woods all
the forenoon and most of the fields and pastures were
white until late in the day yet I heard a
Partridge drumming and Grackles chirping and saw
a Butterfly (*Vanessa antiope*) flying about among
some young oaks where it finally alighted on a
patch of frostless snow ~~where~~ it spread its wings
out flat on the snow as if to cool them remaining
thus as long as I was in sight of the place. It
must have chosen this cold resting place for
there was plenty of bare ground not a yard
away.

Partridge
drumming
Butterfly
alights on
snow bank.

Small birds were not numerous. Four Fox Sparrows
with a White-throat, then Fox Sparrows with two juncos,
two small flocks (four & six birds) of Chickadees, one
flock accompanied by a Kinglet & Downy Woodpecker,
two Hermit Thrushes, four Brown creepers and
a few Crows & Jays were all I saw.

One of the jays mimicked ^{the husky scream of} a Red-tailed Hawk so
perfectly as to deceive me completely until I
approached the tree & saw the bird.

Blue jay
mimics
Red-tailed Hawk

On the northern border of the Damsdale I started
a bevy of fifteen. I saw from a patch of weeds
near a brush-grown wall. Their tracks braided the
snow in every direction. Fox tracks numerous in the
meadows & wood paths.

1892. Mass.

Nov. 7 Concord - Cloudy and warmer with rain in the evening, the wind S.W.

Mr. Cunningham who has lately bought the Old woods
on Giles farm
Giles farm on the Virginia road called to see me this morning in the hope that I might be tempted to buy a wood lot which forms a part of his new possession. I drove down with him to see it Mrs. Buttrick accompanying us. It proved a very fine piece of woods of upwards of 100 years growth, the trees all seedlings but none of them of remarkable size save a white pine which girthed 10 ft. 4 inches and two pitch pines each exactly 8 ft. in girth. There were a dozen or more beeches the largest measuring 4 ft. 2 in. and a yellow birch of about the same size besides a good many hemlocks. The oaks were chiefly Q. alba. There were a few chestnuts of fine proportions. All the trees in these woods are unusually vigorous. They cannot represent the original growth nor are any of them sprouts. Probably the land was once cleared & cultivated & then reverted to woods.

From here I drove to Caliph's and spent the afternoon ranging about in the woods near Goose Pond. Heard a few jays & saw a Gos Hawk
Gos Hawk which passed near me gliding through the tree tops with amazing swiftness on its wings.

Great numbers of juncos & ten sparrows with a few Fox Sparrows in roadside thickets near wood patches. One flicker among elms on the Virginia road, probably a winter bird.

1892. Mass.

Nov. 9 Concord - Clouds gathering threatening a storm (which came next day). A chill, gloomy day with light wind to Davis Hill in forenoon with Mr. Buttrick going over the ground carefully to estimate the value of the wood etc. Started two Carolina Doves, a pair I thought, from a wood-grove field west of Benson's. In the afternoon drove to Bedford and bought the Davis Hill land of George Davis.

" 10 Heavy rain all the forenoon. Bate in the afternoon walked through Dealy's Lane & to Rhodona Pool with D. C. French. Saw a Winter Wren in an old wall & a high Robin flying.

" 11 Clear with moderate N. W. wind. Spent the day at Ball's Hill with D. C. French. Started a Carolina Dove among young pines N. W. of Davis Hill. A very large flock of Tree Sparrows & Juncos accompanied by a few Fox Sparrows in a wood-grove field W. of Benson's. Started a Partridge near my cabin. A Great Blue Heron passed over Ball's Hill flying high & loud.

" 12 Clear in early morning, rest of day cloudy. Spent the forenoon at Holden's Hill with Mr. Holden. Heard a number of Crows clamoring on Dalton's Hill but did not see them.

In the afternoon fished Country Brook with a dip net for aquarium specimens getting a young minnow, snails etc. Saw several large trout darting off. Few small birds to day.

(Copy of letter, June 19, 1921)
125 West Avenue 2nd New York
Dec 21, 1921.

Dear Mr. H.

Speaking of my old home, there are
few of your friends in the place, I am sure
with my mother a day or two after the
unfortunate day down the river and a whole lot
of friends for the house, for the friends of the
night in front of the ground. I think that you
it will be the last for the house.

I think that if the old year, the
work you are doing is health and happiness
for the new one, and may I see more of you in
"92 than in '91.

Yours truly,

Samuel H. H.

The original was probably sent to
Mr. H. H. H. Sept 27 1921.

1892 Mass.

Nov. 13 Concord. Clear with light N. W. to N. E. wind the middle of the day warm and very pleasant for the season.

Off with Mr. Buttrick for the entire forenoon, driving to Everett Mason's, thence through a lane to the old Carlisle road where we dismissed the boy & horse. After searching for nearly an hour we found what is Mountain said to be the largest thicket of Mountain Laurel Banard that exists in Concord. It grows among bushes on dry ground near a swamp & is spread thinly over a greater of an acre or more. The largest bushes are about 6 ft. in height and although evidently old are still very vigorous.

In an open pasture to the N. W. of these Laurel stands George Oakes the finest White Oak that I have yet seen in this County. It is very tall with a full, symmetrical top but without the usual wide spread of lateral branches. The girth one foot above the ground is 16 feet, two feet higher 12 feet. Another White Oak which grows among pines on the E. side of the road near Concord measured 13 ft. in girth three feet above the ground but the height is less than that of the other tree & the top I think shows signs of decay.

According to David Buttrick (who died 75, autumn of the year 1892) a Bear was once killed and shot in this oak.

We returned by way of the old road and over the top of Punkatasset where we started five Partridges the only ones in town during the day. A Flicker, a Shrike, seven Robins, two flocks of Chickadees, and a few Chickadees were also seen. Early this morning a large flock of Tree Sparrows visited the wood patch near the house & about 1 P.M. I heard one of them in full song near the same place in full song.

1892. Mass.

Nov. 14 Concord. An Indian Summer day, very soft & warm, hazy, the wind S. to S. E.

I spent the forenoon in the woods near Green Pond, C. accompanying me.

As we were driving down we saw a flock of ten Meadows Larks in the fields just south of the poor farm. They alighted within 30 yds. of the road and ~~moved~~ moved about very much like Lark calling and occasionally talking short, quick runs. The grass was too short to afford them any concealment but I noticed that without a single exception they turned their backs towards us whenever they stood erect just as the Cuban Lark does, according to Chapman. Indeed I did not once see the yellow of the under parts although I watched them for several minutes during which time most of them were watching us. After a little I jumped over the fence and advanced towards them when they flew, three or four at a time, & removed to the next field. One bird chased another in play, the two mounting high in air doubling & twisting, finally pitching down to the meadows again. Another, evidently an old male, alighted in the top of an apple tree and sang steadily for at least five minutes precisely as in spring, the tender, plaintive whistle coming at the usual short intervals and spreading far and wide over the silent but still green fields. I do not remember ever hearing a Lark sing thus in autumn before.

1892 Mass.

Nov. 14 Concord. The Meadows Hawks were accompanied by Red-wings
 (No 2) Two Red winged Black birds, a male & a female,
 the male in the rusty autumnal plumage but
 with conspicuous, although rather pale & yellowish,
 epaulets. These Black birds fed on the green turf
 with the Hawks but they were very shy & restless
 frequently rising and flying off to the nearest
 tree top then returning again. They kept with
 the Hawks when the latter moved to the next
 field.

As we passed these fields on our way back at Marsh Hawk
 noon a flock of fully fifty Town Pigeons rose from a Pigeons
 one of them and began circling low over the spot.
 Suddenly a female Marsh Hawk appeared directly
 in front of them and actually passed directly
 through the middle of the flock skimming
 along in the usual easy, listless way on set wings
 not making the least attempt to molest the
Pigeons nor causing them any perceptible alarm.
 After it had crossed the road the Pigeons again
 wheeled directly in its path and again it
 glided through their dense ranks and for an
 instant was lost to sight amid the dusky
 crowd.

I was somewhat surprised to meet a large flock of Junco & Tree Sparrows in the very heart of Junco & Tree Sparrows
 the oak woods near Grove Pond half a mile in oak
 or more from any field. They flitted restlessly in oak
 & rather quickly from tree to tree alighting often woods.
 on the ground.

1892.

Nov.

- 1 Mimula migratoria. Nov. 1² 3⁽¹⁵⁾ 7⁽¹²⁾ 9⁽¹⁰⁾ 10¹ 13⁽⁷⁾
- 2 Turdus alleii. Nov. 1³ 6²
- 3 Orthis americana. Nov. 1² 6⁴ 7¹
- 4 Agelaius phoeniceus. Nov. 1² 3¹² 6¹² 7² 11⁴
- 5 Tarus aticapilla. Nov. 1-3-5-6⁽⁶⁾ 7-9-13-14⁽⁸⁾ 16⁽²⁾ 19⁽⁷⁾ 20⁽²⁾ 21
- 6 Sitta carolinensis. Nov. 1¹ 3¹ 4⁽²⁾ 13¹ 18⁽²⁾ 19¹ 21¹
- 7 Geothlypis coronata. Nov. 1⁴ 6¹
- 8 Corvus sinuatus. Nov. 1¹
- 9 Junco hyemalis. Nov. 1⁵ 3⁽¹⁰⁾ 6⁽²⁾ 7⁵⁰ 9¹⁵ 10⁵ 11³⁰ 12¹⁵ 13¹ 14⁽¹³⁾ 18²² 22⁽³⁾
- 10 Spizella monticola. Nov. 1¹ 3⁸ 5² 6⁵ 7⁵⁰ 9³⁰ 10⁴ 11³⁰ 12²⁰ 13⁽¹⁰⁾ 14²⁰ 16¹⁷ 18¹ 19⁽³⁾ 20⁽²⁾
- 11 Corvus americanus. Nov. 1⁴ 3³ 5¹ 6³ 7¹ 9¹ 11¹ 12⁽¹⁰⁾ 13¹ 14⁽¹⁰⁾ 17¹ 18⁽²⁾ 19⁽²⁰⁾ 21⁽³⁾ 22⁽³⁾
- 12 Cyanocitta cristata. Nov. 1³ 3⁽³⁾ 6⁽⁹⁾ 7³ 9² 11² 12³ 13² 14⁴ 17³ 19⁽³⁾
- 13 Bonasa umbella. Nov. 1² 3² 6¹ (includes Nov.) 9¹ 11¹ 13⁽³⁾ 14¹ 16³ 17¹ 18¹ 19¹
- 14 Colinus virginianus. Nov. 1³ 6⁽³⁾
- 15 Amphispiza bilineata. Nov. 1²⁷

1896.

Nov.

- 16 Passerella iliaca. Nov. 1⁸. 3⁽²⁾. 6⁽³⁾. 7⁽⁶⁾. 9⁷. 10⁵. 11⁶. 12².
- 17 Arctus canadensis. Nov. 3⁽¹⁸⁾ (20)
- 18 Colinus borealis. Nov. 3 (very common). 7¹. 8¹. 13¹. 14^{1 ad}. 17². 18^{1 ad}. 20¹. 22^{1 (common)}.
- 19 Troglodytes pubescens. Nov. 6¹. 11¹. 12¹. 13¹.
- 20 Zonotrichia albicollis. Nov. 6^{1 ad}. 14¹.
- 21 Spizella tristis. Nov. 3^{ad}. 4¹. 13^{ad}. 15^{ad}. 17^{ad}.
- 22 Colaptes auratus. Nov. 7¹. 12¹. 13¹. 16¹. 19². 20¹.
- 23 Astur atricapillus. Nov. 7¹.
- 24 Tenidura macroura. Nov. 9⁽²⁾ (Bursus). 11 (Davis Hill).
- 25 Procydites hyemalis. Nov. 10¹.
- 26 Ardea herodias. Nov. 11¹ flying over Bull's Hill, high up, & down S. at 4 P.M.
- 27 Sturnella magna. Nov. 14⁽¹⁰⁾ One in afternoon sang several minutes apart, as in spring.
- 28 Agelaius phoeniceus. Nov. 14^(2 or 3) (interfusing with Sturnella).
- 29 Circus hudsonius. Nov. 11^{1 (common)}. 14¹. 18^{ad}.
- 30 Buteo borealis. Nov. 19^{ad}. 19^{1 ad}. 20^{1 ad}.

1892 Mass.
Nov. Concord

31 Buteo lineatus. Nov. 17^{1 ad}*

32. Nyctale acadica - Nov. 19^{1 (2 ad 16 H.)}

33 Phibula minor Nov. 19^{1 (2 ad 16 H.)} -

34 Megascops asio. Nov. 19^{1 (Natte Bridge Ave. (coming twilight))}*

35. Pipilo canadensis Nov. 21^{1 (singing over marsh (Singing bird & Thrush))}*

: Passer domesticus - a flock about the house, each day.

Hyla jacksonia - Nov. 16², 17², 18¹*

Panthera tigris. Nov. 18^{1 (one on floating log.)}*

1892.

Game Birds Killed at or near Concord, Mass.

	October										Nov.	Total
	17.	18.	19.	21.	22.	24.	25.	27.	28.	31.	1.	W.B. Birds
<u>Woodcock.</u>												
Shot by W.B.		1	3	1($\frac{1}{2}$)	2	9	2	2		1		21
" " J.C.M.		2		2								4
" " A. Robbins				1($\frac{1}{2}$)	2							2
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>												
Shot by W.B.												
" " J.C.M.			1									1
<u>Ruffed Grouse</u>												
Shot by W.B.					1($\frac{1}{2}$)			2		2	2	7
" " J.C.M.					2($\frac{1}{2}$)							2
<u>Quail</u>												
Shot by W.B.				1	1		2	2	8		1	15
" " J.C.M.					1							1
" " A. Robbins				3	1							4
												<hr/> 43 + 14
<u>Wood Duck</u> <u>Sept</u>												
Shot by W.B.												1
<u>Canada Goose</u> <u>March</u>												1
Shot by W.B.												
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u> <u>Sept</u>												
Shot by W.B.												<hr/> 1
												<hr/> 46 + 14

I shot in company with J.C. Melvin Oct 27-19;
with Melvin & Robbins 22 & 22; alone 24th to Nov. 1.

1892 Mass.

Dec. 15 Concord. Cloudy and warm but chilly with almost no wind.

To Concord by 8.03 train. Drove to the Buttricks' from the station and launching my "Stella Maris" canoe started down river at 10.30. Landed at Dotkin's Hill and walked to Holden's then returning paddled to Ball's Hill where I opened my cabin at about noon and spent an hour or more cooking & eating dinner after which Holden arrived and together we went to his wooded hills where we sketched the bounds of my recent purchase. I then crossed the fields to Sumner's house and from there returned to my cabin through the pine woods and swamp. At 4 P.M. I started up river and after taking tea at the Buttricks' took the 6 P.M. train for Cambridge.

Although the sky was gray and lowering and the woods & fields sloppy with melting snow the river, calm all day, and the meadow views, veiled in a delicate smoky-gray haze, were very attractive & pleasing after the bustle of any city home. Birds appeared unusually numerous for the season probably because the mild weather tempted them out of the woods to the thickets & isolated trees along the river or partly, perhaps, because the still, damp air brought the sound of their voices from exceptionally great distances. I heard or saw a Red-throated Hawk (a fine adult perched in a tree over the river) five or six Blue Jays, a flock of five Redpolls.

1892. Mass.

Dec. 15
(No 2)

Concord three small parties of Chickadees, a single Crow (sitting in an oak on the meadows) and Pine Grosbeaks in three different places. Of the last-named species I could make no estimate as to numbers for twice out of ten times I merely heard them piping in the distance. On the third occasion I came upon two, apparently a pair, feeding on the buds of an ash which overhangs the river at the "Holt". The male was an adult in unusually high plumage - one of the finest specimens I have ever seen. I spent some time watching him reach forward & down for one of the winged ash buds and then turn it deliberately in his stout bill to thrust off the wings which floated slowly down to the glassy river beneath. He paid little attention to me although I sat directly beneath him within fifteen feet holding on to a branch to keep the canoe from drifting away with the current. The piping whistle of these Grosbeaks bears some resemblance in tone to the scream of a Blue Jay. Once I mistook the distant call of the latter for the call of a Grosbeak.

I did not see nor hear a single bird of any kind on any way up river. A few Musk-rats were out in the twilight. Skunk tracks, half-obiterated, crossed a patch of snow in Benson's field. I should say they had been made within a week. Only one Rabbit track.

1882. Mass.

Dec. 23 Concord.— Cloudless with brilliantly clear air and sparkling sunshine, the early morning cold but the middle of the day very pleasant.

Took the 10.16 A.M. train for West Bedford, George Carroll accompanying me. The Concord proved perfectly safe to cross (the ice opposite Ball's Hill was everywhere five or six inches in thickness) and a walk of less than ten minutes brought us to my cabin where we found everything safe and as I left it. There were a few skaters on the river and a party of three men from Arlington had lines set but their recompense was small—only two pickerel and the same number of perch for a day's fishing.

After dinner I walked to Denson's and through my woods in various directions. Saw two Chickadees, a Brown Creeper, several Crows, two or three Jays and a Partridge. The last a fine cock bird, rose from a briery thicket on the eastern edge of my swamp and mounted straight upward before he could clear the brush and start on his usual level flight, giving me a fine view and an easy shot had I been armed and seeking his life.

We had a glorious fire in the cabin all day and left it with some reluctance in time to take the 6.04 P.M. train for home. I saw a few Rabbit tracks in the snow behind the hill and perhaps a fox track also.

1892 Mass.

Dec. 29 Concord.— Clear still and mild but scarce warm enough at noon to soften the surface of the snow on the flinty ground.

With George Carroll took the 10.16 A.M. train to West Bedford and crossed the river on the ice to my cabin where I cooked and ate dinner. Two Chickadees and a Blue Jay came about the house and I heard the Pine Grosbeaks piping in the distance and saw three Crows fly over. The river was alive with men and boys skating during the forenoon.

After dinner I put up some "no shooting" signs along the borders of the meadow to the westward and others in the old woods on the Davis land near Bensen's. In these woods I saw a large Grey Squirrel and a Blue Jay.

As we were returning past Bensen's house my attention was Barred attracted by a large, ragged-looking grayish object in the top Owl. of an isolated elm which stands in the meadow on the edge of the Davis swamp— about 60 yards from the road. At first glance I took it for a paper Wasp's nest but before I could extract my field glasses from my pocket and bring them to bear it moved slightly and I saw that it was a Barred Owl. Its head was bent forward and its gaze fixed on the ground beneath. Evidently it was on the watch for mice although the sun was more than an hour high (it was about 3 P.M.) and the light reflected from the snow (which covered most of the meadow) bright if not actually dazzling to human eyes. Peter, who came from the house to speak with us, told me that the Owl had been flying about over the meadow,

1892. Mass.

Dec. 29. Concord. - alighting on humps of frozen earth, and had settled in ~~Barred~~

(NO. 2) the elm only a few minutes before we emerged from the woods. I Owl.

now climbed over the wall and advanced slowly down the slope toward the elm. At first the Owl did not seem to notice me but when I came to some snow and my foot-steps produced a slight crunching sound the bird instantly turned its head towards me and half opened its wings. I stopped and we stared at each other for a minute or more, the Owl without blinking, his eyes appearing perfectly round and black, his beak of a bright greenish yellow, his plumage everywhere of a faded or grayish brown with profuse and very conspicuous whitish bars and spots. When he turned to face me a twig penetrated the plumage of his back and springing upward raised a bunch of the scapulars considerably above the surrounding feathers giving him a ludicrously ragged appearance. Indeed there was nothing firm nor graceful in either his pose or outline. The facial disc, as with most Owls, was very conspicuous.

After a little I tried to creep nearer but at the very first step the bird spread his broad wings and flapping them quickly and continuously ten or a dozen times just after leaving his perch gained sufficient impetus to glide a hundred yards or more further before alighting again. His course, during this flight, was at first directly towards the woods but on entering them he turned to the right and, scaling only a few feet above the ground, passed through a belt of densely growing maples and

1892. Mass.

Dec. 29 Concord.- coming out into an opening beyond pitched sharply up- Barred
(NO. 3) ward and alighted on an isolated tree. We traced him easily Owl.
enough during the entire flight for we stood well above him and
the ground in the swamp was covered with snow over which he glid-
ed slowly like a great shadow. I have never before seen a Barred
Owl abroad and hunting at midday in this latitude although such
an experience is not uncommon in the South. This bird was quite
as alert as a Hawk. He flew from the elm when I was fully 50
yards away. I did not follow him into the swamp. I afterwards
learned that Mr. Bensen saw this Owl in the same place nearly
every day up to Feb. 1-193.

We recrossed the river a little before sunset and took the
4.16 P.M. train for home.

